OCTOBER, 1949
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Esquire

THE MAGA MEN

'OLD BLOOD & GUTS–
Off the record'–*by Leland Stowe*

'A MAN'S CRUSADE FOR
EASY CHILDBIRTH"–*by Dale Clark*

"THE OUTRIDERS"
A Western Thriller–*by Irving Ravetch*

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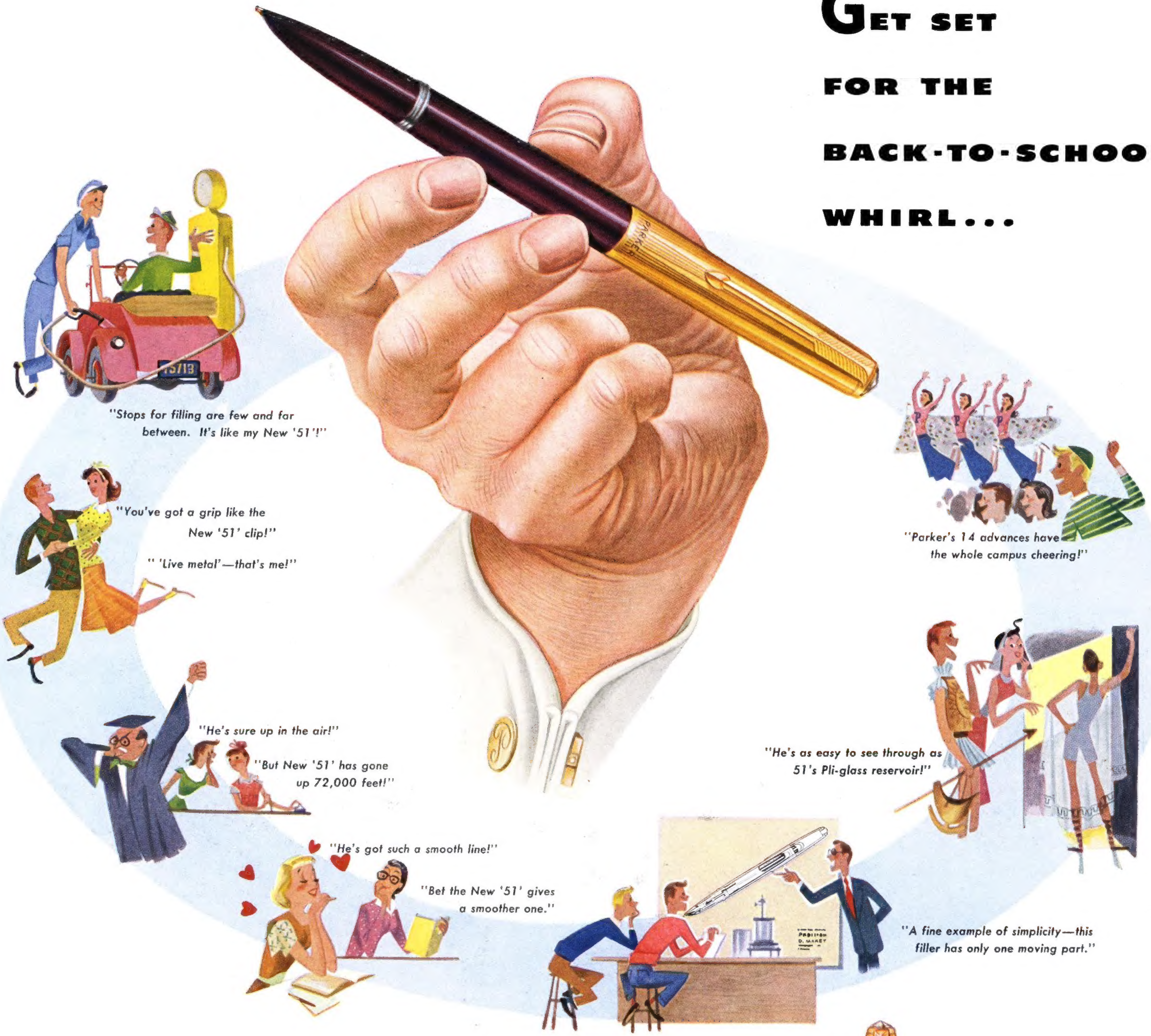
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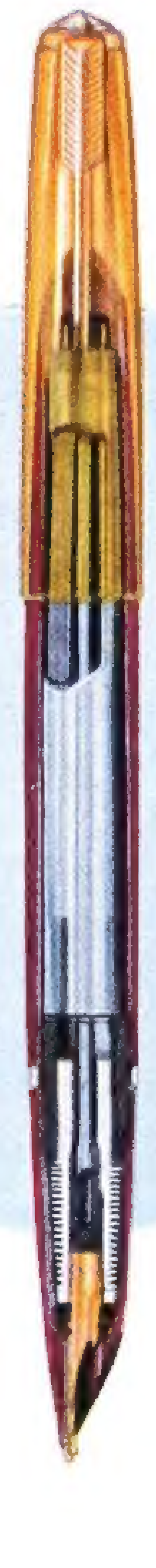

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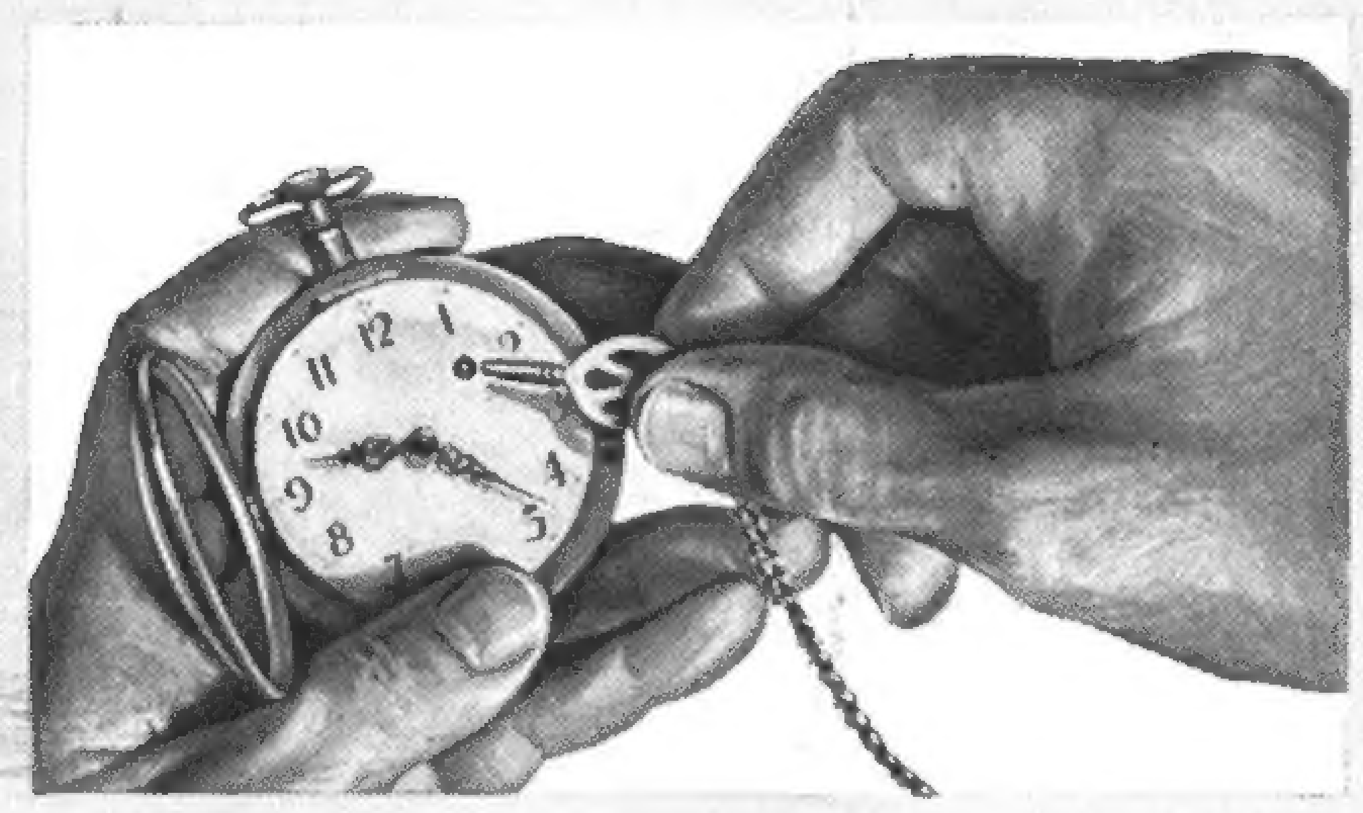
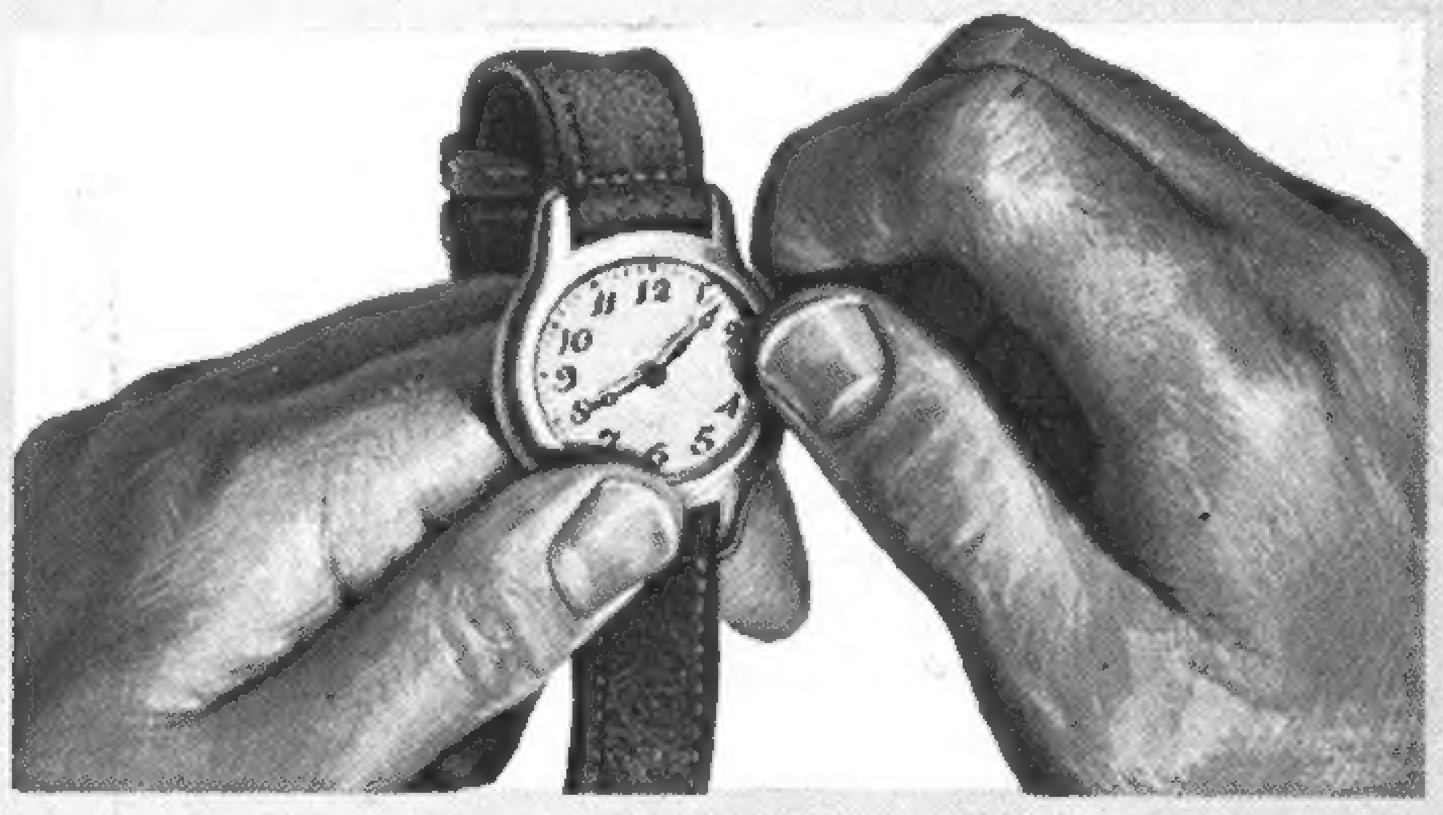


first . . . the key wind



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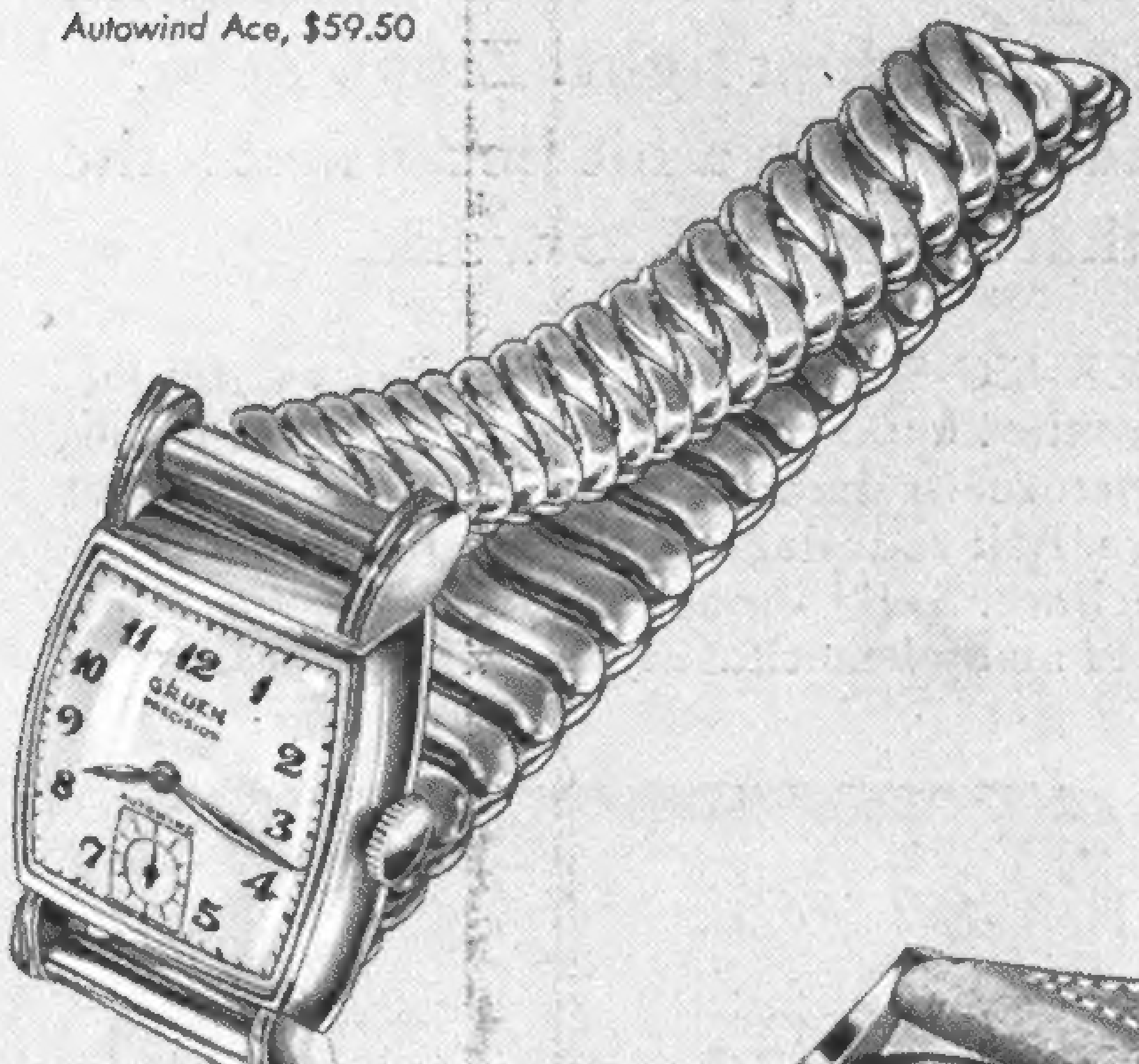

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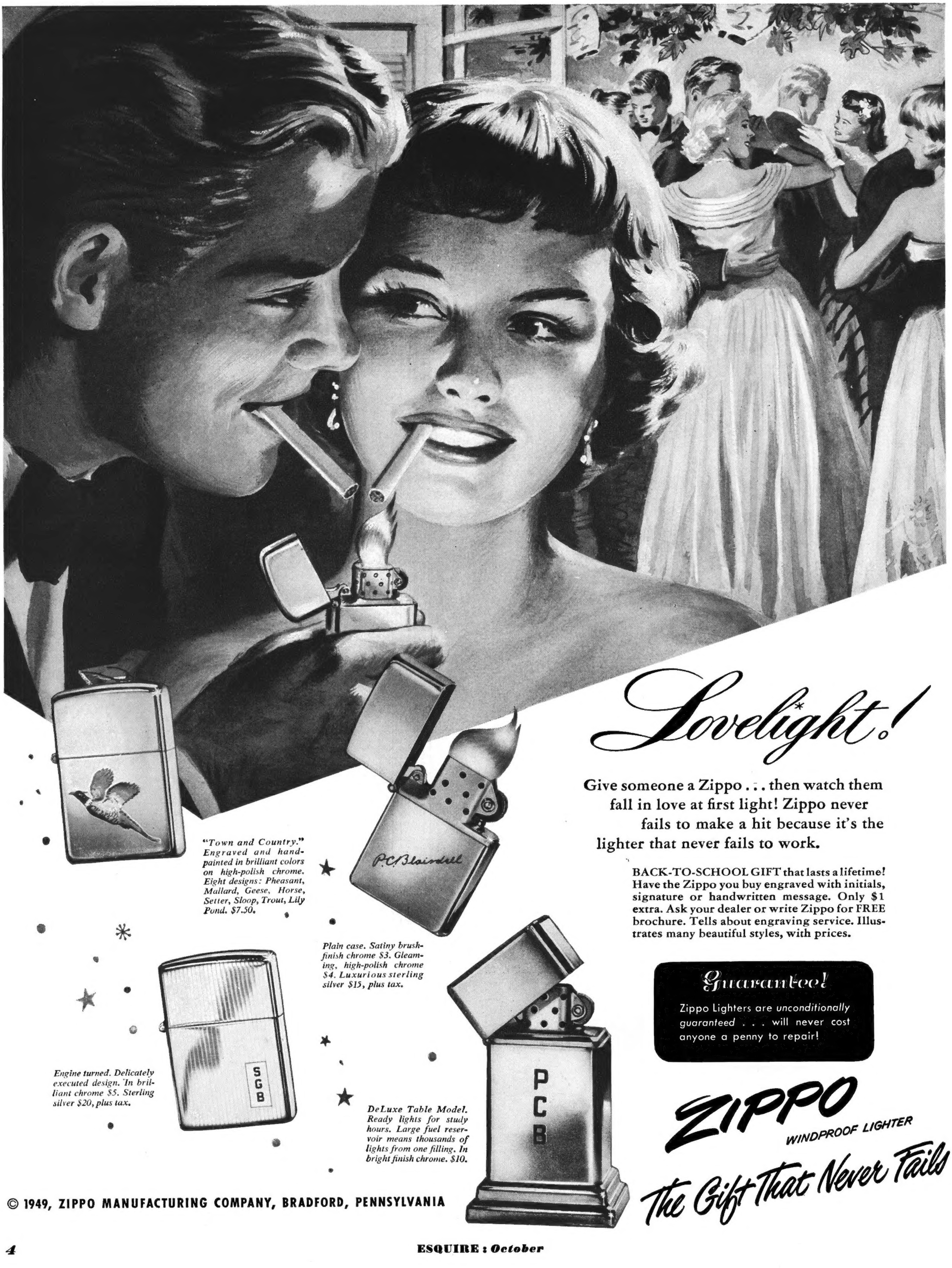

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Memo from the Publisher

The Power of a Good Idea

One day not so very long ago, a young inventor named Henry Ford tried out a new idea. He attached a piece of rope to the chassis of a partly assembled automobile. Then, as the frame was pulled through the shop, parts were added at stations along the way.

A pretty simple idea. Yet our entire world has been changed by that good idea. For the assembly line technique of mass production has revolutionized industry and, in turn, our way of life, our economy, and our standard of living.

It's interesting to reflect upon the power of a good idea—and October is a good month to reflect upon it. For in October the power of another good idea will surge through the nation when 1250 local Community Chests conduct their annual campaigns to support more than 14,000 services for health, welfare and recreational improvement throughout the country.

Millions of people—in fact, four families out of ten—will draw upon the power of this good idea, becoming stronger, healthier, better human beings, while millions of others will contribute to that power from their own abundance of strength, making it and themselves stronger in the process. For the power of a good idea is the *service* that it performs—and to measure that power, measure the service. You could almost write a formula for it.

And strange as it may seem, we've almost done just that in building this magazine. For Esquire is completely *a man's service magazine*, and as the services it renders have gained in strength, so has its power increased.

As a result, this issue of Esquire will be read by more than 7,000,000 upper-intelligence people—high tribute to a good idea, and a clear measure of its power.

Needless to say, I hope that every one of them reads this and contributes generously to the Community Chest campaign.

GTS

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T. M. REG.

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EDITORIAL

Friend of a friend

We heard at a cocktail party not long ago of a dog who had a tryout as an outfielder with a big-league baseball team, and who could field and throw and steal bases beautifully, but who was sent to the minors finally because his batting was poor.

Such is the shaggy role of the dog in our civilization today. Better perhaps in the days of Pompeii, before the black ash of Vesuvius covered it. There some pooch sat guarding his master's door near the classic phrase in the mosaic, *cave canem*, which is what every dog means when he growls.

But even that long ago, you see, man was already taking orders from his dog, and the practice still continues. It is probably nothing to blame on the dog, since he is really not a demanding fellow. A friend of ours, and a cat lover, has observed that the pussies are so smart, self-sufficient and untamed that they could easily take over man and his affairs, if they were not somewhat more inclined to sleep and catnip orgies. Our friend is relieved at this: He would hate to work for his tomcat, he says, who has a mean eye and a handful of knives in each paw that might make even the advertising business seem like a kindergarten. Cats occasionally contemplate this tyranny, as everyone knows, but they never seem to get together enough to take over. So that dogs, friendly and loyal and uncomplicated, have had the field to themselves and, solely by man's stupid love of power and adoration, have now taken over his destiny in better than half the families in this nation.

We have a Dog Supplement in this issue. We could only touch on the great subject that has filled so many books, but it set us to wondering about the power of a dog and how it can turn us sophisticated men into boys with the critical faculties of a puppy biscuit soaked in milk.

We studied the textbooks on dogs, for instance. The bloodhound, we say, has an unmatched sense of smell; he is, in addition, powerful, intelligent, trustworthy, and loyal to a supreme degree. A greyhound, we declare, runs very fast; he is, in addition, powerful, intelligent, trustworthy, and loyal to a supreme degree, and furthermore, has a very keen nose.

We orate further. We opine that the Pekingese is a great fighter, that the Doberman will both tear an intruder to bits and cuddle up to a baby, and that Saint Bernards know the exact snowfall in inches of the next blizzard a week before it happens. Our informative essays show all of the objectivity and relish for the truth that a publicity agent lavishes on his newest and most lucrative account. The dog, you see, is the boss: the owner or "canine authority" is merely the mouthpiece.

Old Dean Swift was not too far off the mark when he wrote of a Houyhnhnm-land where Gulliver found horses ruling and men serving as the slaves. We may be coming to that. Only recently there was much discussion in dog-show circles over the use of cosmetics for the performers. Men who frown on mascara on their wives' dressing tables were readying Towser for the ring by a judicious touch of shoe polish on a striking black spot, a sprinkle of chalk on his white muzzle, and a dazzling treatment of nail polish to make his tootsies shine for the nice judge. We are not taking sides, you understand, but you should know that there are dogs who are never permitted to gnaw a bone, and whose vitamin bill for the year would easily pay for a crate of silver collars. We could only be pleased the other day at a big show when one dog, fed up with his own hypocritical beauty and Little Lord Fauntleroy existence, suddenly bit the judge and then his owner, too, when that outraged gentleman tried to intervene. The dog was not upset or having a fit; in fact, he left the ring looking rather pleased with himself. A couple of his fellows, encouraged by his rebellion, licked their chops. They all had pretty good teeth, too, we noticed, through the haze of chalk dust.

In Saroyan's essay about his Uncle Melik entitled *The Pomegranate Trees**, he described that worthy's delightful encounter with a horned toad:

> "My Uncle and I got out of the Ford roadster in the middle of his land and began to walk over the dry earth.
>
> "This land, he said, is my land.
>
> "He walked slowly, kicking into the dry soil. A horned toad scrambled over the earth at my uncle's feet. My uncle clutched my shoulder and came to a pious halt.
>
> "What is that animal? he said.
>
> "That little tiny lizard? I said.
>
> "That mouse with horns, my uncle said. What is it?
>
> "I don't know for sure, I said. We call them horny toads.
>
> "The horned toad came to a halt about three feet away and turned its head.

---

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Continued on page 8

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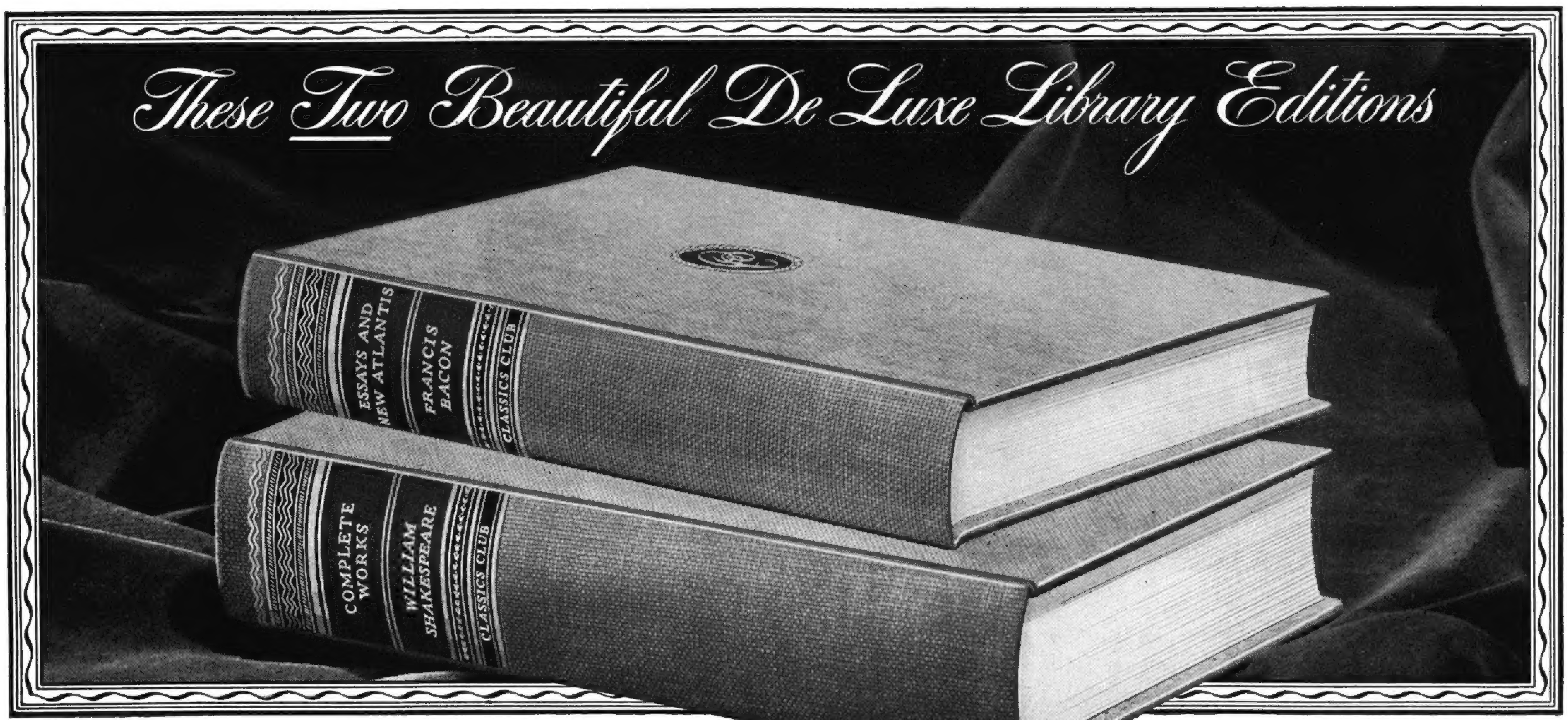

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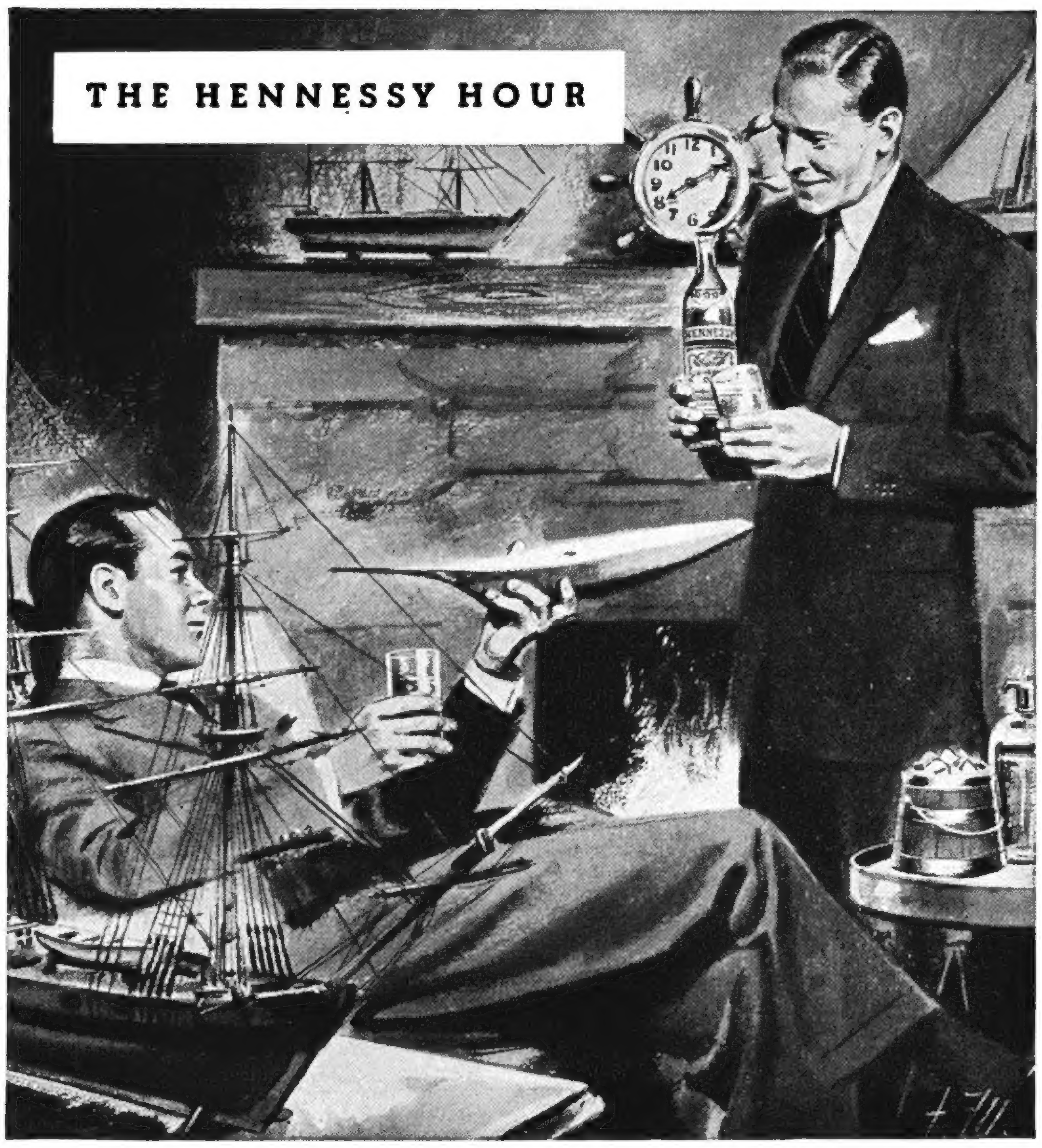

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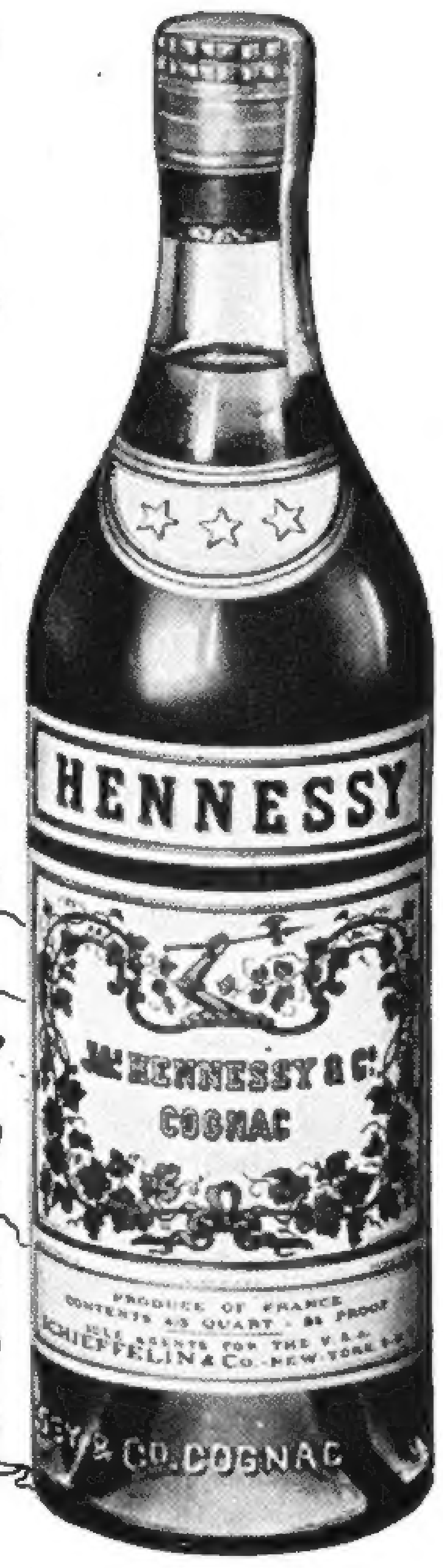

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Friend of a Friend

Continued from page 6

"My uncle looked down at the small animal.

"Is it poison? he said.

"To eat? I said. Or, if it bites you?

"Either way, my uncle said.

"I don't think it's good to eat, I said. I think it's harmless. I've caught many of them. They grow sad in captivity, but never bite. Shall I catch this one?

"Please do, my uncle said.

"I sneaked up on the horned toad, then sprang on it while my uncle looked on.

"Careful, he said. Are you sure it isn't poison?

"I've caught many of them, I said.

"I took the horned toad to my uncle. He tried not to seem afraid.

"A lovely little thing, isn't it? he said. His voice was unsteady.

"Would you like to hold it? I said.

"No, my uncle said, you hold it. I have never before been so close to such a thing as this. I see it has eyes. I suppose it can see us.

"I suppose it can, I said. It's looking up at you now.

"My uncle looked the horned toad straight in the eye. The horned toad looked my uncle straight in the eye. For fully half a minute, they looked one another straight in the eye and then the horned toad turned its head aside and looked down at the ground. My uncle sighed with relief.

"A thousand of them, he said, could kill a man, I suppose.

"They never travel in great numbers, I said. You hardly ever see more than one at a time.

"A big one, my uncle said, could probably bite a man to death.

"They don't grow big, I said. This is as big as they grow.

"They seem to have an awful eye for such creatures, my uncle said. Are you sure they don't mind being picked up?

"I suppose they forget all about it the minute you put them down, I said.

"Do you really think so? my uncle said.

"I don't think they have very good memories, I said.

"My uncle straightened up, breathing deeply.

"Put the little creature down, he said. Let us not be cruel to the innocent creations of Almighty God. If it is not poison and grows no larger than a mouse and does not travel in great numbers and has no memory to speak of, let the timid little thing return to the earth. Let us be gentle toward these small things which live on the earth with us.

"Yes, sir, I said.

"I placed the horned toad on the ground.

"Gently now, my uncle said. Let no harm come to this strange dweller on my land."

Try that on the next dog you meet. Look at him objectively for the first time. You will see a little man there, in a fur coat, looking back at you in some wonder. He is not going to ask you for a loan of $5.00. He doesn't want your job or to sell you something. He only hopes—if the gods are good—that you may go for a walk with him, because you both have legs and moving around on them is a joyful and heart-lifting experience. His tail tells you so.

Now you should turn to page 87 and look at this dog portrait. Is there a finer looking judge on the bench? Is your best friend as trustworthy as this? No wonder we are the slaves to these dogs of ours. No wonder the so-called dog authorities are just guys who like dogs and enjoy talking too much about them. No wonder we think the Dog Supplement is great stuff—and hope that you do, too.

We are indebted to the gentlemen of the Foley Dog Show Organization, Inc., who so graciously co-operated with us in the preparation of the ribbons you see on this month's cover. They are the people who stage so many of the dog shows you see in the East and we can thank them for many a pleasant afternoon as a spectator and occasional exhibitor, as well as for the help and advice. We award them Esquire's Best in Show, and, in addition, a special ribbon as the Best in the Working Group.

* * *

You will want to read Leland Stowe's vivid report on General Patton—*Old Blood-and-Guts Off the Record*, which begins on page 55. Mr. Stowe, in chatting with us about this sometime ago, had the thought that Georgie Patton had either been made into a god or a villain and that purely for the record someone should set the man himself down in print while the thought of him is still living.

We wondered when to run it. Should we find an anniversary of one of his victories? VE-Day? And finally, we decided that you can run a good article any time—and we are sure that your own pleasure in reading it will echo our own superlatives.

That brings up a question. People are tired of the war, of war stories, we hear. Do the producers of *Mr. Roberts* and *South Pacific* wonder about that?

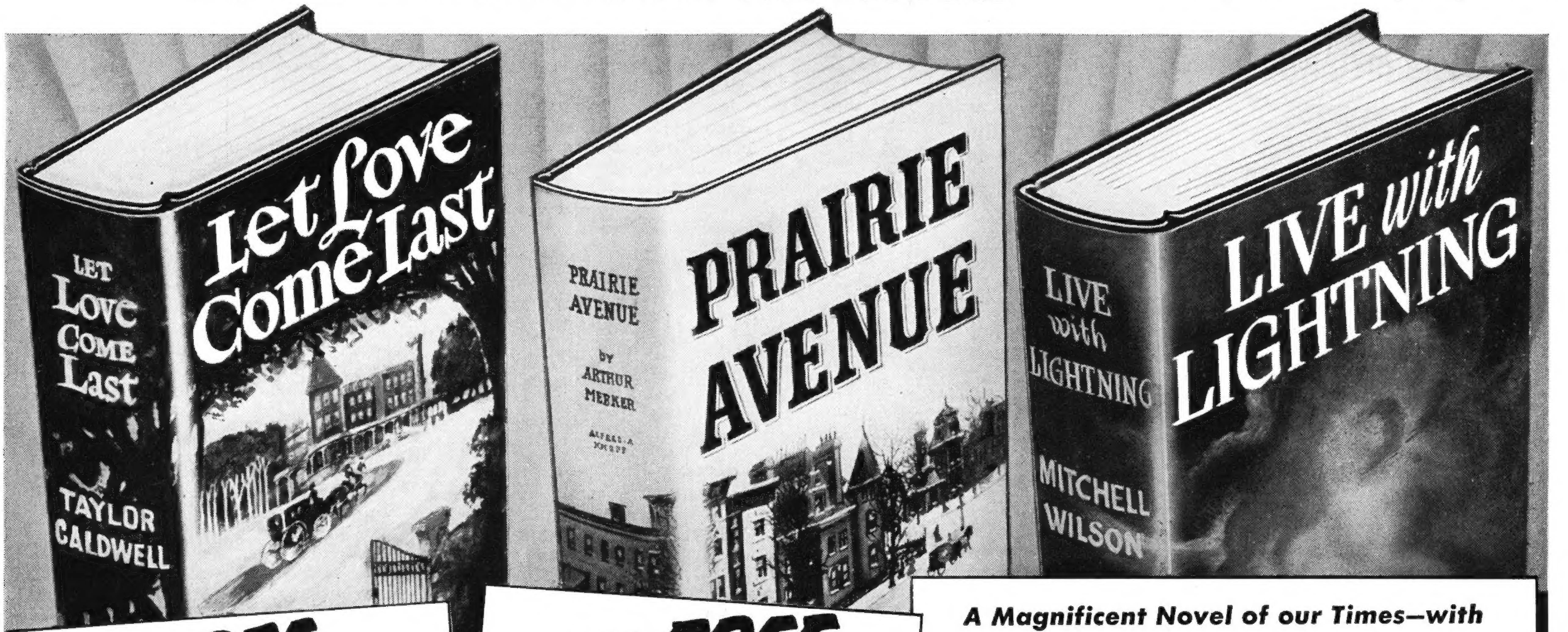
Yet, the S.R.O. signs wave gaily in the breeze outside of the several theatres which house the productions of *South Pacific* and *Mr. Roberts*. And *The Naked and the Dead*, by Norman Mailer is very much at home on the best-seller lists.

Is the public tired of the war, then, or merely waiting for the best stuff to appear? Would you read about the war, if it were as good as Michener or Mailer? We'd like to know, if you feel like telling us. Maybe you'll want to drop us a line after reading about General Patton. ╫

All 3 of These Best-Sellers for the Price of One!

WITH MEMBERSHIP IN THE LITERARY GUILD BOOK CLUB

HERE'S a unique new offer you *mustn't miss!* You get *two* new smash hits (*Let Love Come Last* and *Prairie Avenue*) FREE when you join the Literary Guild—and you start your membership with another (*Live With Lightning*) for only $2.00! Read, below, how the club operates; then mail coupon for your books!



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LET LOVE COME LAST *by Taylor Caldwell*

Was It a Sin to Marry a Man Who Offered Everything But Love?

He didn't believe in love—but he wanted to marry a woman who was *worthy* to become mistress of his mansion and mother of his future children! She despised the bargain he wanted to make—but accepted the fantastic "deal" on his own terms. Was it a sin to marry this man? Could she ever be happy in thinking *love could come last?* Here's Taylor Caldwell's greatest novel—more dramatic than *Dynasty of Death*, more powerful than *This Side of Innocence*, which sold 2,000,000 copies! Publisher's edition, $3.00.

ALSO FREE

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You never met a woman as easy to love—or to hate—as beautiful Lydia Stack. The women in the great mansions of Prairie Avenue could rant and rave at her amoral way of life — and their men talk about her in whispers — but Lydia knew the family skeletons in every closet *and one day rattled them!* This superb new story of the building of Chicago—that lusty "colossus of the west"—is one of the year's most thrilling novels! Publisher's edition, $3.00.

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LIVE WITH LIGHTNING *by Mitchell Wilson*

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Frustrated and embittered by years of self-denial, young Erik Gorin threw every ounce of his strength and genius into a compulsive drive for achievement in research. Wise, beautiful Savina, blinded by remembered poverty, tried to win security by engagement to a man who offered her everything. It was a trick of Fate for these two to meet, and summer madness for them to fall in love—victims of youth and passion! Out of their struggle Mitchell Wilson has woven a gripping story of ordinary men and women—and the supermen who play with atomic lightning. It is destined to be the most talked-about book of the coming months! Publisher's edition, $3.00.

HOW GUILD MEMBERSHIP SAVES YOU UP TO 50% ON NEW BOOKS

You may have decided long ago to join the Literary Guild, but forgot or just "put it off." Well, here is an offer which may induce you to act *now!* Just mail the coupon—and with your Guild membership you will receive the three new best-sellers shown above for only $2.00 instead of $9.00, the price of the publishers' editions.

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Including the free Bonus Books, Guild membership saves you up to 50% of your book dollars—and you get the *new books you don't want to miss!* Why not join NOW while you can get the TWO sensational best-sellers described above, FREE with membership—plus your copy of *Live With Lightning* as your first Guild selection for only $2.00 instead of the publisher's price of $3.00!

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LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC., Publishers, Garden City, New York

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Literary Guild of America, Inc., Publishers
Dept. 10EM, Garden City, N. Y.

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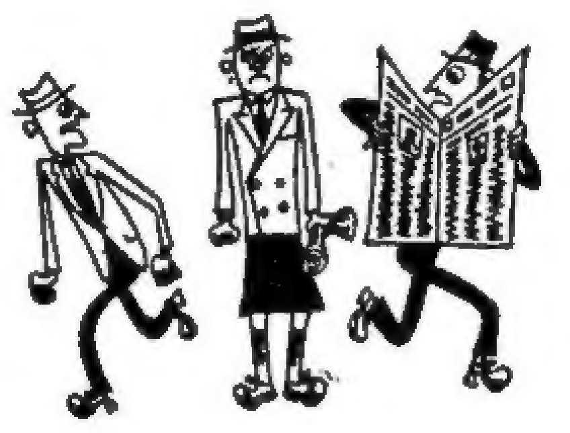
THE SOUND AND THE FURY

right is wrong

. . . We are sorry to tell Mr. Swensen (*Sound and Fury*, July) that his comments are not relevant. . . . In a country where regulations oblige you to keep to the right, you must have a car with a left-hand drive and (vice versa). . . . In the (former) it is impossible, with a right-hand drive, to see the cars and trucks . . . on the left, especially if following a streetcar, truck, etc.

Paul Cousin
Brussels, Belgium



skirting the issue

Both my husband and myself read with considerable interest Mr. Alaint McPherson's letter in which he suggests skirts for men (*Sound and Fury*, June). The gentleman doesn't know what he is getting himself into. Several years ago . . . I made the suggestion to my husband that he should try skirts around the house for relaxation. . . . It was . . . an interesting experiment. . . . I wish to point out (two) conclusions: careful consideration should be given to (psychological effect) and . . . the effect it may create among your friends. . . . The individual may find himself in the peculiar position of being ostracized by his closest friends.

Name Withheld

more throwing at Rice

. . . Don't misunderstand me—I'm not a fanatic. . . . I'm an ordinary high-school girl with an eye to the future of the American family. . . . Dr. Rice's proposal (*The Unwilling Virgins*, May) is ridiculous. . . . If, as he states, it is so difficult for women to obtain husbands, why is there such a high rate of divorce here? Evidently, the married women who are now being divorced do not feel that life with anything for a husband is preferable to the single state. . . . (His) plan . . . attacks the home . . . religion . . . America. . . .

Nancy Collins
Shreveport, La.

. . . Polygamous marriage, in my opinion, is just a case of jumping from the frying pan into the fire. . . .

Mrs. D. G. Wood
Long Beach, Calif.

. . . Whose idea was the establishment of the monogamous male-female hierarchy? I'm afraid that you'll find that it was the male's idea. Monogamy doesn't protect the female but it does protect the male from her. If the male accepts polygamy, he accepts his own defeat at the hands of the female. He admits that he is only a means of mother nature and not an end. . . . I imagine, gentlemen, that this article was calculated to bring results. It certainly did!

Anonymous
Minneapolis, Minn.

bop battle

. . . Hate to disagree with Jean Roye (*Sound and Fury*, August), but I'm afraid I am in complete accord with Esquire's comments in *Painting the Town* concerning that roaring noise called "Bop." It's just like poetry that can't communicate and paintings that have no point. . . . Civilization has worked for centuries to express itself and clear away the confusion. Bop seems to be a throwback. . . . But maybe it's a symptom of something. . . .

C. A. Lorning
Minneapolis, Minn.

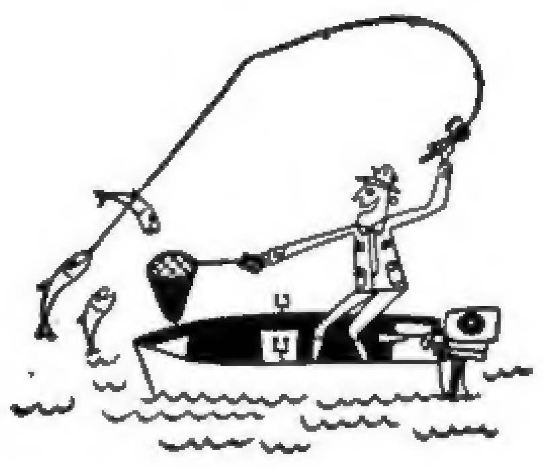
. . . Roye is right!

Jack Burton
New Orleans, La.

hide brown in town

I guess we can't . . . but wouldn't it be great to dress that way in the city (*Hide Brown*, August) during the boiling summer months?

W. N. Nichols
Birmingham, Ala.



oh yeah? department

In your March, 1949 issue, you list Ontario, Wisconsin, New York, and Minnesota for *muskie* fishing. No mention of our fair state of Michigan. I smart. In our Detroit River and Lake St. Clair you will find *the best* muskie fishing of all.

W. C. Heavner
Detroit, Mich.

Editor's Note: *Allowing for the customary exaggerations inherent in any fish story, we still bow the head and bend the knee toward Michigan's Lake St. Clair. Consider yourselves* on the best *list.*

autumnal alumni

. . . I'm afraid Jimmy Cannon is too hard on the Notre Dame subway alumni (*Notre Dame, Class of Zero*, August) without mentioning that there is an equivalent bunch of rooters that follows practically every team in the country. . . . For example, you

Continued on page 15

Worth reaching for

If you're one of the many, many people who'd rather drink Four Roses, you'll find it well worth reaching for. It gives you so much more in quality for so little more in price.

FINE BLENDED WHISKEY
90.5 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
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Fine Blended Whiskey

Wouldn't you rather drink FOUR ROSES?

Enjoy

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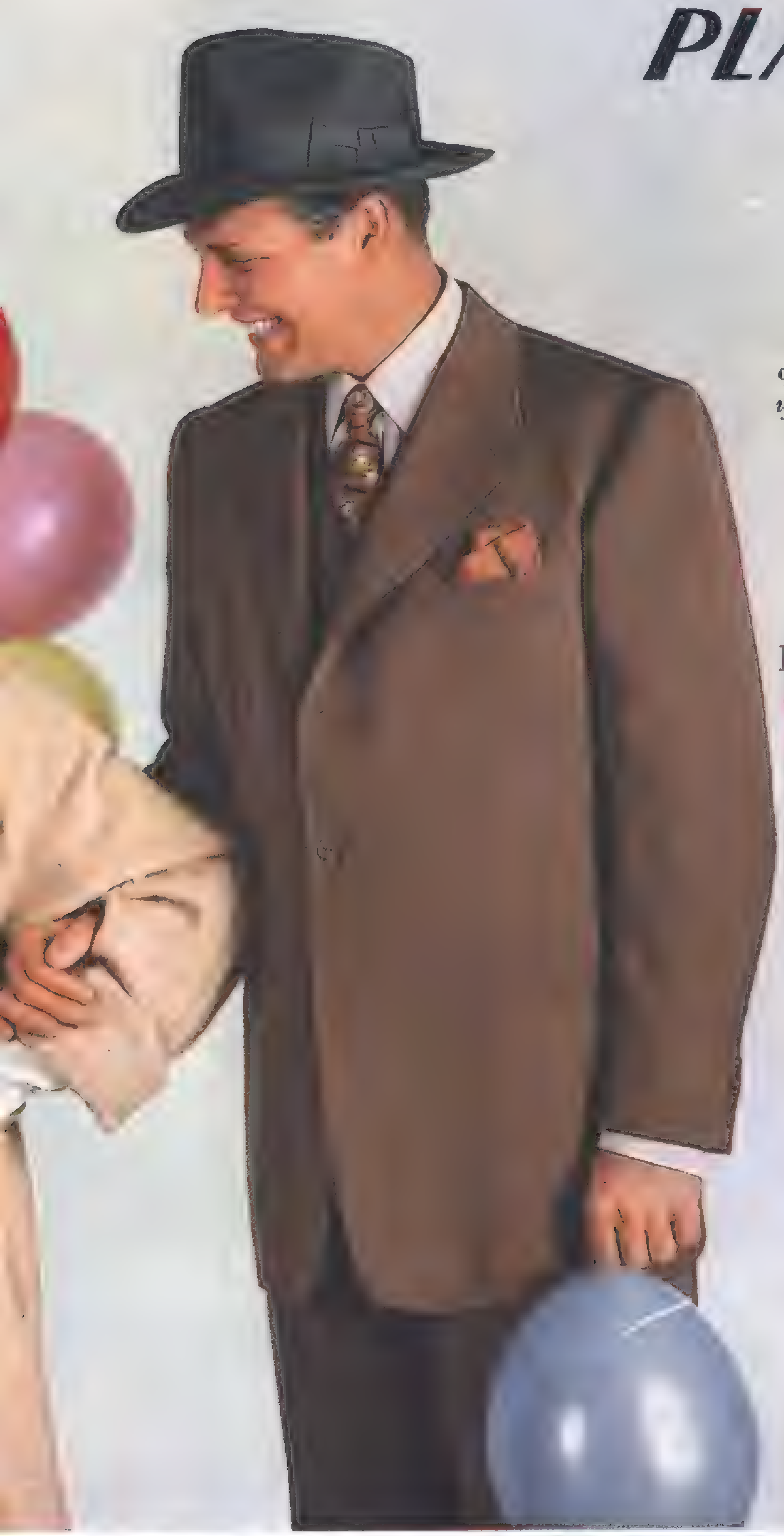
that wonderful weightless feeling!



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If you're one of the hundreds of thousands of men who know the unequalled comfort of *the suit with the weightless feel,* you won't have to be sold this new Plateau topcoat. You've probably been asking for it. It is made of the same fine Pacific Mills worsted, woven only for Timely Clothes. It has the same rich peachskin texture, the same luxurious silky finish. But, above all, because it has been *'prelaxed'* in the weaving, both suit and topcoat have this special quality no other year 'round weight clothing possesses: *they feel almost weightless on your back* . . . and that means complete comfort no matter what the weather. And for extra value, they are made with Balanced Tailoring . . . the famous needlework technique that makes all Timely Clothes look better longer. See Plateau at your Timely Clothier today.

Plateau Suits $67.50 Plateau Topcoats $60 (with zip-in lining $70)
You can enjoy Plateau comfort also in sports jackets, slacks, and tuxedos

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Now you feel it
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Plateau Suits in 13 shades
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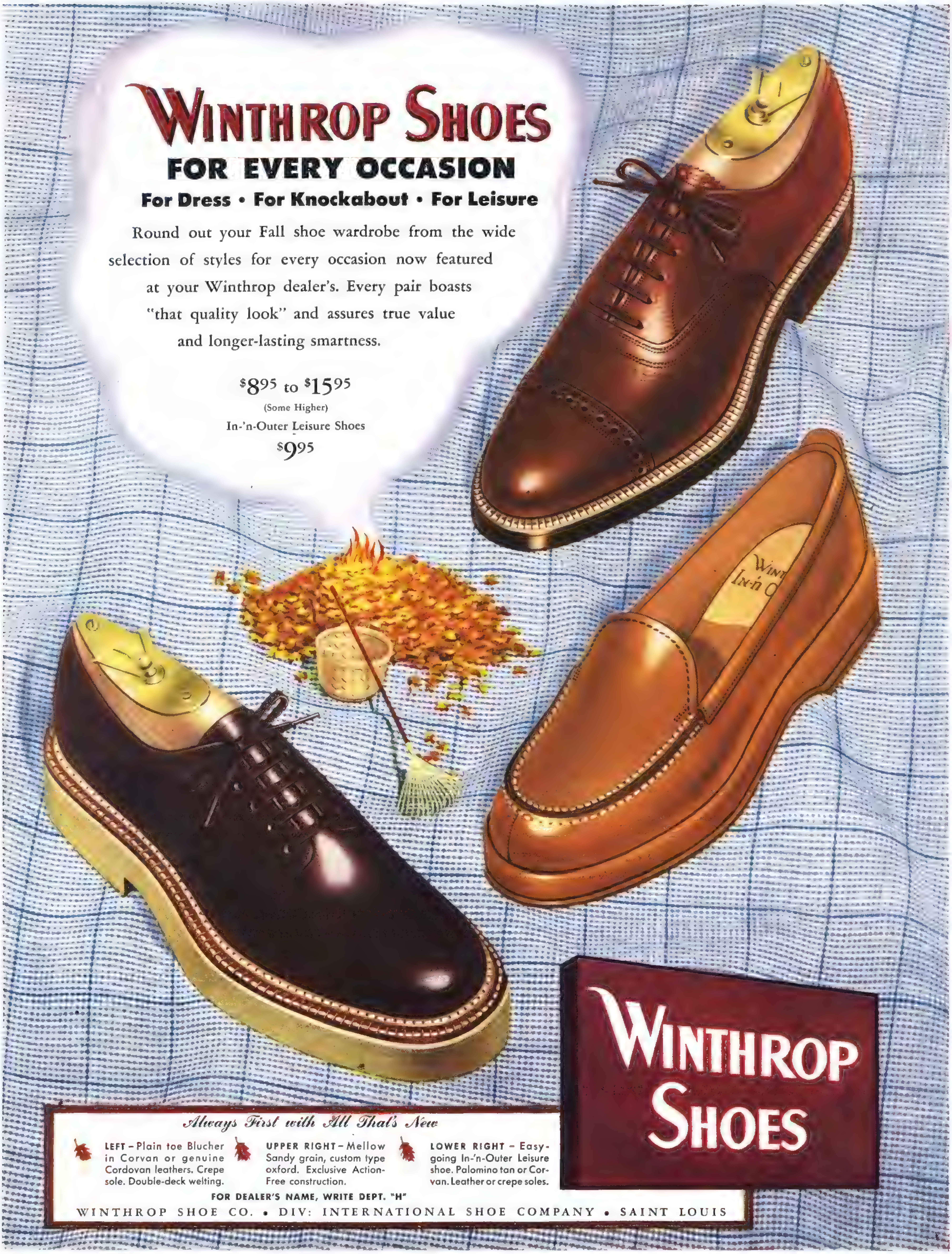
Interested in dressing better? Send for 28 page free booklet "HOW TO CHOOSE CLOTHES TO IMPROVE YOUR APPEARANCE". Timely Clothes, Inc., Dept. E-10, Rochester 2, N.Y.



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For Dress • For Knockabout • For Leisure

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(Some Higher)
In-'n-Outer Leisure Shoes
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Always First with All That's New

LEFT – Plain toe Blucher in Corvan or genuine Cordovan leathers. Crepe sole. Double-deck welting.

UPPER RIGHT – Mellow Sandy grain, custom type oxford. Exclusive Action-Free construction.

LOWER RIGHT – Easy-going In-'n-Outer Leisure shoe. Palomino tan or Corvan. Leather or crepe soles.

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WINTHROP SHOES

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

ought to hear them root for the Aggies when the closest they've been to the campus and educational facilities is a seat on the fifty-yard line. . . . The Notre Dame rooters may be spread out a little more, but that's the only difference. . . .

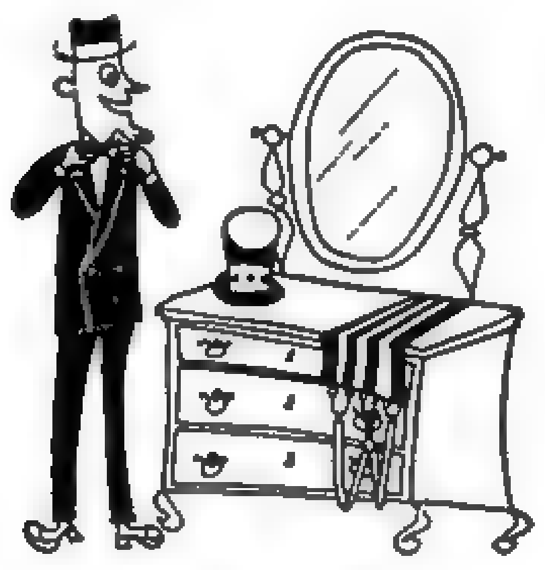
G. L. Cavanaugh
Dallas, Texas

As a member of the subway alumni, I object! And I'll bet Jimmy Cannon will be around somewhere when they kickoff to open the Notre Dame-North Carolina game. . . .

J. R. Ryan
New York, N. Y.

Somebody should have said that a long time ago. . . .

N. M. Martin
Chicago, Ill.



sorry, Saville

American men of affairs have not reached yet the stage of setting the standards of good taste for the world. The majority of Europeans still look upon London as the leading city in setting men's fashions. For thousands of them, the reign of Saville Row is not over. . . .

John Sossidi
Salonica, Greece

Editor's Note: *The BOLD, bloodless revolution is now in progress.*

stripes are right

Please tell me if it is ever proper to wear a striped tie with a striped suit. I have noticed many times in the advertisements in Esquire (I've been an avid reader for six years) that the artists have pictured men wearing striped suits and striped ties. On the strength of this, I have made a considerable wager with a friend.

William S. Cocos
Williamsburg, Va.

Editor's Note: *You win! It is always okay if the stripes on either the suit or the tie are subdued. With the right stripe wear a solid colored shirt.*

the tale of a fish

I've read a lot of stories about outdoor life, but rarely do I find one as sensitive and well done as *The Corbina* in your July issue. It was really something.

Lewis Haley
New York, N. Y.

by the numbers

Here's a puzzle from the early thirties. "You say you saw the accident, sir? Did you see the number of the car that knocked the man down?" And the reply was this: "I'm afraid I've forgotten it, but I remember noticing that if it were multiplied by itself, the cube root of the product would be equal to the sum of the digits reversed." There is only one correct answer. Time limit: five minutes.

Francis X. Mulherran
Norristown, Pa.

Malayan mercy

It is very difficult to obtain American books and magazines here. Would it be possible for Americans to save their old copies and send them to us for circulation to institutions, vessels calling, H. M. Forces, etc.?

We are sure that many recipients here would appreciate the books and magazines very much.

We are keen to get some insight into life in the United States of America.

S. K. Sun
Malayan Publishing Company
29 Church Street
Penang, Malaya

medals for Moore

It was strange indeed how I came upon your calendar. I met a fellow on a Swedish ship and during the course of our friendship, I told him I would bake him a cake. To my surprise he retaliated by presenting me with his beloved Esquire calendar. Such reciprocation I never expected. As the months have passed, I still enjoy lifting the flap and seeing yet another lovely girl. . . . How do you do it, Mr. Moore?

Lyn Blunt
Townsville, Australia

back up, Jack

This has gone far enough. Now I tell my story. Female, reasonably attractive, reasonably intelligent, and highly annoyed. Esquire makes with the sad words about the excessive number of females around who will either have to share a mate or go without. . . . Esquire gave us wonderful Leland Stowe's lovely set of theories on keeping both sexes happy. . . . Esquire carries a letter from a guy whose point seems to be "women are stinkers. Let's all crack down on 'em." Frankly, I'm all for straightening out the present mess, but I still see no solution. . . . I went through the "Plenty-of-Time-for-Marriage-Later" stage and possibly ignored several good men. . . . Am now in the "Where-is-HE?" stage. I'm tired of trying to please and I haven't yet figured out a way to get along without men. I'll be darned if I know how a female can go about hunting for new men without becoming the predatory horror she's already reputed to be.

What to do?

Anonymous Female
New York

Continued on page 16

The swing is to
BELL'S
BELL'S
Blended Scotch Whisky
Special Reserve
BELL'S
ROYAL VAT
Liqueur Blended Scotch Whisky
Twelve Years Old
12 Years Old

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Always
Ring
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MERCHANDISE MART, CHICAGO

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 15

go east, young woman

. . . May I suggest an attractive solution to polygamy? Every unmarried American girl (*The Unwilling Virgins*, May) who can afford to travel should visit Europe and especially Ireland, where the problem is in reverse . . . I can assure you that there are many Irishmen who would be willing to devote their whole lives to an American girl. . . .

C. G. Lambert
Dublin, Ireland

after Hemingway's heart

A friend of mine sent me some old numbers of Esquire that are a veritable boon in this out-of-the-way spot. I am on probably the most isolated estate in the plantation world — on the isthmus of Kra, 380 miles north of Penang, our nearest town. No roads except a bullock-cart track running from Victoria Point to the end of my estate, 24 miles long. One steamer per month from Penang. This district abounds in wild game: tigers, panthers, wild pig, wild dogs, large gibbon apes, ferocious wild cattle called Seladang (weighing 1000 pounds), elephants, snake crocodiles, and eight-foot lizards. My house, built in Malay style, is very small, made of split bamboo mat walls, thatch roof, wooden floor up on piles six feet from the ground. The jungle is fifty yards away, consequently I often get unpleasant visitors. Wild dogs, pythons in my henhouse, spotted leopards, and wildcats are frequent guests.

One day, while walking down a row of untapped virgin rubber, I was horrified to see a huge male tiger watching me from between the rows. Unarmed, because I am too lazy to carry a shotgun on my own grounds, I stood stock still. Strangely, Stripes got up, gave a low growl, and walked calmly into the jungle as though he knew I hadn't a gun. . . .

It is extremely lonely here. I am the only European for hundreds of miles. As soon as night falls, if the sand flies aren't too bad, I sit and read what few books I have. . . . I live all alone. I am not married. What girl would bury herself in a goddam place like this? Am getting on toward fifty now, but am still tough and vigorous. Been here since 1925. Bunked off from a ship in Soerabaea. Went to Australia, didn't like it. Stowed away back to Java. I guess it's high time to get married and settle down.

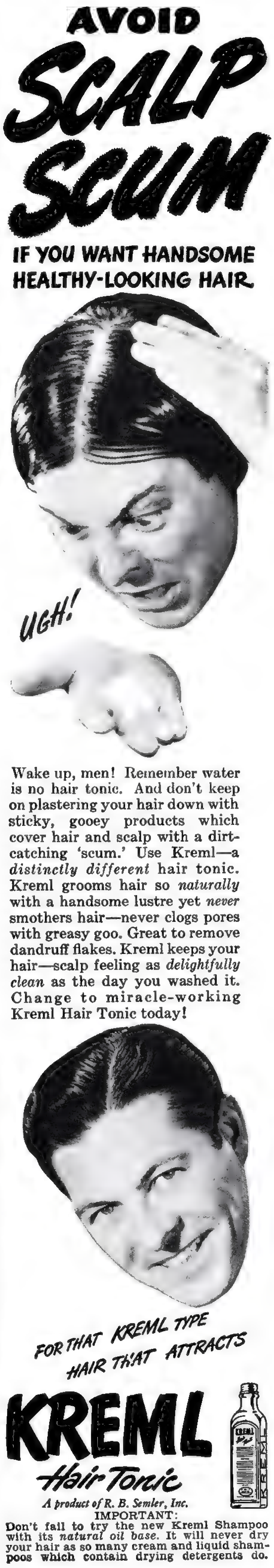
W. Wells
Victoria Point, Burma

Editor's Note: *There is a man.*

mental massage

Try this one on the fans: $16-36=25-45$; adding $\frac{81}{4}$ to both sides: $16-36+\frac{81}{4}=25-45+\frac{81}{4}$. Factoring each side of the equation: $(4-9/2)^2=(5-9/2)^2$. Take the square root of both sides and add 9/2 to them and you will see that $4=5$! I've given up years ago trying to figure this one out.

Eugene Kalet
Flushing, N. Y.



AVOID
SCALP SCUM
IF YOU WANT HANDSOME HEALTHY-LOOKING HAIR
UGH!

Wake up, men! Remember water is no hair tonic. And don't keep on plastering your hair down with sticky, gooey products which cover hair and scalp with a dirt-catching 'scum.' Use Kreml—a *distinctly different* hair tonic. Kreml grooms hair so *naturally* with a handsome lustre yet *never* smothers hair—never clogs pores with greasy goo. Great to remove dandruff flakes. Kreml keeps your hair—scalp feeling as *delightfully clean* as the day you washed it. Change to miracle-working Kreml Hair Tonic today!

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

IMPORTANT: Don't fail to try the new Kreml Shampoo with its *natural oil base*. It will never dry your hair as so many cream and liquid shampoos which contain drying detergents do.

YOURS! These 2 great new best-sellers

BOTH FREE

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Yes, as a special new-membership gift, we will send you not just one—but BOTH of these big new best-selling novels absolutely FREE — the same titles that are currently selling at retail for $6.00.

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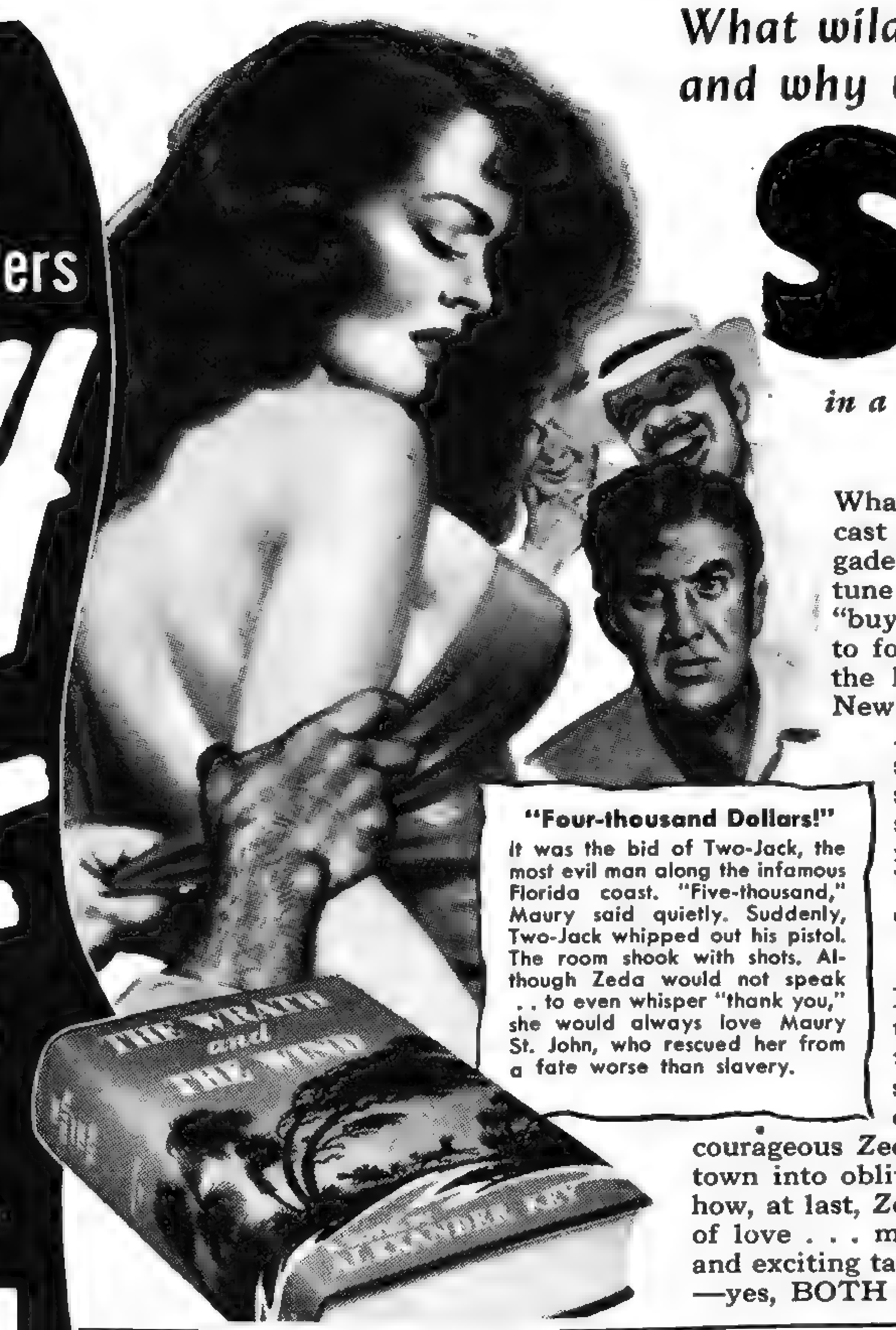
THE WRATH and THE WIND
ALEXANDER KEY

"Four-thousand Dollars!"
It was the bid of Two-Jack, the most evil man along the infamous Florida coast. "Five-thousand," Maury said quietly. Suddenly, Two-Jack whipped out his pistol. The room shook with shots. Although Zeda would not speak . . to even whisper "thank you," she would always love Maury St. John, who rescued her from a fate worse than slavery.

What wild terror had made Zeda a mute . . .
and why was this lovely high-born girl

SOLD to the highest bidder

in a secret auction so daring it shocked even the most sophisticated rogues of the Florida coast?

"You'll never have me! Never! Never! Never!" cried Catherine. What strange violence had the blood-red moon kindled in this cold beauty that possessed her to murder love—the only love that she really ever wanted?

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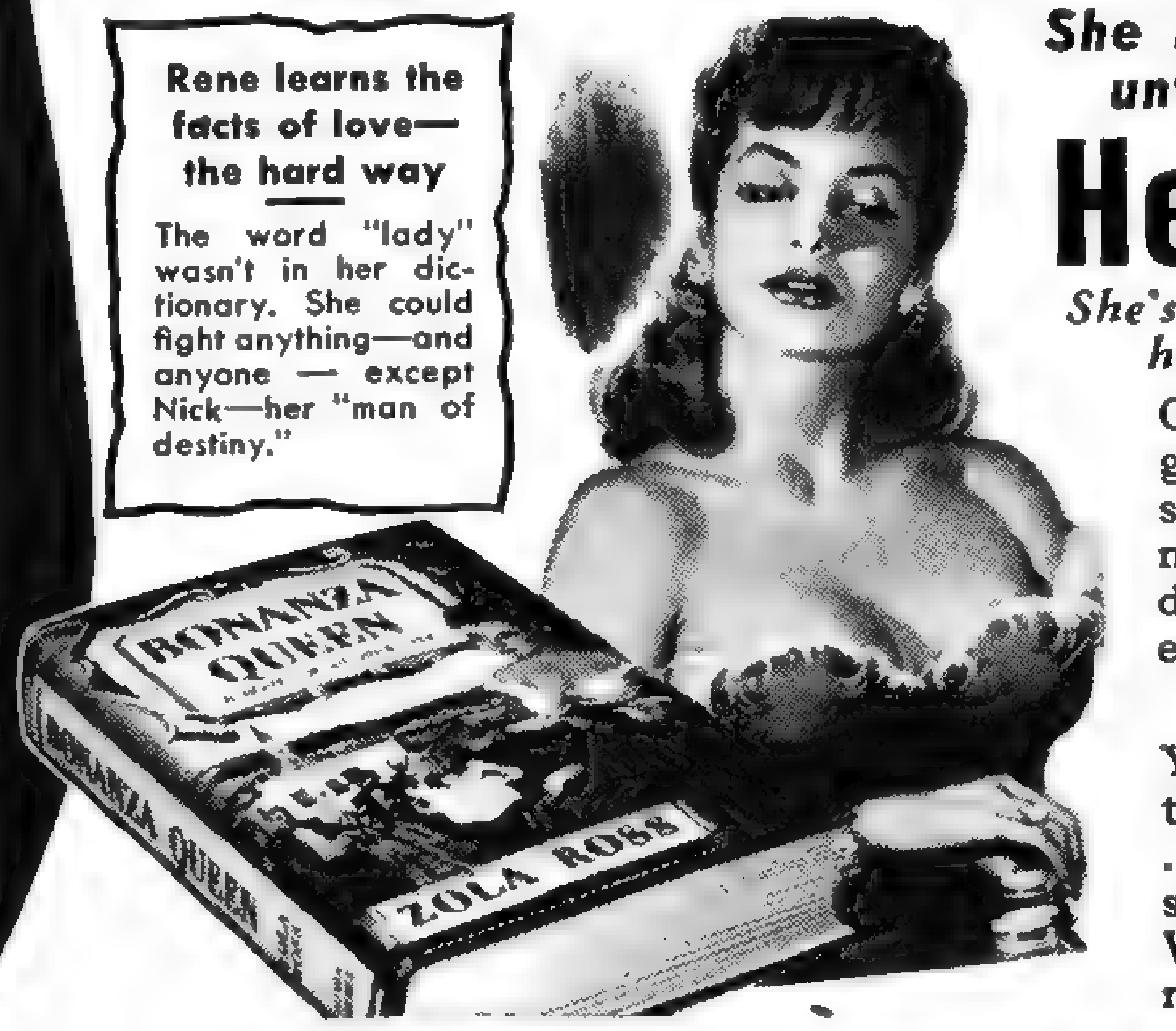
In a series of lightning-paced scenes, "The Wrath and the Wind" mounts to its terrific climax. First, Maury tries to recoup his fortune by running a boatload of slaves in from Cuba . . . then, almost single-handed, he quells the raging yellow jack epidemic, with the lovely, courageous Zeda beside him. How the wrath of the sea hurls the coast town into oblivion as Maury and Zeda escape the hurricane's fury . . . how, at last, Zeda finds not only the power of speech but the fulfillment of love . . . makes a novel that the Chicago Sun-Times calls "a lusty and exciting tale." And it's yours FREE, together with "Bonanza Queen" —yes, BOTH free when you mail coupon below.



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BACKSTAGE
WITH ESQUIRE

David Robbins *Robert Ensworth*

Like Tarzan, we swung into the August issue with our prize picture story, *Raw Tigers*, only to get tangled up in the hanging credit lines. The phrase that was in error read: "Kodachromes by ROBERT ENSWORTH." Actually, Ensworth wrote the story, and the photographs were taken by DAVID ROBBINS. A New Yorker, Robbins' color work is published regularly in the nation's top magazines. To get our pictures, the plucky cameraman went into the cage with trainer Joe Walch and the untrained tigers. The raw cats took a few swipes at him, but he parried each feint with a click of his shutter and came away with some really unusual photos. Taking notes close behind him was Bob Ensworth, ex-G.I. staff member of *Stars and Stripes*. A lifetime circus addict and "amateur clown," the writer met Joe Walch in Hartford back in '44 on the day the big top burned during Walch's performance. Ensworth wrote the news stories about Walch's heroism—with the wild tigers inside the cage and the panic-stricken mob on the outside. That fire-born friendship was why Joe Walch agreed to pose for Esquire. He allowed pictures to be taken showing for the first time how ropes are used on raw tigers to "break" them for captivity.

If, when you read the *Pink Hibiscus*, page 53, you get the idea that the author has been around a little, you'll be on the right track. Born in Java, ERIK HAZELHOFF spent his first fifteen years there and draws heavily on this experience for his first contribution to Esquire. During his student days in Holland he traveled on a bet from Rotterdam to San Francisco in less than four weeks on ten dollars. Then he got himself involved in the Russo-Finnish war before receiving a law degree from the University of Leyden. The Germans locked him in the SS jail at the Hague from which he escaped to England in '41 by way of Norway. Undaunted, he returned to Holland as an agent of the British Secret Service. Later he flew seventy-two night-bombing missions over Germany with the RAF, receiving the Military Cross and the DFC with two stars. When the war ended he went to Canada in the Netherlands government service. Meantime, he learned English, married an English girl, and started selling short stories to American magazines. "Liked the pay, quit the job, and became a writer in the U.S.A." At thirty-one he's looking for new fields to conquer. At his rate, there won't be many left.

Julius Fast

Slightly over age thirty, JULIUS FAST began his career as a medical student ten years ago, strayed into bacteriology, became a puppeteer, and finally, a writer. Some years back, he won the Edgar Allan Poe Award for the best first mystery of the year, a book inspired by his life in the Army. Our research department was unable to check some of the facts in his *Mayhem in Midair*, page 95, because we couldn't get anybody to hang upside-down on a trapeze, high above a three-ring circus. The fascinating bird's-eye view in Fast's first story for Esquire indicates that he's been up there.

Sculptor, textile-designer, and motion-picture maker, GLENN GROHE is the busy, highly successful artist who illustrated *Murder Is No Accident*, page 68. The color and verve in his canvases reflect his vigorous life as an active citizen, rabid sports fan, husband, and father of three children. At thirty-six, he is well up in the ranks of craftwise, sensitive American artists. In a Grohe art portfolio last year, we said that he is one of the men "in the van of

Continued on page 20

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Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 18

Glenn Grohe

20th century (who) wishes to make function and intuition one. . . . An artist with the sense of the technological." Grohe is a far cry from the starving artist of another era. Commercially solvent, he is immensely practical, with twin desires to make good art and a good world. " . . . impressed by Freud, Einstein, electronics," he does not separate the artist from the citizen in himself. "If we can order the physical world around us, perhaps one day we will learn to order ourselves." And he paints the way he thinks.

If you've never read a brief story called *No More Trouble for Jedwick*—dig up a March, 1934, Esquire from that stack in the attic and treat yourself to a short-story classic. It was the first story ever written by LOUIS PAUL and finished its initial season by receiving the O. Henry Memorial Prize. Until that time, Paul had done a lot of things. Besides being born in Woodhaven a few doors from the home of Mae West, he had been a soldier, schoolteacher, movie extra, and wharf-laborer in San Francisco. *Jedwick* was his wedge in the literary world. He followed that success with a novel, *The Pumpkin Coach*, which was a Literary Guild selection "when this," he said, "didn't necessarily mean it was a historical novel." Coming rapidly up to date, his play, *The Cup of Trembling*, was presented on Broadway in 1948. He's written other novels, most recent of which are *Breakdown* and *Summer Storm.* When we asked him what prompted him to write *The Merry-Go-Round*, page 60, he said: "I suppose we all have a little secret suspicion that it takes luck rather than brains to become a business tycoon." This tale is in the *Jedwick* tradition.

Louis Paul

Since 1927, Pulitzer Prize winner LELAND STOWE has been one of America's foremost foreign correspondents. For example, he has a citation from Harvard that reads: "A correspondent on many fronts; a prophet who, in 1933, told an unheeding world that 'Nazi Means War.' " Stowe has been a featured war correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*, ABC, and the New York Post Syndicate. He is the reporter who scooped the world's newsmen on the invasion of Norway. Since the war, Stowe has been touring this country, lecturing, working in radio, and free-lancing. Just a year ago, he created a mild earthquake among Esquire readers with his *What's Wrong with Our Women?* Typical of the personal touch in many of his writings is *Old Blood-and-Guts—Off the Record*, page 55, a knowing look at General Patton.

Leland Stowe

Life may not begin at forty, but often as not it gets better. It wasn't until LLOYD MANN passed that milestone that he took up writing as a serious business. By then he had graduated from Harvard (class of '25), traveled around the world, spent several years in the Stock Exchange, and worked in public relations. In February, 1942, he joined the Navy from which he received a commission and assignment to Johnson Island—"the world's smallest inhabited rock," 800 miles southwest of Hawaii. Before insanity became chronic, Mann was withdrawn and, as a Lt. Commander, was placed on inactive duty. Only then did he take up free-lance writing. When he made his first contribution to Esquire, *Undefeated and Undetected*, page 58, he explained that his main hobby was watching the Giants play ball. "I might," he said, "do more writing if they played all their games at night."

Continued on page 23

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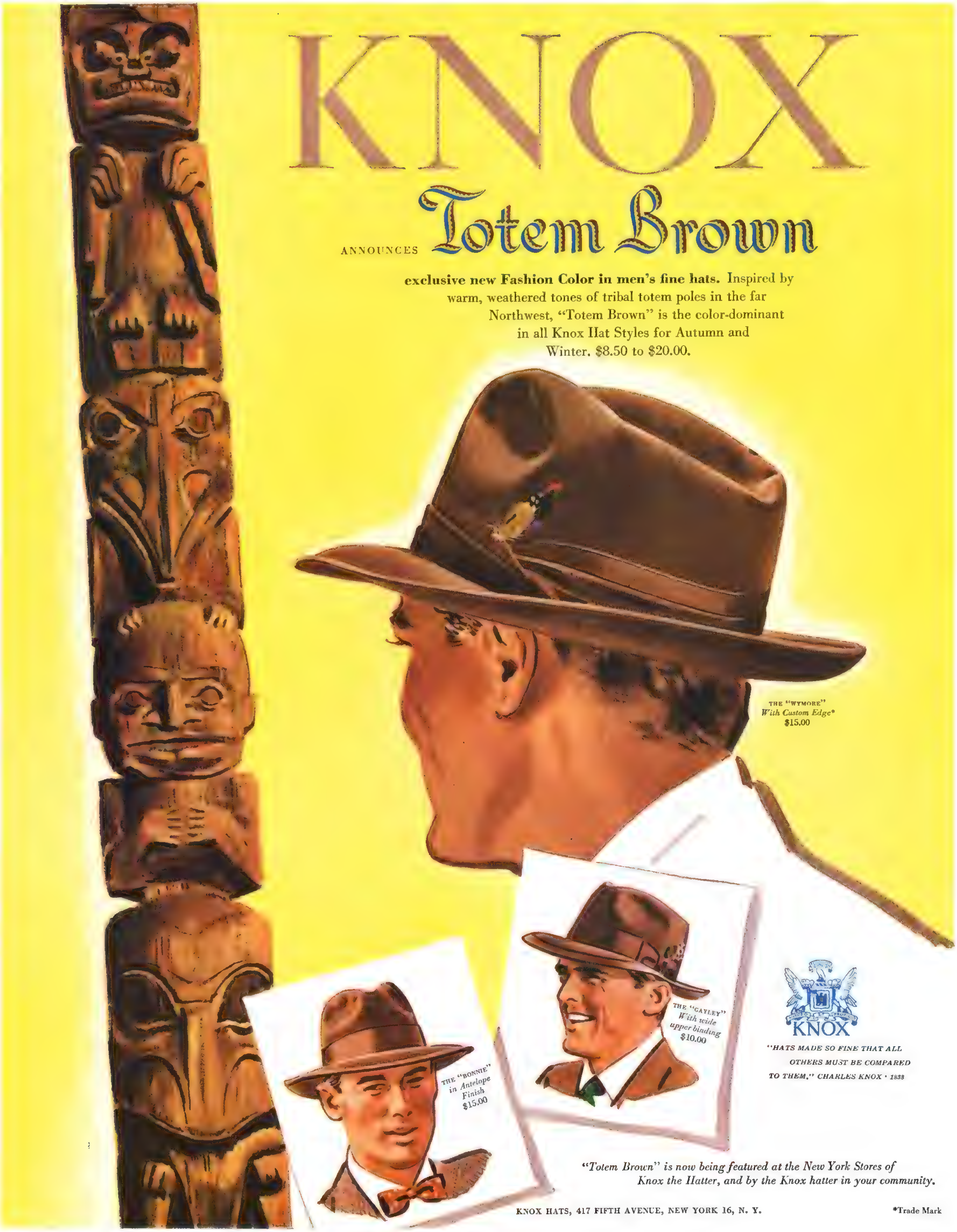
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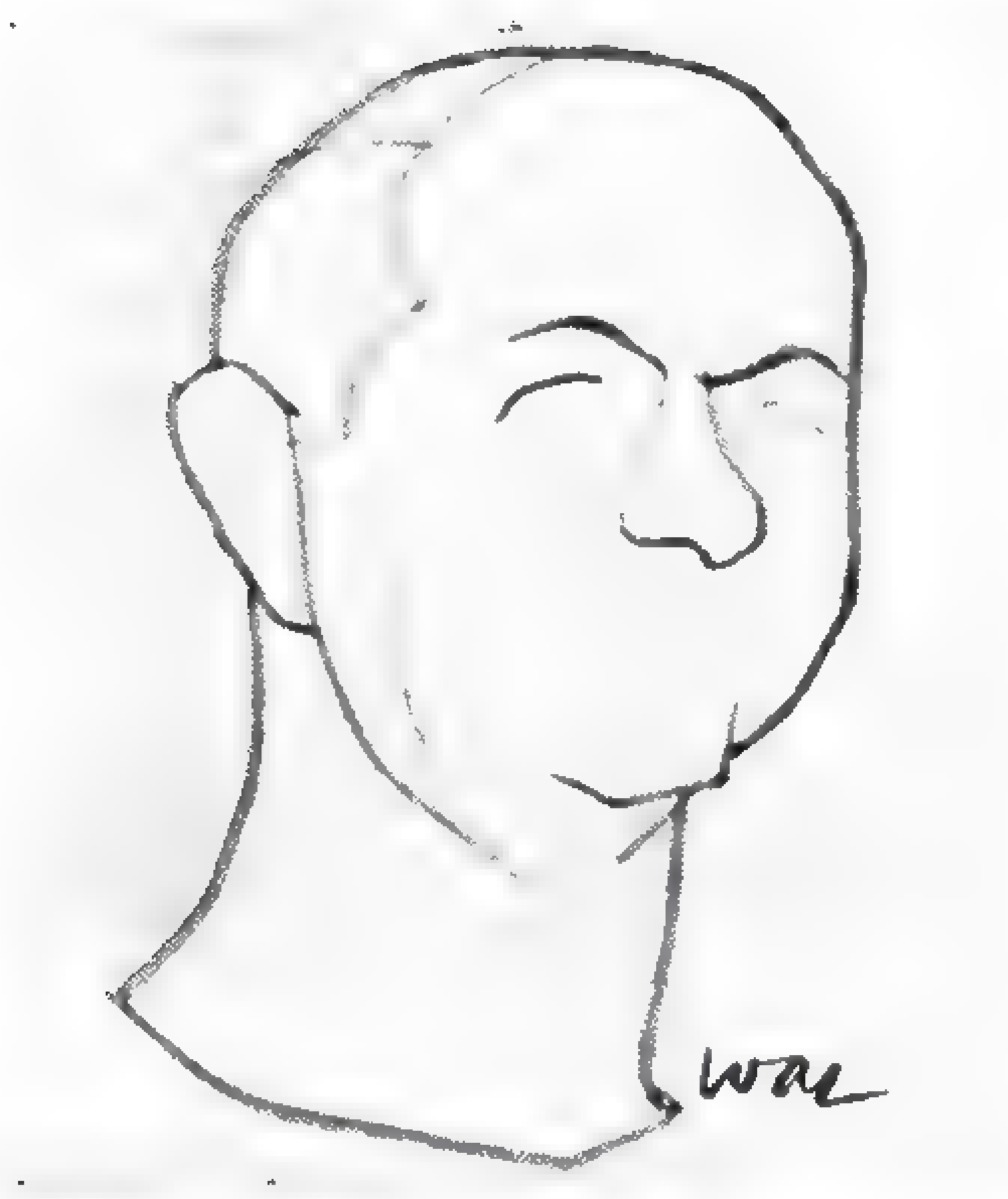
Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 20



Wm. Auerbach-Levy, Self-Caricature

The ability to caricature is not a knack; it is a fine art, especially when the brush is in the capable hand of WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY. A prize-winning prodigy at the National Academy of Design, he studied art for over twenty years before he became nationally known as caricaturist for the old New York *World* in 1925. Since the *World* folded, he has made well over a thousand drawings of celebrities for the nation's leading magazines and newspapers. He says that his average time for a demonstration caricature is three minutes: he once caught the right likeness of Jimmy Durante in nothing flat. Durante wanted to know where to sit, but the artist said he could leave. He had caught his expression and put it on paper as the Nose walked into the studio. One-time checker champion of New York, Auerbach-Levy is still a master of the game. For his seeing lines in this issue, turn to page 83, *The Magnificent Marshall.*

Robert J. Serling

The United Press radio-news editor in the nation's capital has the pleasant sideline of covering the Washington Redskins every Sunday—a chore that led to the article on page 83, *The Magnificent Marshall* (i.e., George P. Marshall, owner of the Washington pro football team). ROBERT J. SERLING, "discovered" in this issue, labored for several newspapers, following his graduation from Antioch College in Ohio, before landing a job with U.P. in Cleveland. After a brief period of employment with the U.S. Army, he went back with U.P. and was transferred to their Washington bureau. Collector of pipes and model airplanes, he recently left the ranks of bachelorhood in favor of a registered nurse.

Even the most astute pro golfer will find it difficult to put a finger on the culprit very many lines before the end of DAVID DODGE'S *Murder Is No Accident*, page 68. From Arequipa, Peru, Dodge wrote us that he got the idea for his golf-club killing in the clubhouse of the Arequipa golf course and further developed it 13,000 feet up on the links at La Paz, Bolivia. Three years ago, he left California with his wife and daughter for a "short" motor trip through Mexico, ending up in Peru, "the only place left in the whole world where living is still easy." They contemplate a new journey down the Amazon by paddle steamer, around the Horn by way of Rio, Buenos Aires, Valparaiso, and back to Arequipa. In addition to mystery novels and short stories, journeyman Dodge may then write a sequel to his latest travel book, *How Lost Was My Weekend.*

David Dodge

Since FRANK LASKIER wrote *The Cruise of the "Turpitude"* for us in December, 1947, his literary production has gone up steadily, including a fourth book, *Prisoners of Freedom. Backstage* readers will remember him as the adventurer who went to sea as a lad and stayed at it for seventeen years until 1942. By that time, he had been torpedoed three times, machine-gunned in the open sea, and had lost a leg in action aboard the *Eurylochus.* Laskier says the three fateful incidents—the shooting of a dog, murder with a slippery hitch, and drowning in a caldron of pitch—in his sea yarn, *The Jonah and the Calliope*, page 56, are true. The author ties them together with an old sea superstition—the Jonah jinx—to tell a story that will bring the sea air into your reading room. "I was Jonah to the *Eurylochus*," says Laskier, "when that ill-fated ship was sunk in 1941. Until I came aboard as gunner, they had not even *seen* action." ⌗

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Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar

The rush is over, but the most exciting spots are at their best—and waiting

One Quick Look Around

Except for the hunter (it's National Hunters' Month), October is pretty much an off-season vacation period. That means excellent accommodations are available almost everywhere, and in many places you'll find lower rates than during the peak winter or summer seasons. The crowds are back from Europe, so it's a good time for a vacation on the continent.

For the Man Who Would Hunt

OREGON—It takes a really rugged sportsman to enjoy cornering a cougar on a ledge or rimrock in the Oregon uplands. Hunting the biggest of all American cats has become more popular in the last few years since the mountain lions have become an increasing menace to sheep, horses, elk and bighorn sheep. And, for something really different in hunting, visit the Canyon Creek Wild Game Preserve in the Malheur National Forest, where big-game hunters may use only bows and primitive Indian arrows.

IDAHO—Some of the best hunting in the Northwest can be found in the Hell's Canyon country of the Snake River, one of the most primitive areas in the United States, near Weiser. There's an abundance of grouse, pheasant, partridges, ducks and geese.

MONTANA—Many of the state's famous summer dude ranches stay open in the autumn for big-game hunters. Pack trips are organized into the pine-scented back country—days of horseback riding in the wilderness and nights of sleeping under the stars. There's a lot of untrodden space in Montana's back country.

WYOMING—Jackson Hole and the Teton range, one of the West's outstanding ski areas in the winter, is a center for big-game hunting in the fall. There's elk, deer, moose, bear and mountain sheep. Excellent bird shooting, too.

COLORADO—With 50,000 deer waiting to be taken each fall, Colorado people say there are more surplus deer here than in any other state in the West. Lots of elk, bear, mountain lion, waterfowl and pheasant make the state a hunter's paradise in the heart of the Rockies.

NEW MEXICO—Since the state includes four of the seven life zones found in North America, the hunter is offered more diversified quarry than almost anywhere else in the United States. Three varieties of deer, black bear, wild turkeys and squirrels, elk, antelope, mountain lion, wildcat and coyote.

NEW ENGLAND—Though the country is not as rugged, and the big game might not be as plentiful, as in the great wilderness areas of the West, the northern New England states of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont attract many thousands of sportsmen every fall. October's the month when the foliage runs riot in Technicolor, and bear, deer, fox, squirrel, hare, lynx, pheasant, raccoon, ruffed grouse, wildcat and migratory birds await the hunter.

ALASKA—An autumn heaven for the hunter (see *Big Game—Only Hours Away* in the September Esquire). Moose, caribou, Sitka deer, mountain sheep and goats; grizzly, brown and black bears; ducks, geese, grouse and ptarmigan.

CANADA—The paved streets of the cities are practically the only places in the whole huge Dominion where the hunting isn't excellent. Up North, in the Yukon Territory, you'll find moose, caribou, some mule deer, mountain sheep and goats; grizzly, brown and black bears, ducks, geese and ptarmigan. British Columbia offers moose, caribou, elk, mule and black-tail deer, mountain sheep and goats; grizzly, brown and black bears, ducks, geese, grouse, quail and partridges.

In eastern Canada, stretching from James Bay, Quebec, to Ontario and southern Labrador, the hunter can stalk moose and white-tail deer, caribou, bears, ducks, geese, woodcock, grouse, ptarmigan and partridges.

Fly-in camps, reached only by airplane, are attracting more and more hunters to remote sections of eastern Canada as they become better-known among sportsmen. Most of the camps are log cabins equipped with electricity and other conveniences, while some have tents with wooden floors, steel beds and good mattresses. Rates average about $35 per day per person, including flying in and out of the wilderness area, guides, canoes and all accommodations.

Follow the Sun Down South

VIRGINIA BEACH—Just about the closest beach to the big cities of the northeast where surf-bathing stays good generally throughout October. More than 250 hotels, inns, and tourist homes, with accommodations from $6 to $15 a day for a single room with two meals.

NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville is the starting point for drives through the Great Smokies and the Blue Ridge Mountains—especially spectacular in October. Fine deep-sea fishing this month off the four beaches of Wilmington. Weather's still fine for swimming, too. And golf is always at its best around Pinehurst.

SOUTH CAROLINA—Aiken's Oc-

Continued on page 26

World Famous British
Byford "98"
Wool Sock

even a wolf is kinder to MY WOOL!

I spend my life growing the best wool, so you can wear the best wool socks. Is my sacrifice appreciated? In a wolf's ear, it is! Some people actually drop my wool into chemicals — I said chemicals — to pre-shrink it! Halp! Those chemicals take to wool like a set of coyote's teeth. Sure, the wool shrinks — from fear if nothing else. All its natural softness and springiness is eaten away. You're left with socks that drape and droop around your ankles. I'd give my wool to the Indians, instead — if it weren't for Byford Hose. They're natural wool hose that are never touched by chemicals.

Byford—the Natural Wool Hose— they pamper me!

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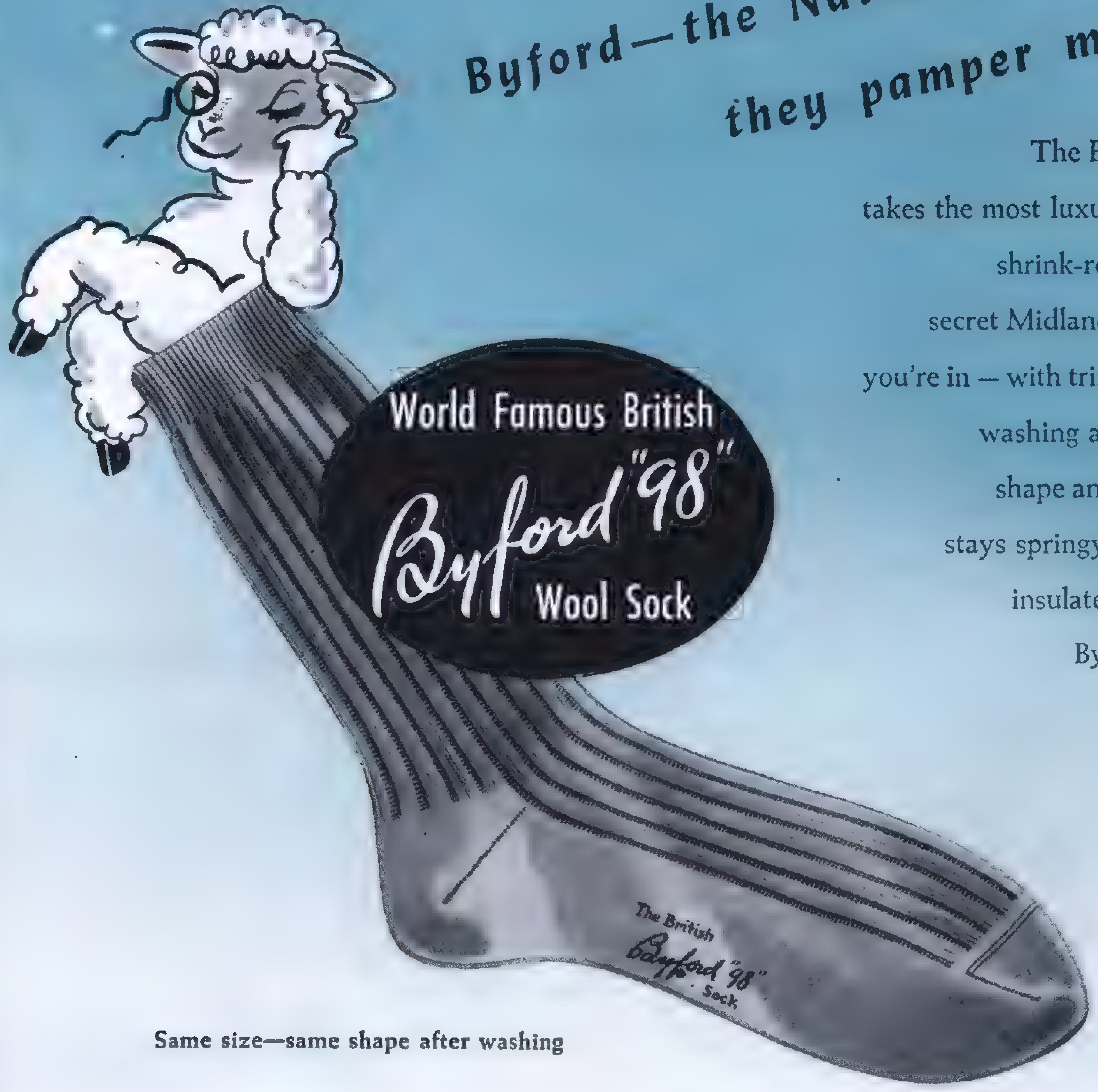

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The mark Harris Tweed* is owned and administered by the Harris Tweed Association, London Wall, E.C. 2, England. Look for the Harris Tweed mark on the cloth or the label in the garment to certify origin, quality and pure Scottish wool.

HAND WOVEN
Harris Tweed
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Nº 353,757 COPYRIGHT 1937
GRANTED BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT BOARD OF TRADE TO THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD.
HARRIS TWEED
FACSIMILE OF THE TRADE MARK APPEARS ON THE CLOTH
MADE FROM 100% PURE SCOTTISH WOOL

HARRIS TWEED
Salisbury House,
London E. C. 2, England

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar

Continued from page 24

tober weather is ideal for active sports, golf, tennis, riding, polo and hunting.

GEORGIA—Savannah Beach, on Tybee Island, a short distance from Savannah, is an all-year southern playground. You'll get all the golf, tennis, fishing and swimming you want. Brunswick and St. Simon Island are other fall vacation top spots.

ARKANSAS—Though spas are allegedly for the sedentary, there's lots to interest the active sportsman around Hot Springs in October: hiking along forest trails, golf, tennis, fishing and riding.

ARIZONA—It's roundup time around Tucson in October, and the weather is perfect for a fall vacation. Far enough in advance of the peak season, too, to permit you to take advantage of off-season rates. Up in the Valley of the Sun around Phoenix, it's still so warm that many resorts don't open until the end of the month.

CALIFORNIA—Ocean swimming is generally enjoyable throughout October, while winter-sports fans take to the mountains for the first runs of the season. And in the desert the weather turns from hot to comfortable.

HAWAII—The islands' famous Aloha Week is scheduled for October 30th to November 6th. The islands are always lovely, and the weather is always perfect, and this month is the time to go if you must have spring again in a hurry.

For the Man Who Would Head South of the Border

MEXICO—The bargain-counter peso and the beginning of the dry season make Mexico an almost perfect October attraction. Weather's fine and accommodations are more readily available.

MEXICO CITY—Still the favorite of most vacationists. The capital sparkles in its 7500-foot-high sunshine, its night life is gay and colorful, the food exotic and intriguing, and big-league bullfighting in Mexico City gets under way in October.

ACAPULCO—Very much the top seaside resort of Mexico, with splendid hotels.

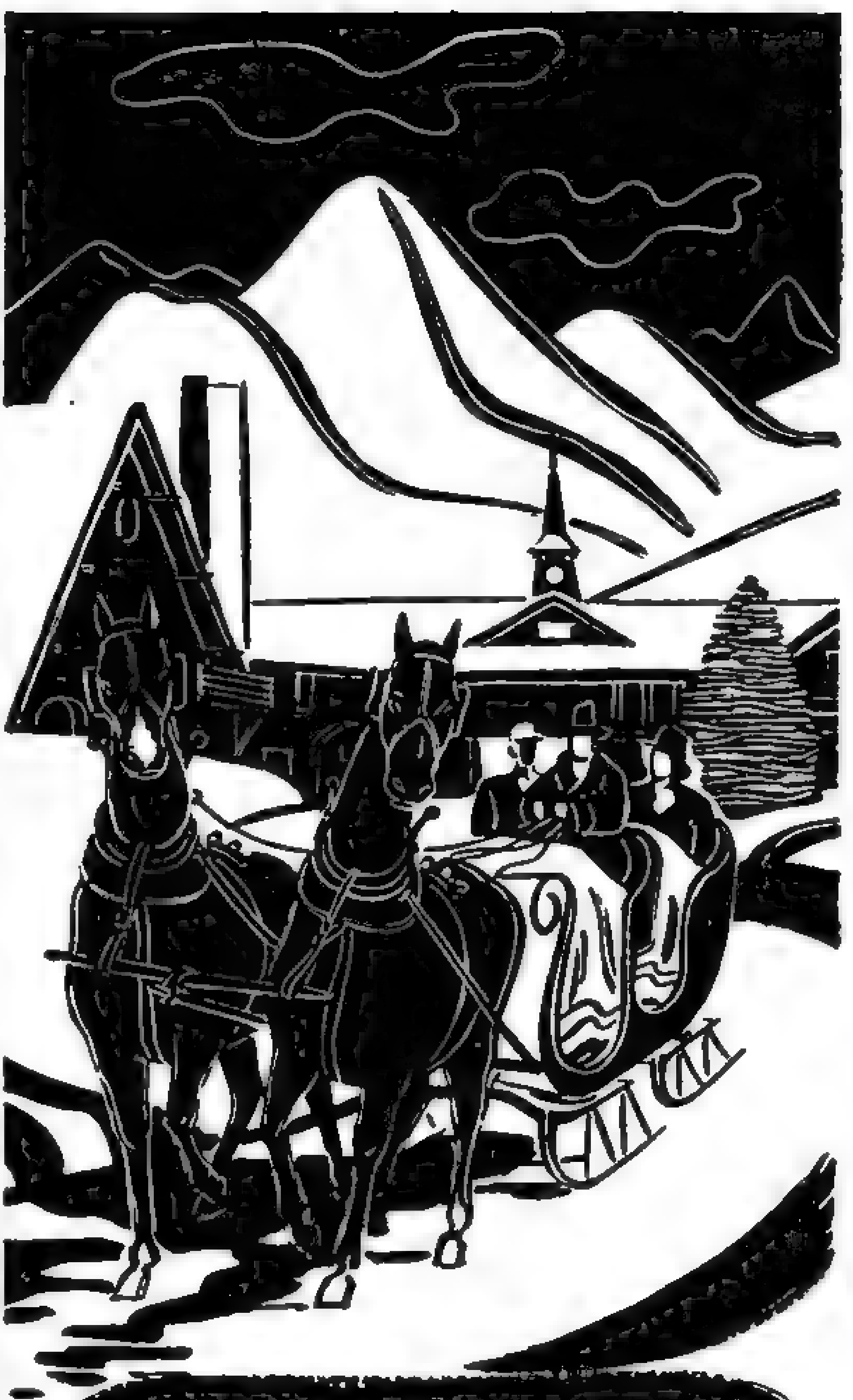
PUEBLA—Laid out in the sixteenth century by the Spanish *conquistadores*, Puebla is the aristocrat of Mexican towns. And it's the jump-off for excursions to Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihatl.

CUERNAVACA—Called the first resort town in America, Cuernavaca is the week-end refuge of smart residents of Mexico City. It's one of the cleanest and most attractive little towns in the country.

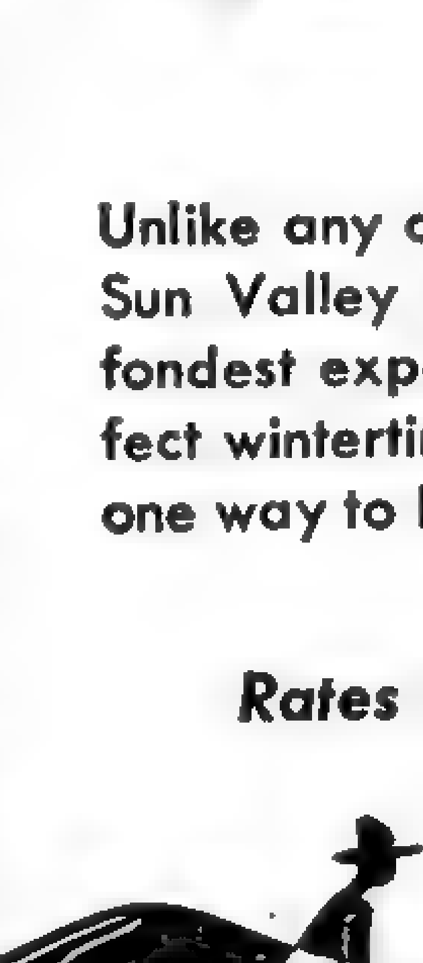
MÉRIDA—Capital of the Yucatán state, which is so different from the rest of Mexico as to seem almost like another country. Headquarters for sight-seeing in surrounding Mayan countryside.

SAN JOSÉ DE PURUA—Three hours from the capital along one

Continued on page 28



Time again for a "Happy Holiday" at Sun Valley IDAHO

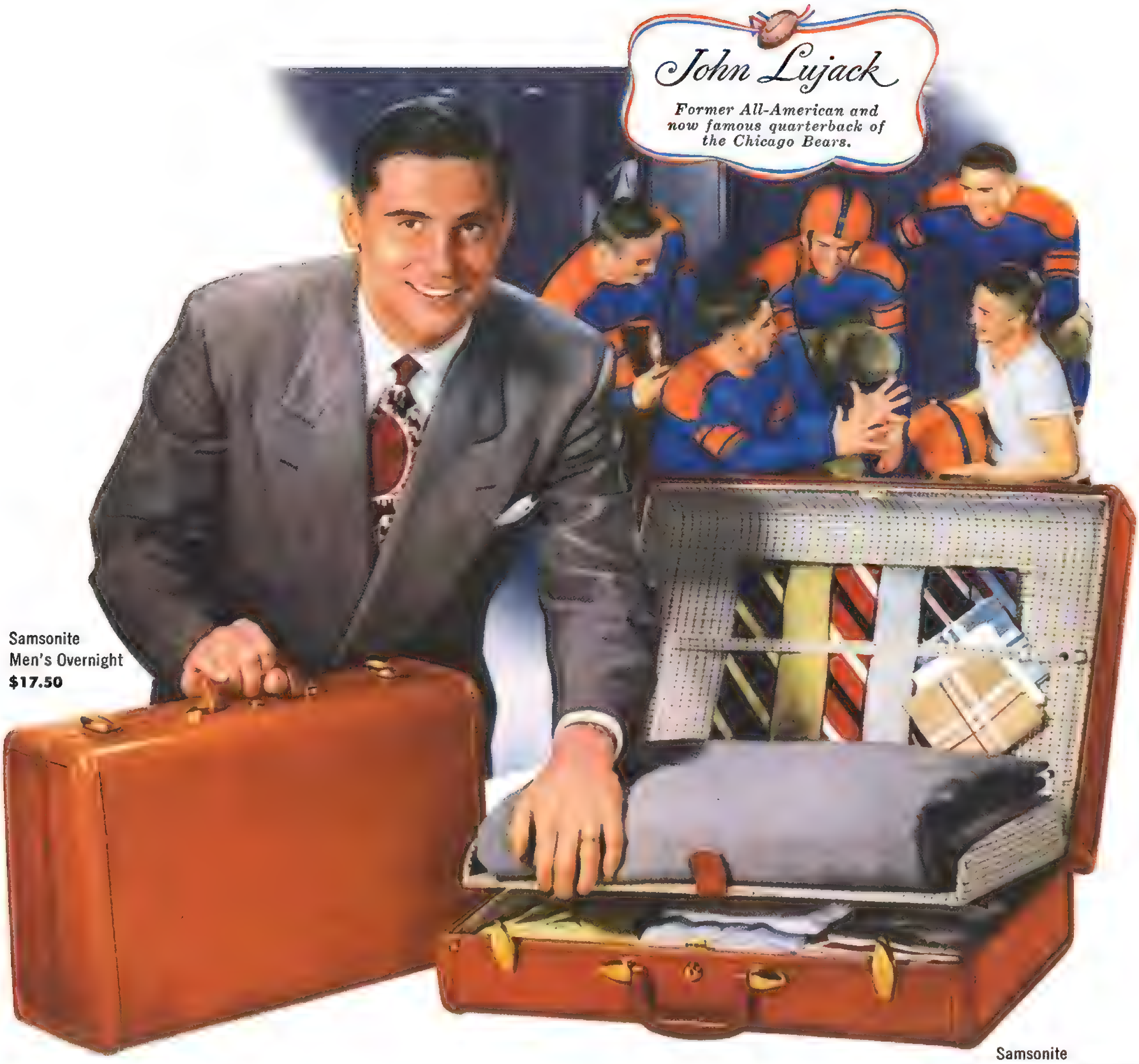


★ Eight electrically powered chair ski lifts.
★ More superb skiing each day.
★ Internationally known ski school, under direction of Otto Lang.
★ Skating, outdoor warm-water swimming, dancing and evening entertainment.

Unlike any other place in the world, Sun Valley fills to the fullest your fondest expectation for a truly perfect wintertime holiday. There's only one way to know... and that's to go!

Rates from $6.00 single

For information or reservations address:
W. P. Rogers, General Manager, Sun Valley, Idaho or Union Pacific Railroad, Room 1365, Omaha 2, Nebraska, or see any local travel agent.



John Lujack

Former All-American and now famous quarterback of the Chicago Bears.

Samsonite
Men's Overnight
$17.50

Samsonite
Men's Two-Suiter **$25**

All-Americans pick

Samsonite's Two-Suiter

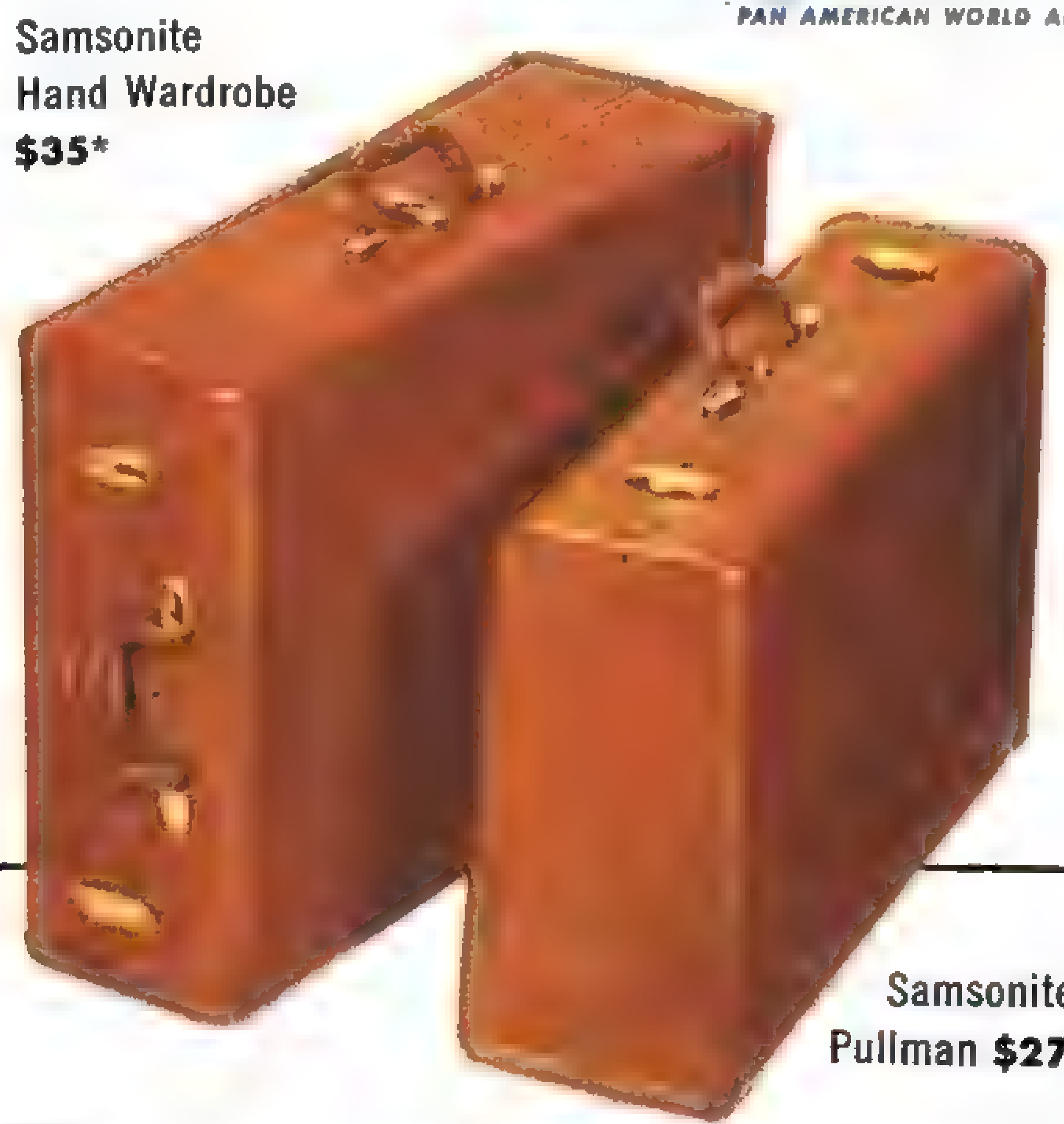
and men's overnight!

"Durable...tough...my choice for best all-around luggage team!"
says Johnny Lujack

When the going's toughest...when the pace is fastest—Samsonite has the he-man luggage team for you. Samsonite's Two-Suiter and Overnight case can really stand up under any kind of a beating! The set shown here is in Samsonite's new, rich Saddle Tan finish—the better-than-leather miracle covering made to take the most gruelling punishment. And with Samsonite's famous super-strength construction...solid brass locks and long-wearing fittings, it's a really rugged, game-for-anything luggage pair. *Together they cost you only $42.50* —less than you'd expect to pay for just one case of such quality!*
In addition to the Saddle Tan shown above complete Samsonite sets are available in natural Rawhide and rich Cordovan Brown finishes.

FLIGHT PROVEN
PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

Samsonite
Hand Wardrobe
$35*



Samsonite
Pullman **$27.50**

Strong enough to stand on!

Samsonite Luggage

SHWAYDER BROS., INC., *Luggage Division, Denver 9, Colo.*
Also Makers of Samson Folding Tables and Chairs, Folding Furniture Division, Detroit 29, Mich.

**All prices subject to existing taxes.*

ONE OF A DISTINGUISHED SERIES PAINTED BY RAY JOHNSON

In 1877, the "Mounties" negotiated a historic treaty with Chief Crowfoot, ending years of Indian rule in Northwest Canada.

CANADA'S FINEST

All Canada takes deep pride in the tradition of great deeds built up by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

And another fine Canadian reputation stands behind HARWOOD'S—a well-deserved reputation for lightness, mellow flavor and constant quality.

CANADA'S FINEST
IMPORTED
Harwood's
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Blended and Bottled by
Duncan Harwood & Co. Ltd
Vancouver, British Columbia
Canada

Harwood's Canadian®

GOING TO CANADA?—Harwood's Can Be Purchased at all Provincial Stores in the Dominion.

This advertisement is in no way an endorsement by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY • 90.4 PROOF RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar

Continued from page 26

of Mexico's most scenic highways. Four swimming pools, riding and hiking in the near-by mountains. 4300 feet high, an average temperature of 71.6, varying less than ten degrees throughout the year. And room and board at the truly luxurious hotel will run you about $6.50 per day. Other popular Mexican watering places include Garci-Crespo, Tehuacan, and Fortin de las Flores, where you can go swimming in a pool full of gardenias at the Hotel Ruiz Galindo.

For the Carefree Cruiser

(Cruise space is easier to book in the fall and many cruises are sailing south to warm weather. South America is welcoming spring just as we start to don topcoats, since their seasons are the opposite of ours. A good month for visiting Brazil [fine swimming at Copacabana], Argentina, Uruguay, Chile [where you can combine a visit to the lake country down south with the end of the ski season], Peru and Colombia.)

SOUTH AMERICA:

American Republics Line (Moore-McCormack)—*Argentina, Brazil* and *Uruguay*, famed sister ships, from New York to various South American points. 38-day cruises, $1165 minimum, first class, including shore trips.

Delta Line—*Del Sud, Del Norte* and *Del Mar*, luxurious postwar cruise ships, from New Orleans. 47-day cruises, $940 to $1741.

Grace Line—*Santa Barbara, Santa Cecilia, Santa Margarita, Santa Maria, Santa Luisa, Santa Isabel*, 52-passenger cargo ships. 36-38 day round trip from New York, minimum $972.

Westfal-Larsen Co.—Cargo ships with accommodations for 8 to 12 passengers, from San Francisco and Los Angeles. Round trip takes about 150 days, with layover at Buenos Aires at passenger's expense; one-way passage $440.

CARIBBEAN:

Alcoa Steamship Co. — *Alcoa Cavalier, Alcoa Clipper* and *Alcoa Corsair*, new luxury cruise ships, from New Orleans. 17-day cruises, one class, $545 minimum.

Alcoa Ranger, Alcoa Roamer, Alcoa Runner, with accommodations for 12 passengers, continuous round trip, New Orleans to Mobile, stopping at Haiti and ports of Venezuela and Dutch West Indies. 30-36 days, round trip, $520.

Canadian National Steamship Line—*Lady Nelson* (two classes) and *Lady Rodney* (one class) Boston to Bermuda and the West Indies. 34-day "round voyage," $513 minimum.

Grace Line—*Santa Rosa* and *Santa Paula*, from New York. 12-day cruise—among most popular of itineraries—$435 to $870.

Santa Monica, Santa Clara and *Santa Sofia*, 52-passenger cargo ships, from New York. 18-day "casual cruises" (with some adjustment of schedules depending on freight demands) $435 to $460.

Panama Line—*Ancon, Cristobal* and *Panama*, 14,000-ton sister ships, each accommodating about 215 passengers, New York to Cristobal. 14-day cruise, minimum, $288, with four days in Panama at passenger's expense.

Standard Fruit and Steamship Co.—*Contessa* and *Cefalu*, one-class cruise ships. New Orleans to Havana and Honduras. 10-day cruises, $200 up.

United Fruit Co.— *Jamaica, Talamanca* and *Veragua*, from New York. 17-day cruise, minimum $415, 24 days, (including Guatemala tour) $520 minimum.

Quirigua, Chiriqui, modern one-class ships accommodating 99 passengers, from New Orleans to Havana and Puerto Barrios, 11-day cruise, $220 minimum. *Antigua*, sister ship, sails from New Orleans to Canal Zone and Puerto Barrios, same rates.

Waterman Steamship Corp.—Freighters with accommodations for 12 passengers, New Orleans, Puerto Rico, Mobile. Round trip takes about three weeks, but only ten days are spent aboard ship. Remainder of time is spent in Puerto Rico at passenger's expense. One-way passage $100.

BERMUDA:

Furness Bermuda Line—*Queen of Bermuda*, from New York every Saturday. Six-day cruise, including two-day stopover in Bermuda at passenger's own expense, $125 to $550.

MEDITERRANEAN:

American Export Lines—*Excalibur, Exochorda, Exeter* and *Excambion*, from New York with return stop at Boston. 45-day deluxe Yankee Cruises.

ORIENT:

American President Lines—*President Cleveland* and *President Wilson* from San Francisco. 43-day and 47-day cruises, single class, rates $1415 to $1985.

ROUND THE WORLD:

American President Lines—*President Polk* and *President Monroe* from New York or San Francisco. 112-day cruise, single class, from $2716 to $3200.

October Check List

Gulf Coast resorts of Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas are still enjoying summer.

Europe still has a lot to offer visiting Americans in October. Cosmopolitan life of world capitals is going full-swing — and weather is fine in the south of France, Italy and along the shores of Lake Geneva in Switzerland. ⧻

(If you wish further details or other information relative to travel, your inquiries will be welcome. Just send queries and stamped, self-addressed envelope to Travel Editor, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17.)

highsign of style
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
EAGLE Clothes

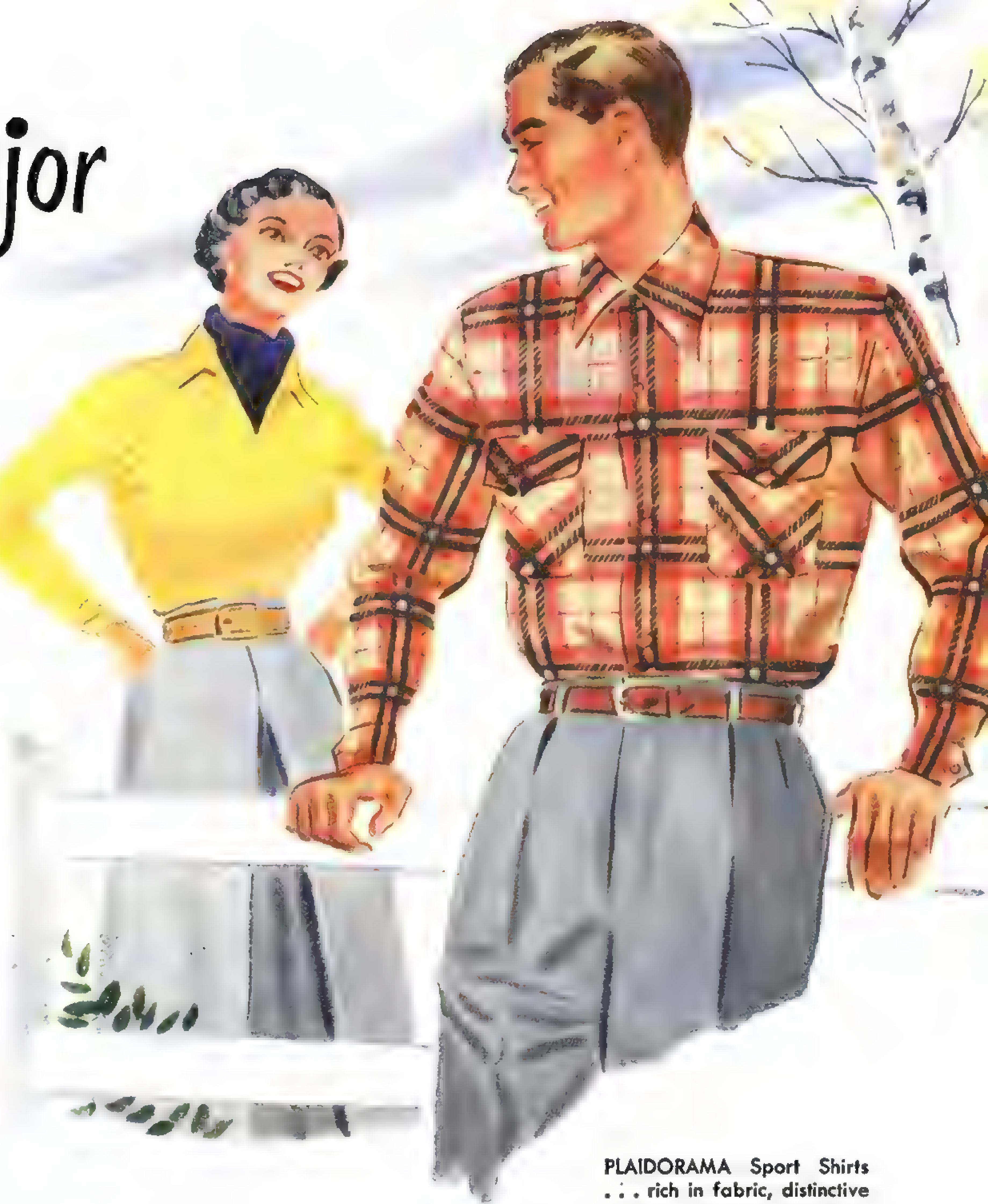
EAGLE CLOTHES are definitely for the connoisseur. The fabric ideas are collectors' items, original and exclusive, richly rewarding to the man who wants "something different," yet wholly in good taste. For advanced styling, coupled with old-time standards of true tailoring quality, let the EAGLE label guide you to today's smartest buy.

For "RULES OF STYLE" and name of nearest dealer, write to Eagle Clothes, Inc., 79 Fifth Ave., New York 3

3 ways to Major in Style...

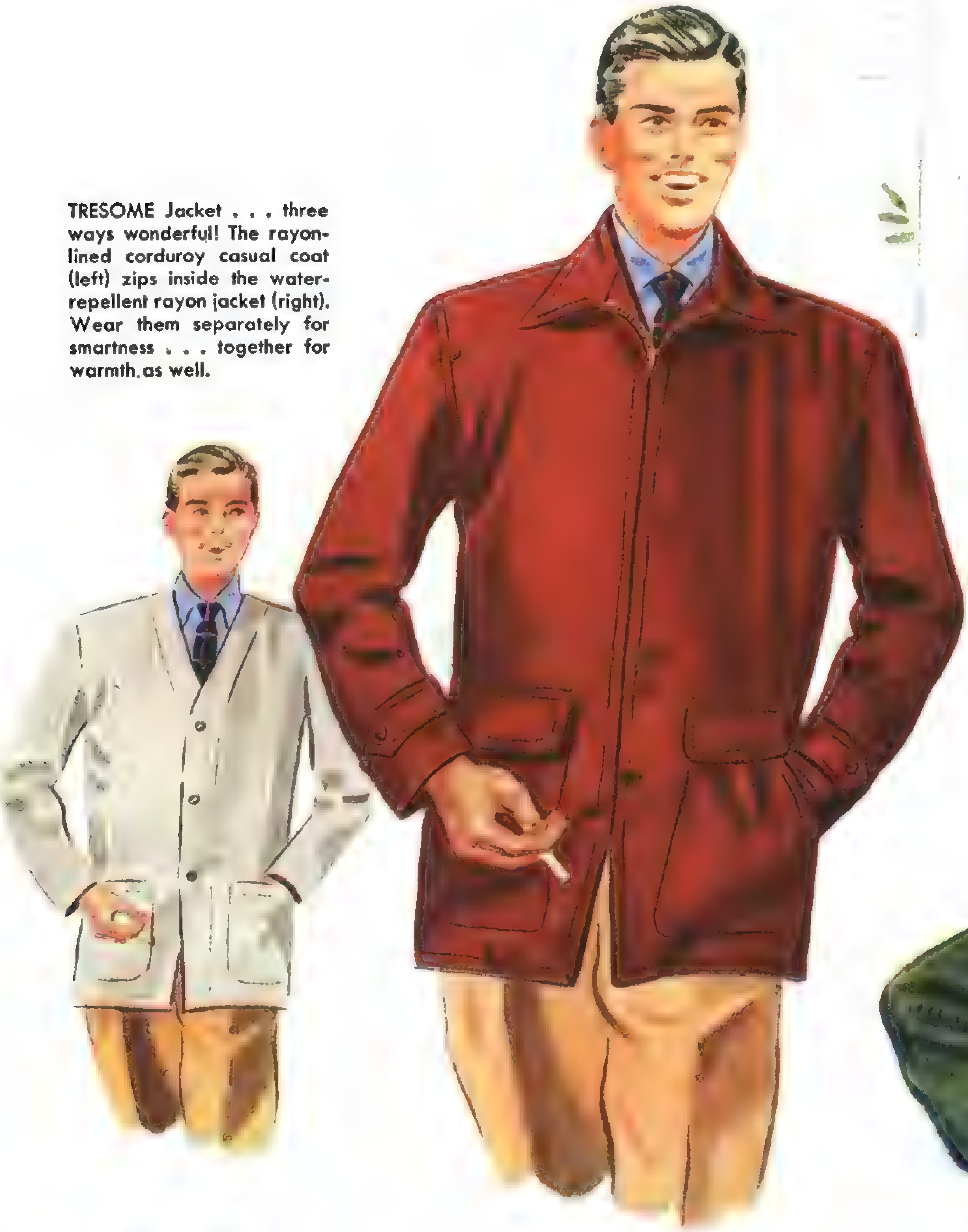
WHEN YOU GO BACK TO COLLEGE!

Elect any "subjects" you like in Marlboro's sportswear curriculum. They all point toward the highest degree of style *cum* comfort! Pictured here are but three of the advantages of a college education, tailored to your taste with the usual Marlboro flair!

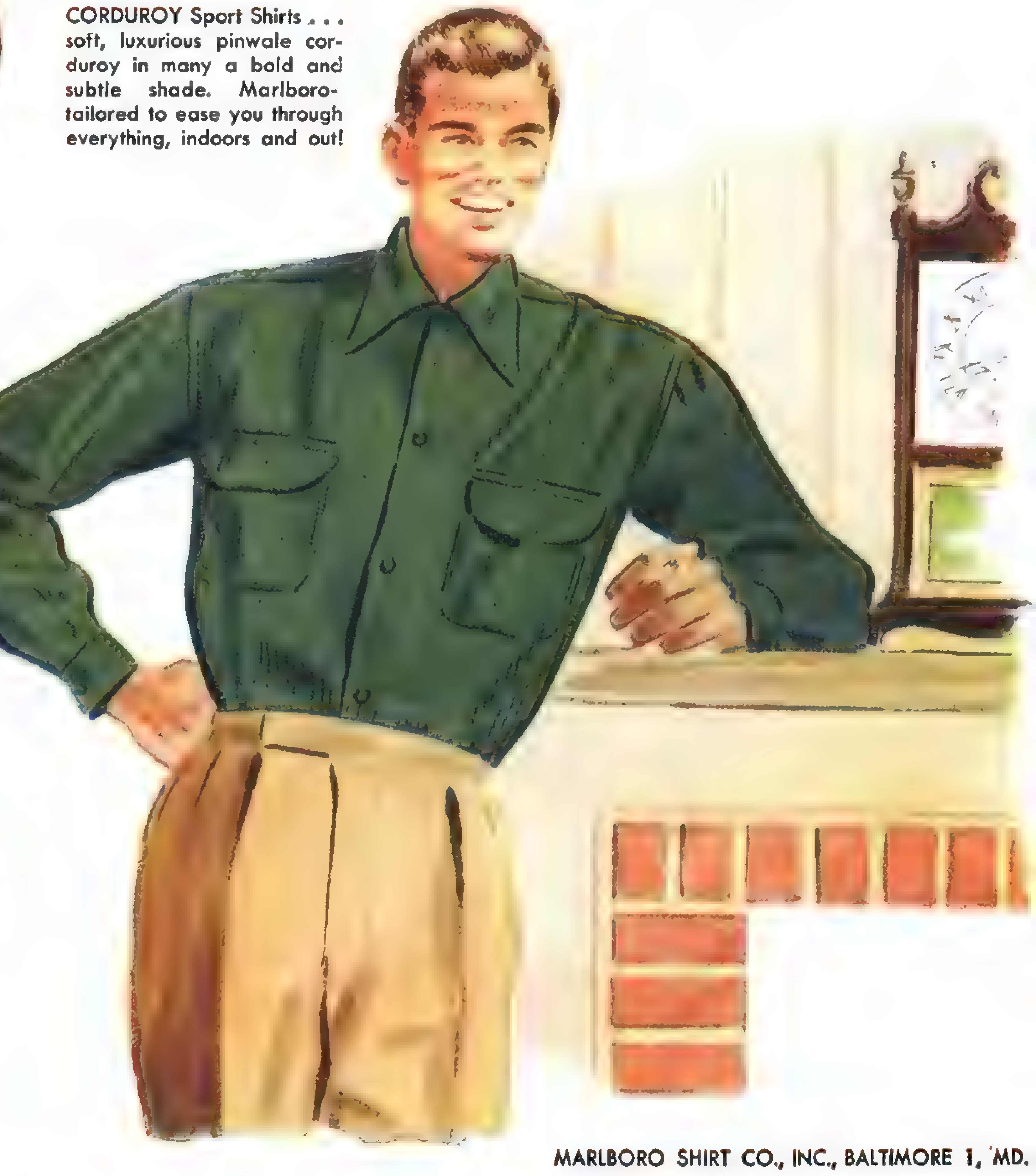


PLAIDORAMA Sport Shirts . . . rich in fabric, distinctive in design; original in coloring! Marlboro-styled as above, or as a slipover model with knitted waistband.

TRESOME Jacket . . . three ways wonderful! The rayon-lined corduroy casual coat (left) zips inside the water-repellent rayon jacket (right). Wear them separately for smartness . . . together for warmth as well.



CORDUROY Sport Shirts . . . soft, luxurious pinwale corduroy in many a bold and subtle shade. Marlboro-tailored to ease you through everything, indoors and out!



Marlboro

SHIRTS SPORTSWEAR

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Get that **WONDERFUL** *Seaforth* **FEELING!**

Top off your shave with Seaforth Lotion and enjoy the bracing air of the Scotch Highlands—the cool crispness of heather and fern!
Seaforth Lotion soothes and cools ...smells fresh, not fragrant. Start your days—and dates—with That Wonderful Seaforth Feeling!

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SHAVING LOTION

Seaforth!
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SHAVING LOTION
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In handmade stoneware jug. Only $1.00

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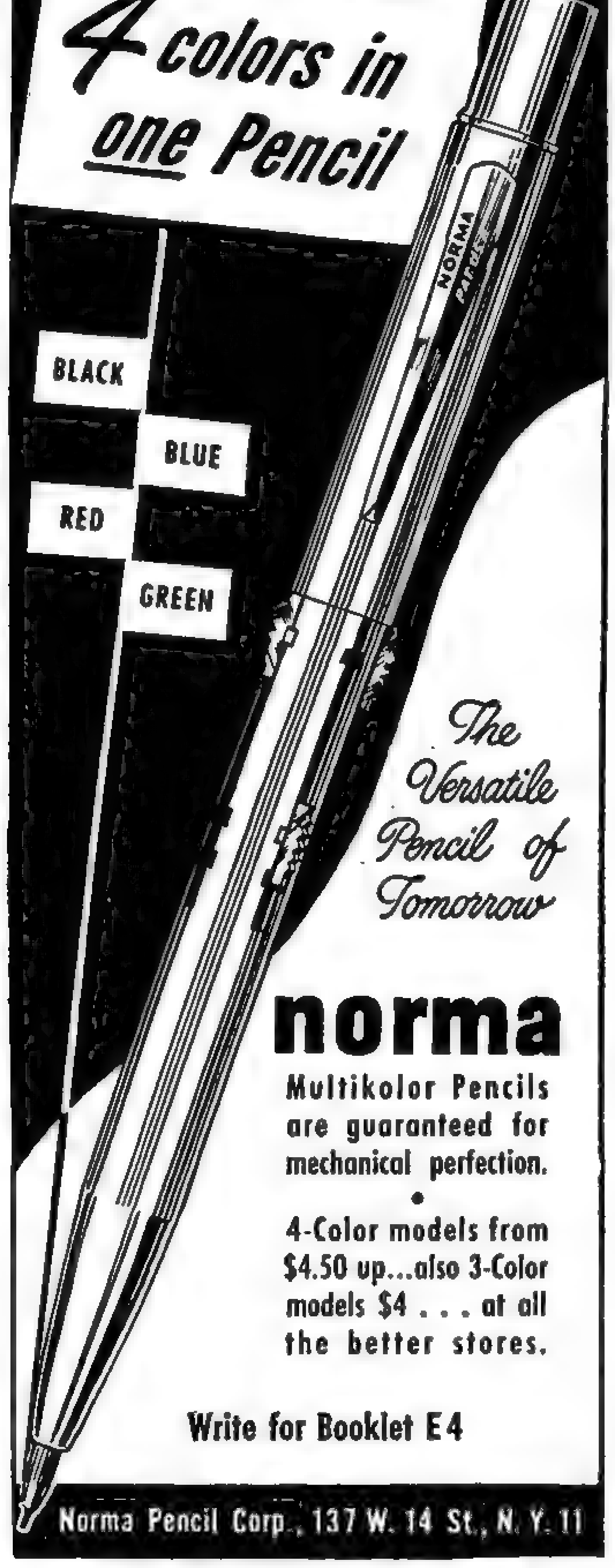
4 colors in one Pencil



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4-Color models from $4.50 up...also 3-Color models $4 . . . at all the better stores.

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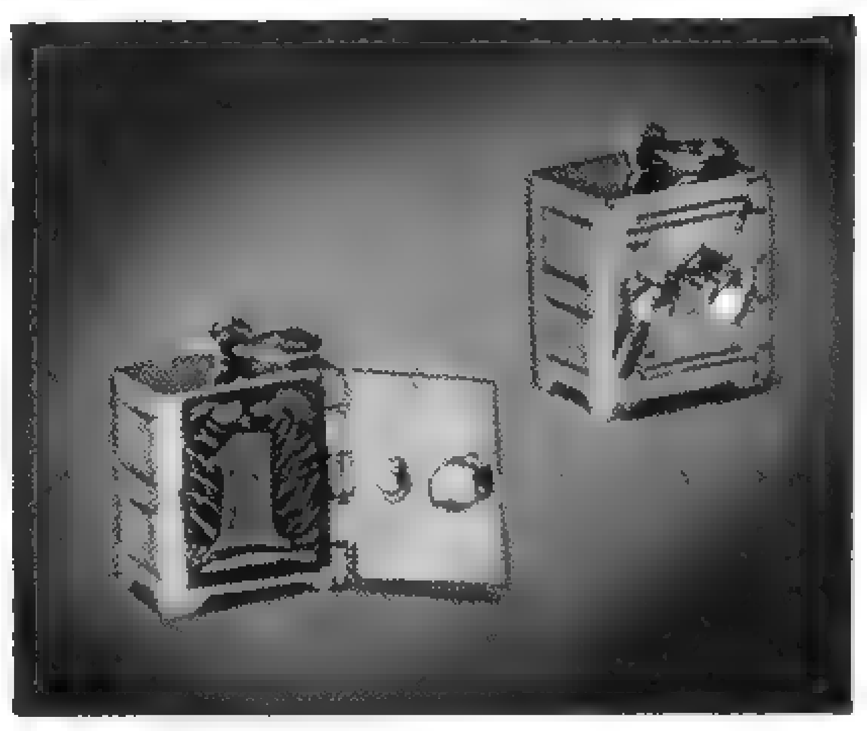
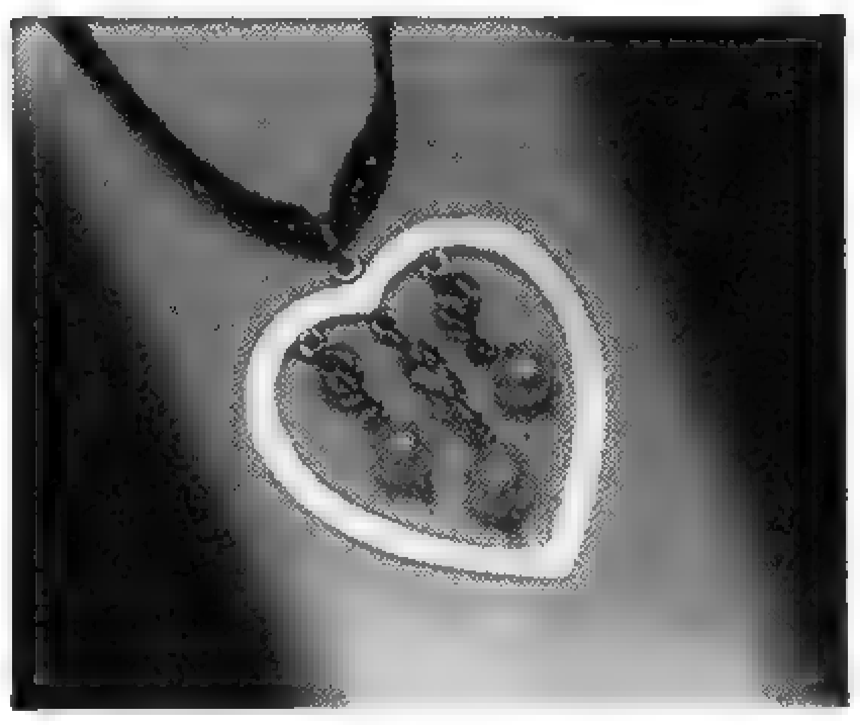
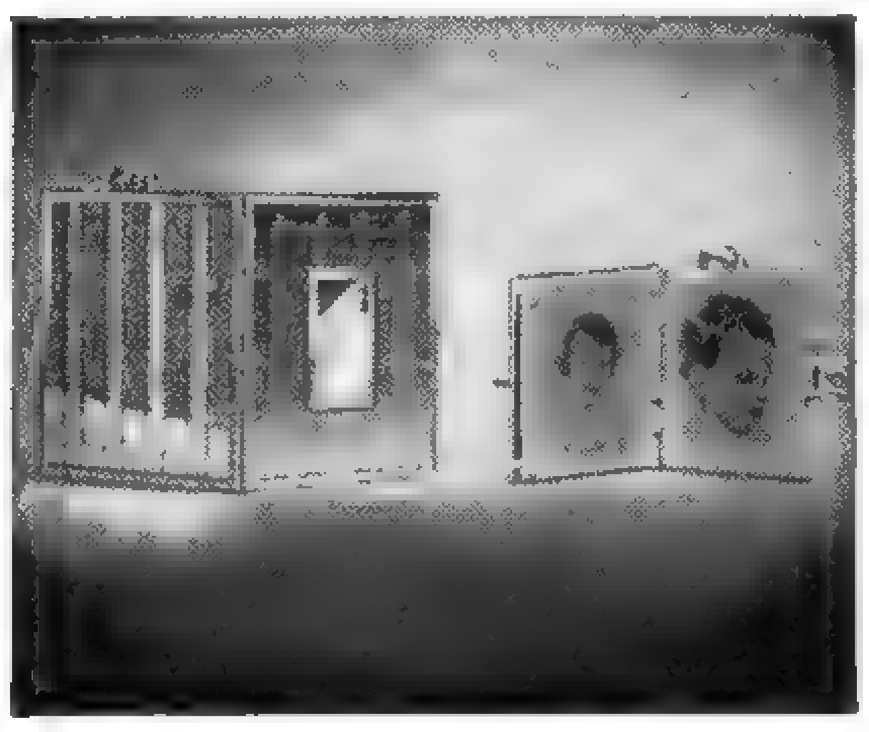
TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



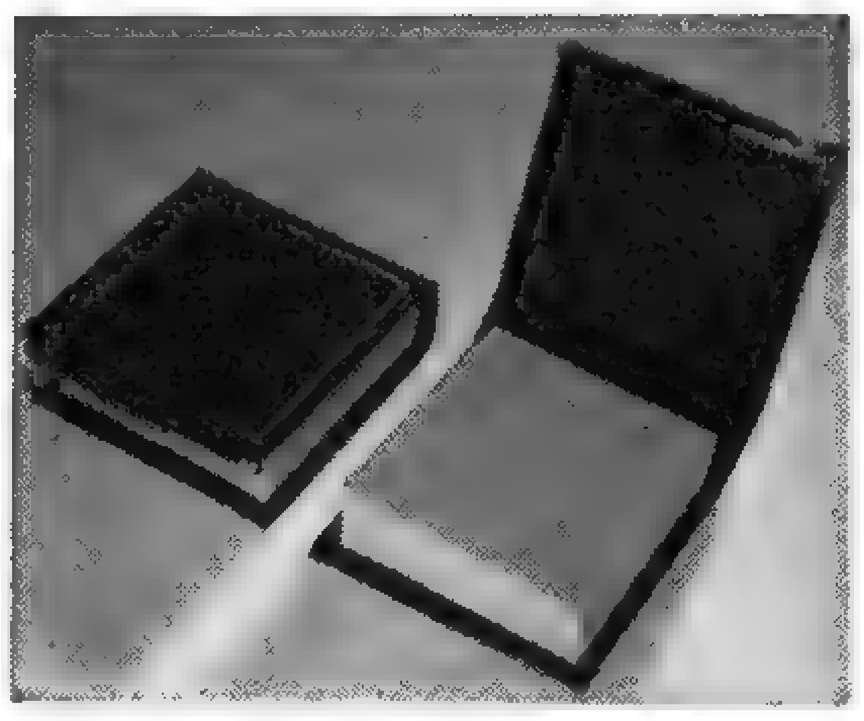
A MAD-MONEY SAFE for a lady's charm bracelet—tiny as it is—can actually contain a carefully folded green bill. You can put into it a one, five or ten dollar bill—whatever you think she may need for emergencies. However, the safe is 14 karat gold, exact in miniature (with a lock that works) and decorative enough to be left quite empty.



DEMURE AND DELICATE, a heart for her to wear on a velvet band around her pretty neck. In 14 karat yellow gold with cultured pearls hung from the center, this small piece of fine jewelry will hold fond thoughts and some nostalgia for her until her days of lavender and old lace. An age-old symbol, beautifully made and in the best of taste.



IN A GOLD BOOK, a photograph or two of someone important to him stays permanently with him on his watch chain. The pictures are reproduced on the gold page, not merely reduced and pasted on. And an inscription on the inside cover will be a constant reminder. For a lady, this is an item to wear on a chain around her neck or on her wrist.

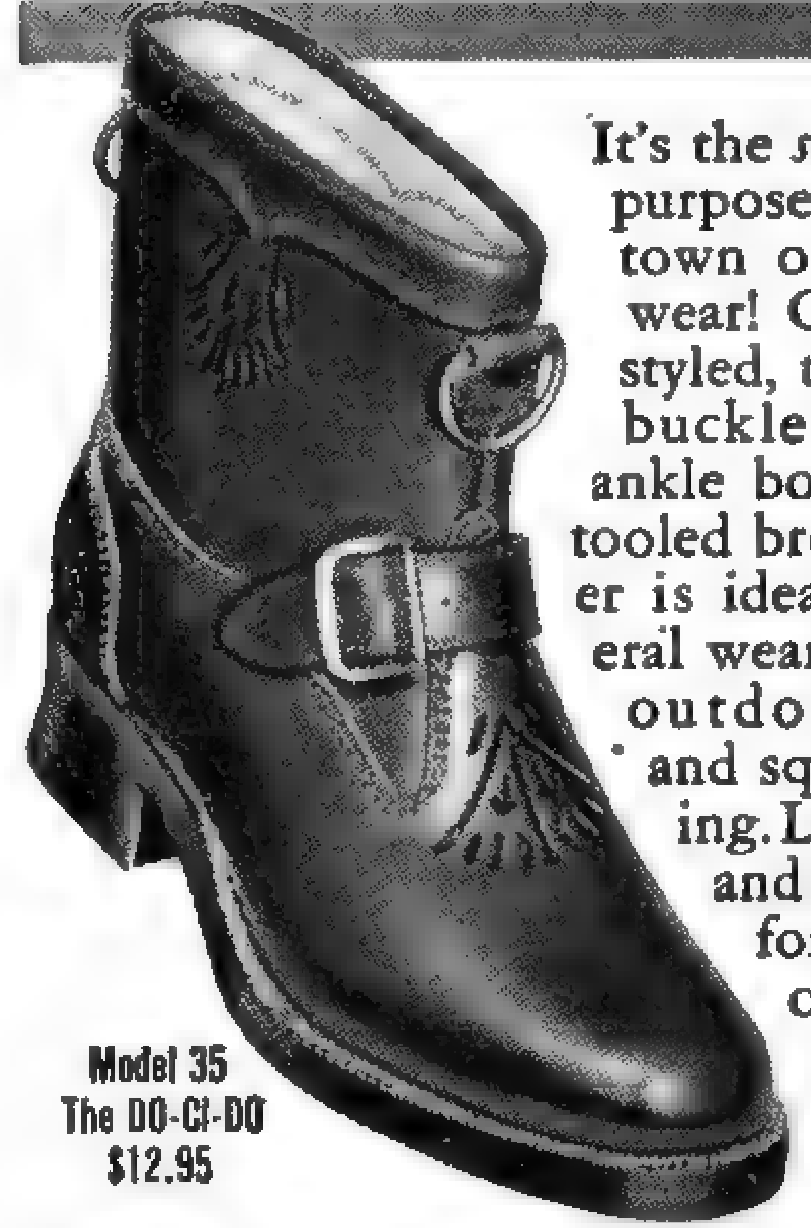


PRACTICAL and inexpensive enough to have several on hand as ready presents, a thick leather-covered telephone note pad has 300 sheets of 3½" square paper to write on. The cover has a 23 karat gold-tooled border and a good, small, ball point pen attached. In maroon, brown, saddle, ivory or green, it looks a lot more expensive than it is.

For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City 17, New York

Ranger

SHOE of the MONTH



It's the *smartest* all-purpose boot for town or country wear! Originally styled, this rugged buckle and strap ankle boot in rich tooled brown leather is ideal for general wear, including outdoor sports and square dancing. Leather sole and heel. Write for our folder of outstanding styles.

Model 35
The DO-CI-DO
$12.95

ORDER BY MAIL—*Immediate Delivery*
Concord Quality is insured by 45 years of fine shoemaking. Order Model E-35 TODAY. State exact shoe size and width. Available *now* in sizes 6 to 12, B to E. **$12.95.** Add 25¢ for mailing.
Satisfaction or your money back.
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CLASSIC POLO SHIRT OF MESH KNIT LISLE

Knitted for man-size comfort, it will never cramp your style on golf course or tennis court. Fine mercerized lisle that takes to the tub with the greatest of ease. And don't bother ironing it.
White, Blue, Tan, Canary, Grey
Men's and Students' ($3.50)
Also available for Boys

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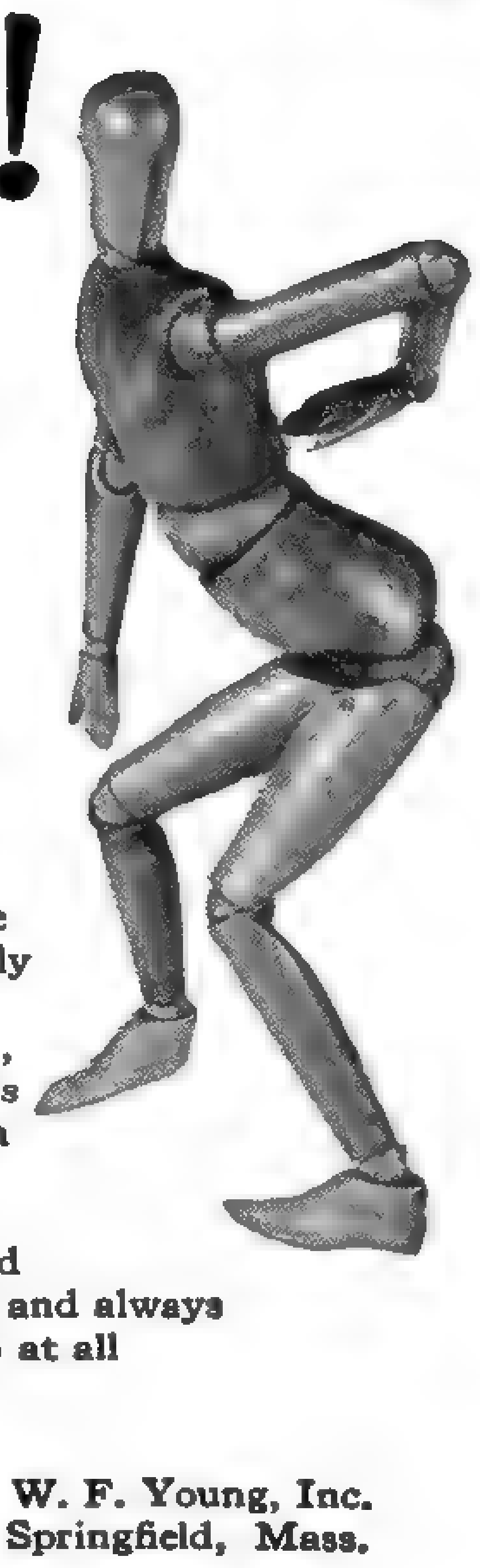
at better stores, or write Dept. E
AMERICAN HOSIERY CO.
Division of A. Kuehnert & Co., Inc.
150 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Oh, my aching back!



● Muscles stiff and lame after too much exercise? For fast relief, help Nature by rubbing those sore muscles with famous Absorbine Jr. Then *clock* how fast the pain eases! You'll be surprised how quickly the stiffness in that aching back . . . arm, hip or leg . . . *loosens up! Clock* how soon you can relax and *enjoy* life! Get a bottle of time-proved Absorbine Jr. today and always keep it handy. $1.25 at all drugstores.

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Springfield, Mass.

Ah! my Absorbine Jr.!

Custom-styled
White cotton broadcloth shirts
ONLY 3.95

Button Spread
Regular
Spread
3 letter monogram $1

Fine, white cotton broadcloth, sanforized to resist shrinkage. French cuffs, pearl buttons, stays in the collars except for the button-down style.
ORDER BY MAIL—send for our catalog

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Monogram

Sizes:	14	14½	15
	15½	16	16½
	17	17½	

Collar Style:
Regular Collar
Button Spread
Spread Collar

Sleeve	32	33	34	35	36

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Add 2% Sales tax in New York City

Only safety razor with a

lifetime blade

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Shaves the master-barber way

...with thick, super-keen Sheffield steel. Hand-forged, truly hollow-ground, kept sharp for every shave by automatic Speed-Strop and Hone. Made by English craftsmen. At your favorite store, $15.

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Fit Every Occasion

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no more sewing

AVOID LAUNDRY MIXUP

save time and effort

a warm iron quickly and easily makes Presto-name tape with YOUR NAME on it part of the fabric for the life of the garment or linen.

LABORATORY TESTED
Resists laundering and dry cleaning.

Red or black on white tape. Individually cut and boxed.

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PROMPT DELIVERY

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150 for $2
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TRAVEL UTILITY CASE

The College Man's Friend

This attractive, large utility case is made of hand-blocked, saddle-stitched, genuine leather, highly glazed in natural pig grain. Easily carries all full sized toilet articles. Opens conveniently with an all-around zipper and is handsomely lined with a water-proof material. There are adjustable leather loops for comb, tooth brush, razor and shaving brush. Note thumb handle for easy carrying. Slips into suitcase, over-night bag, bureau drawer or glove compartment of car. Keeps things tidy and in one place, ready to use. Size 8½" x 5½" x 4". Sorry no C.O.D.'s. Only **$4.95.** Initials or first name in 24K gold, **$5.95,** *postpaid, fed. tax incl.*

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TREASURE MART
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VIEW-MASTER STEREO-STORIES
illustrated with full color pictures in

THREE DIMENSIONS

Fascinating stories, each illustrated with seven pictures that "come to life" in amazing three-dimensions when seen in a View-Master Stereoscope.

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Postage included in above prices.

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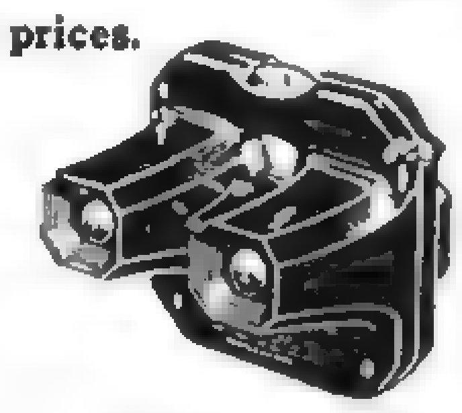

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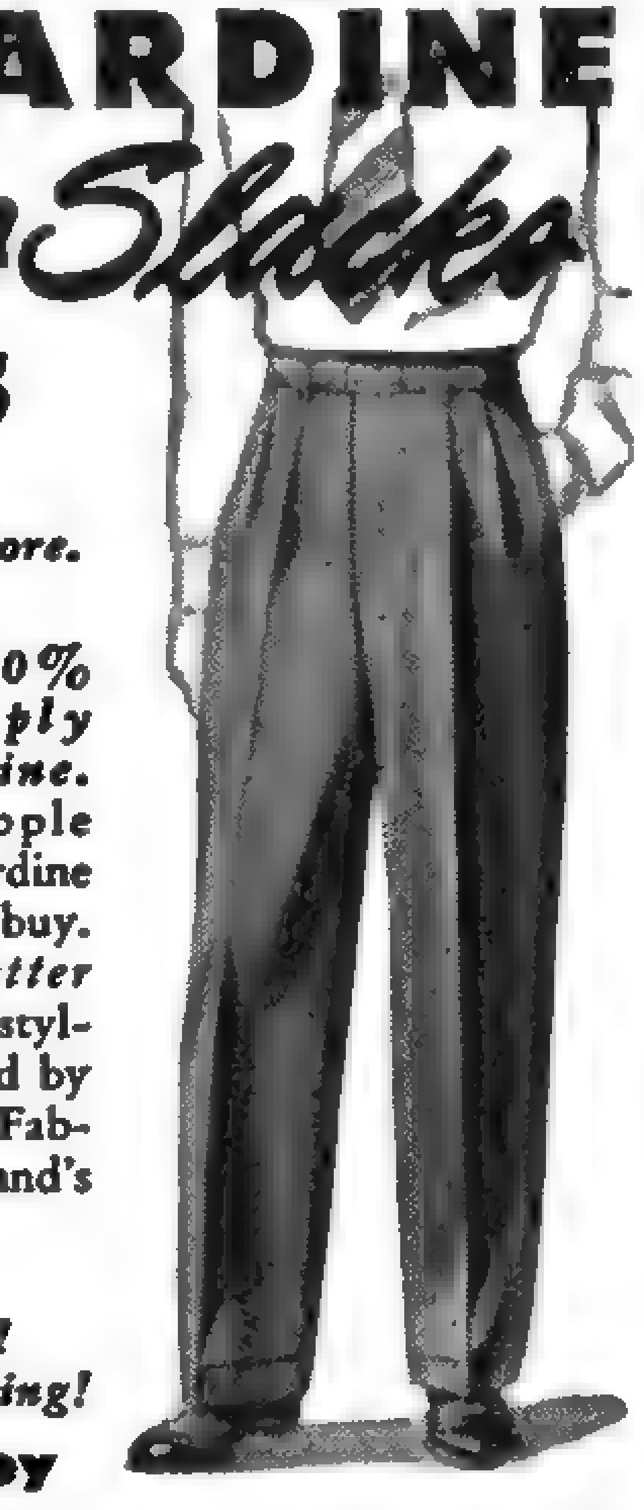
Pinehurst **GABARDINE** *Dress Slacks*

$12.75



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Luxurious 100% Virgin Wool 2-ply Worsted Gabardine. Silky sheen...supple drape. The finest gabardine dress slacks you can buy. *At Least $20 At Better Stores.* Every detail of styling expertly fashioned by skilled men's tailors. Fabrics from New England's finest worsted mills.

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Mail your order today. Your money refunded promptly if not pleased. Colors: (Brown, Gray, Blue, Tan). State 1st and 2nd color preferred. Pay postman only $12.75 plus C.O.D. charge, or send advertised price and we will pay postage. Waist Size 28 to 42. Flannels too! (Gray, Blue, Brown). Same fine quality. Same price.

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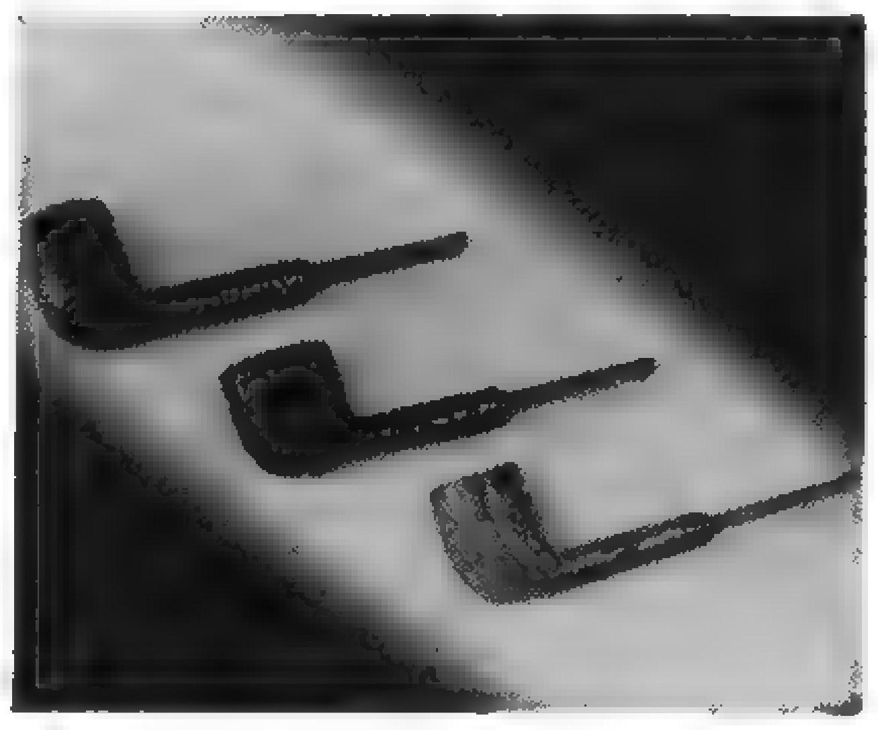
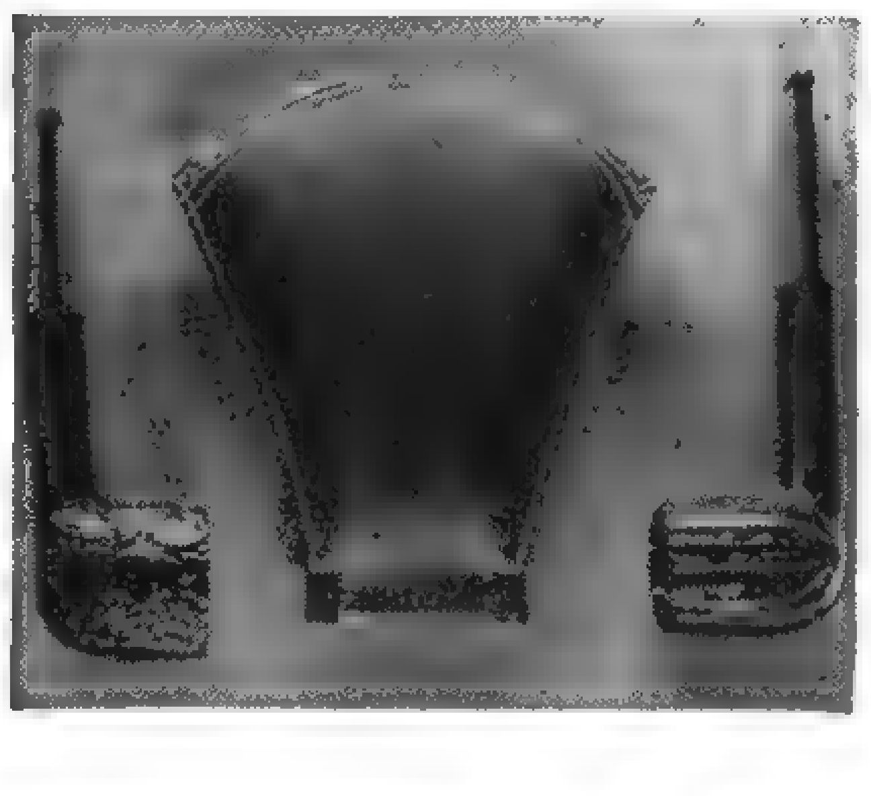
WAIST SIZE______ COLOR (1)______ (2)______

GABARDINE ☐ FLANNEL ☐

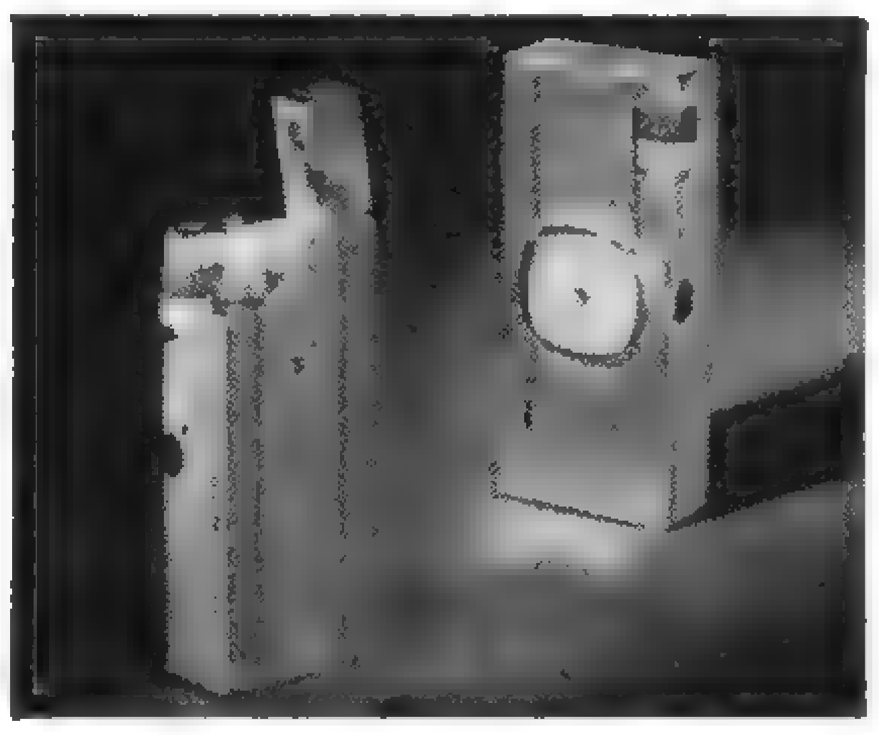
TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



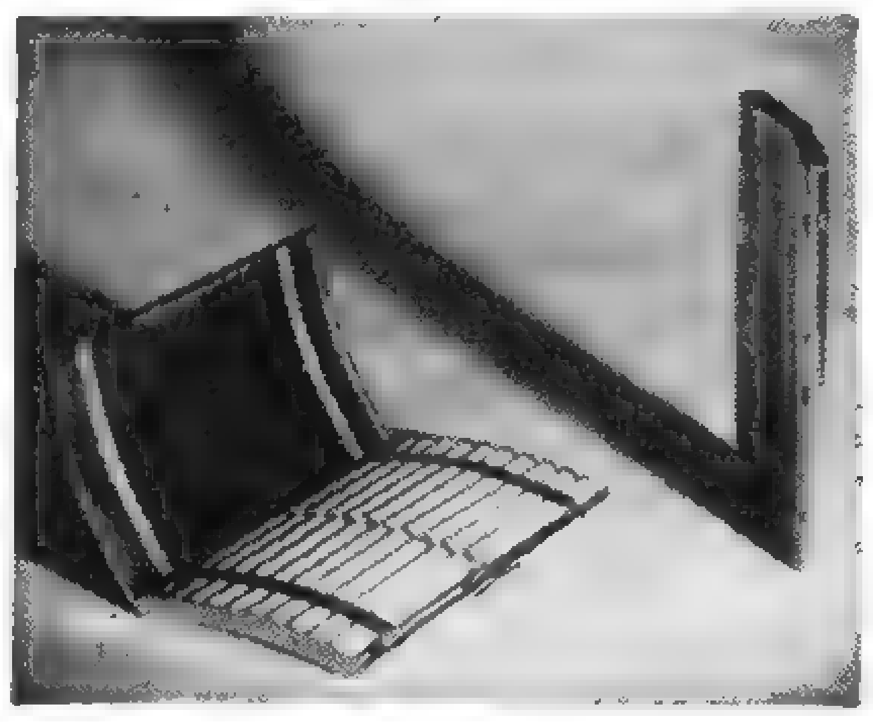
SWEET-SMOKING briar pipes imported from England have a unique feature—the denture bit. The stem—narrower and lighter—saves wear and tear on the teeth whether they are your own or a reasonable facsimile. These specially fine pipes come in a light or dark, smooth finish, a dark shell grain or with hand carving that looks custom made.



FUNNEL-SHAPED and flat, this leather tobacco pouch drops the tobacco through the narrow opening at the bottom right into the bowl of your pipe. No digging, no dirty finger nails. You fill the pouch itself through the wide end. With a bold gold-lettered monogram added, it makes a good, useful and inexpensive gift for a pipe smoker.



EVERY MAN carries around numerous items that he can't be without—watch and lighter, for instance. It's a convenience when both are in one neat, small case (space for initials). Precision-built in Switzerland, the watch is on a removable panel; the lighter, holding more fluid than the average pocket lighter, is reliable.



A CURVED CASE for cigarettes smoothly follows body lines in a man's hip or breast pocket. It holds a full package of cigarettes, is flat, well-made and attractive. In gold-colored metal or sterling silver, the front has a sleek ribbed pattern with a smooth center oblong for the engraving of a monogram or a significant date.

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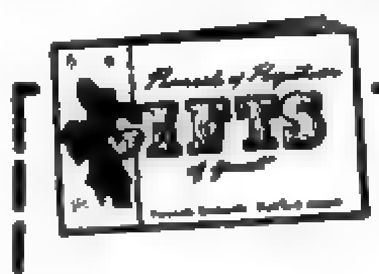

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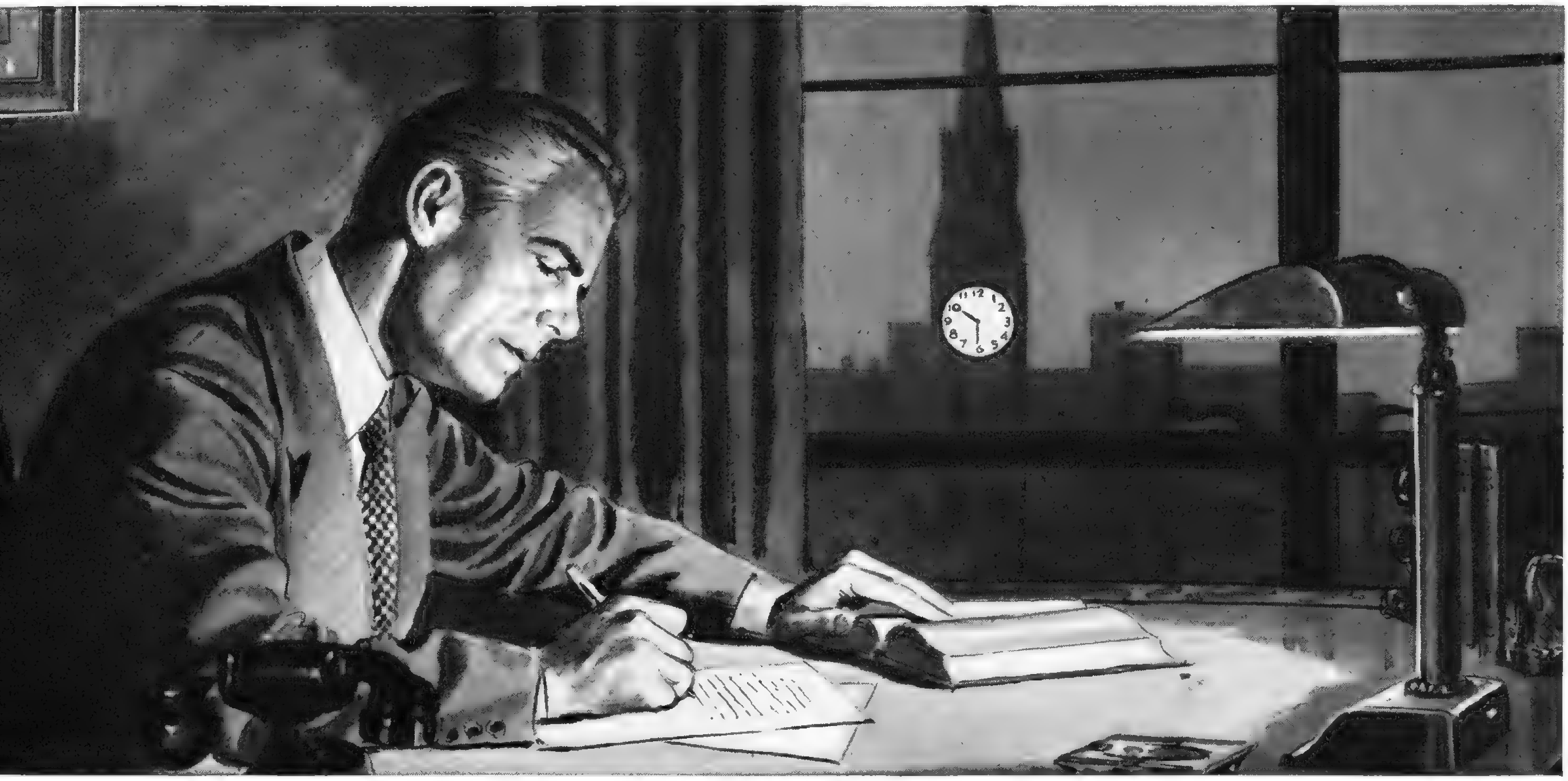

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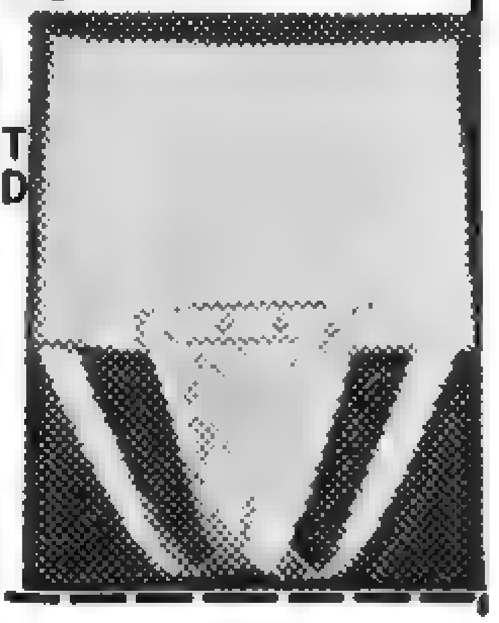

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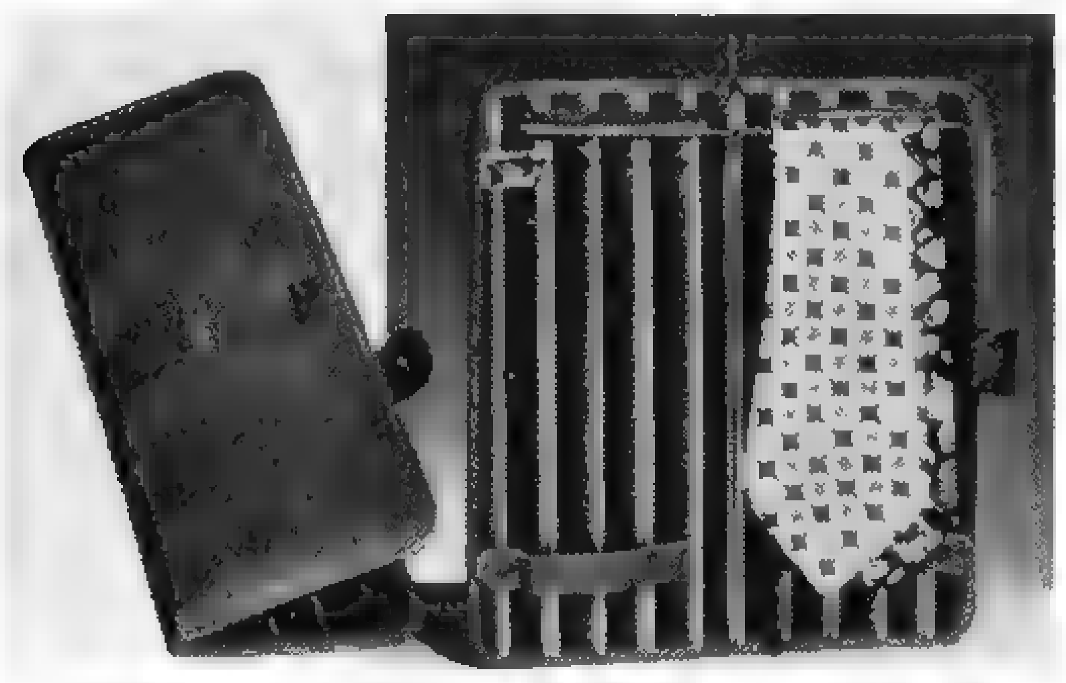

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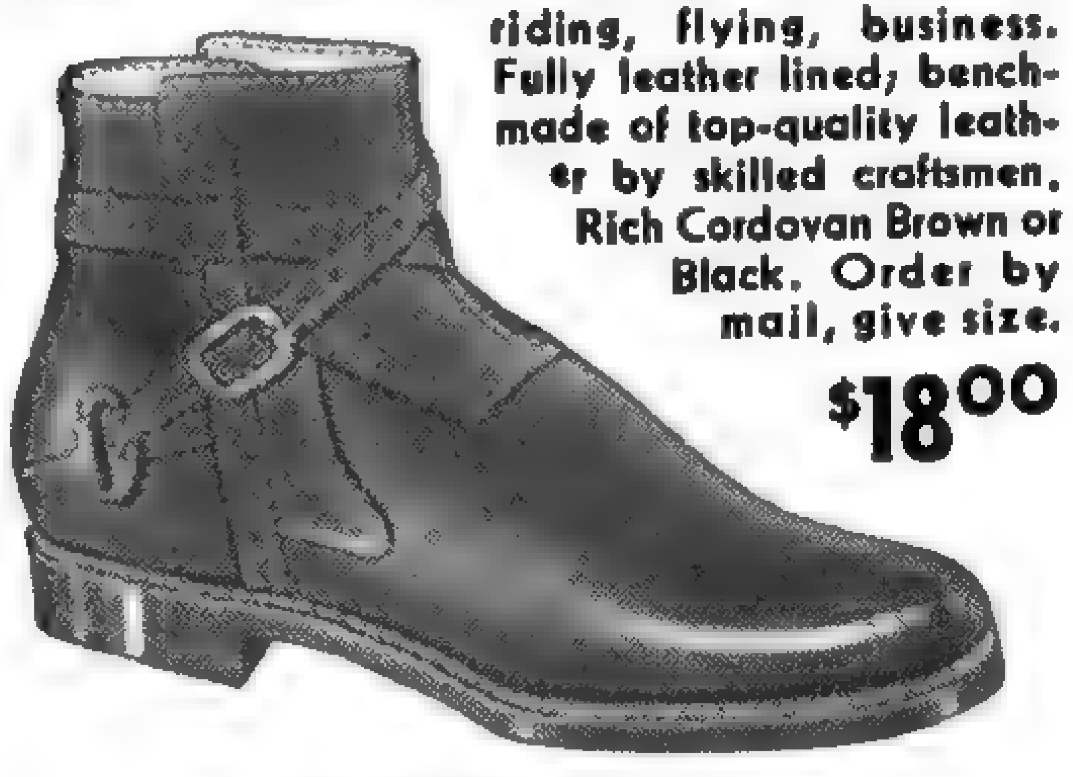

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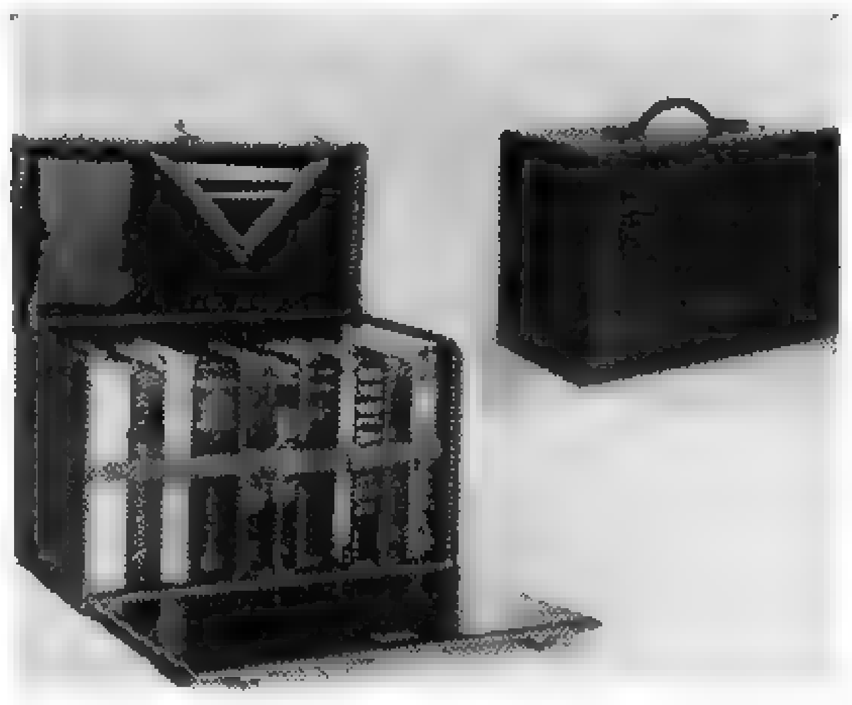

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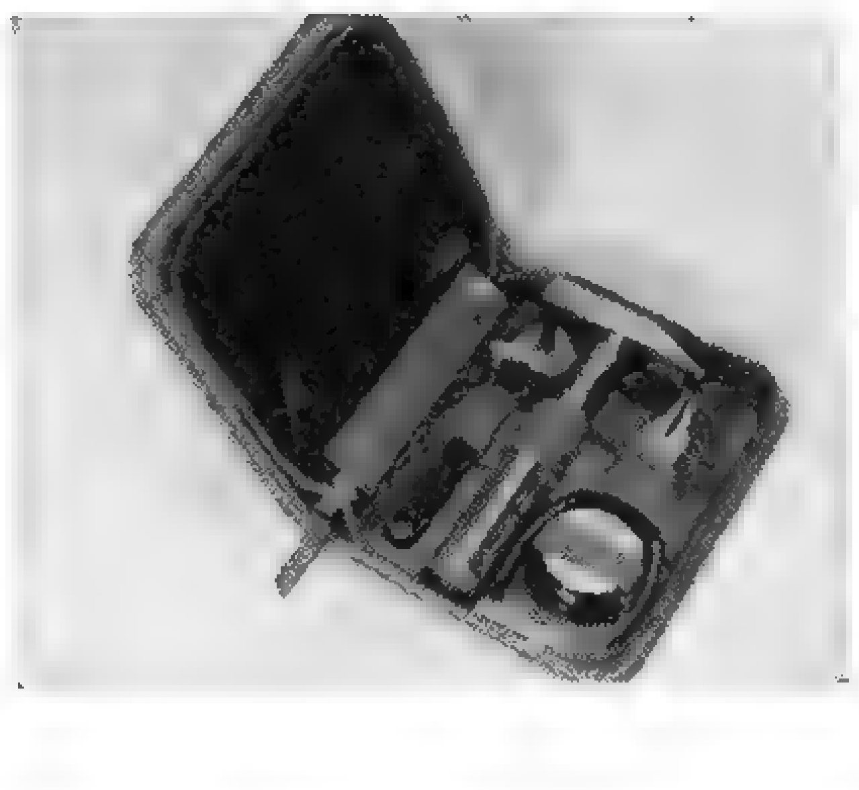

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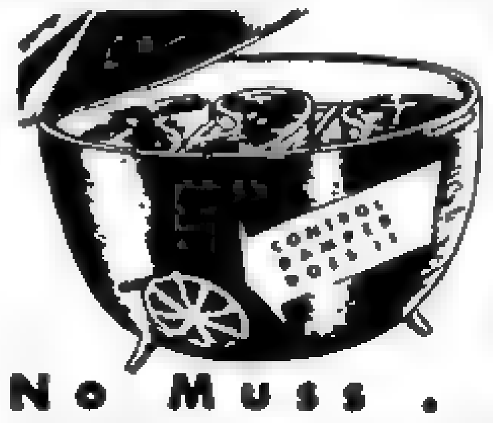

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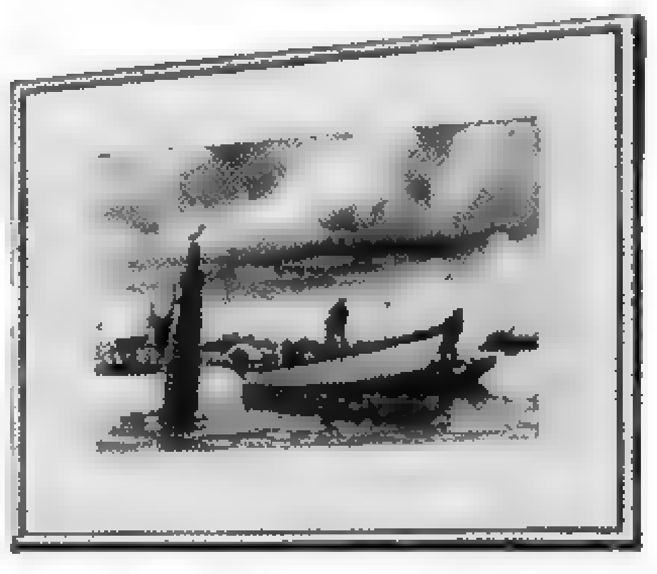

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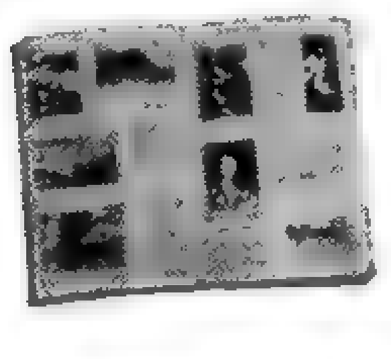

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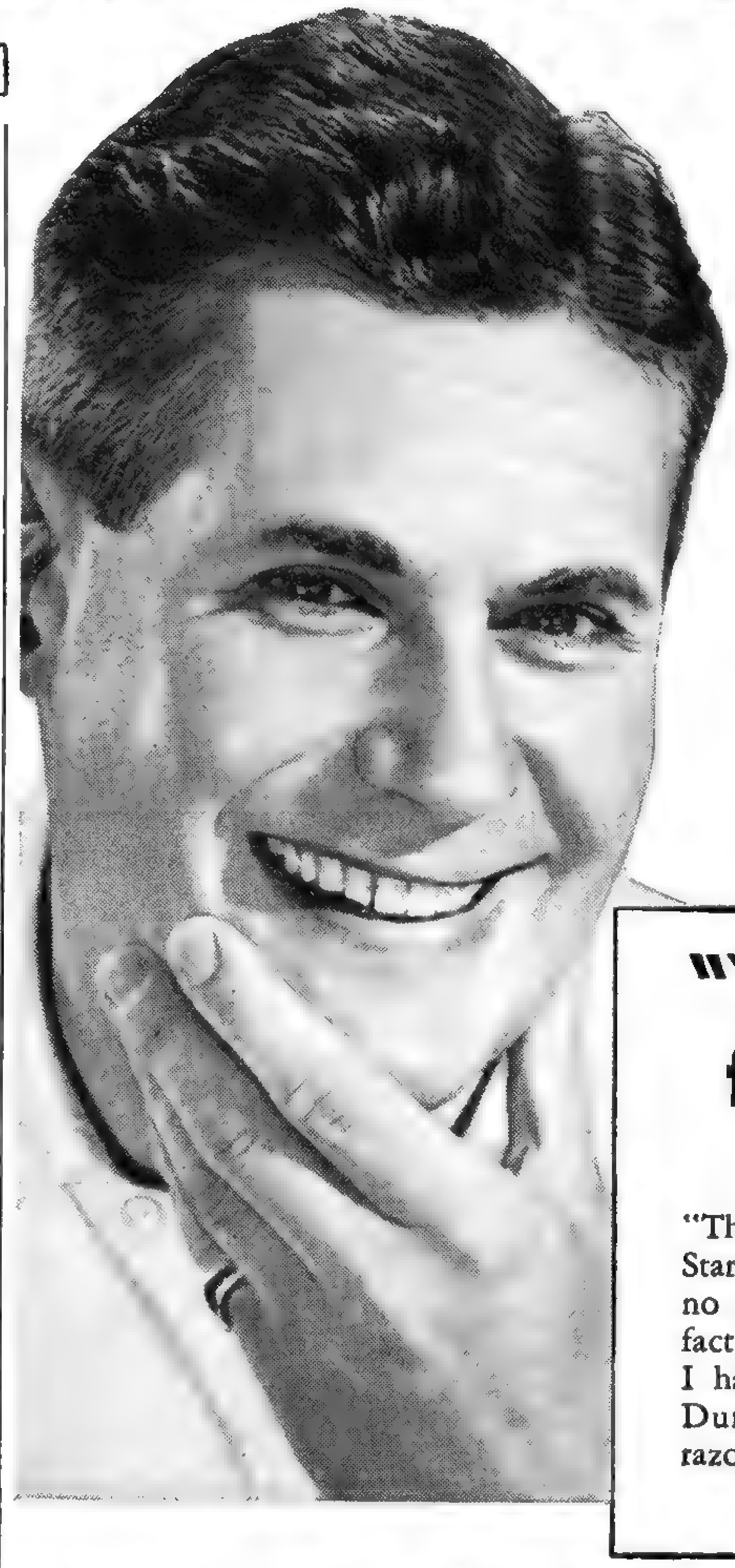

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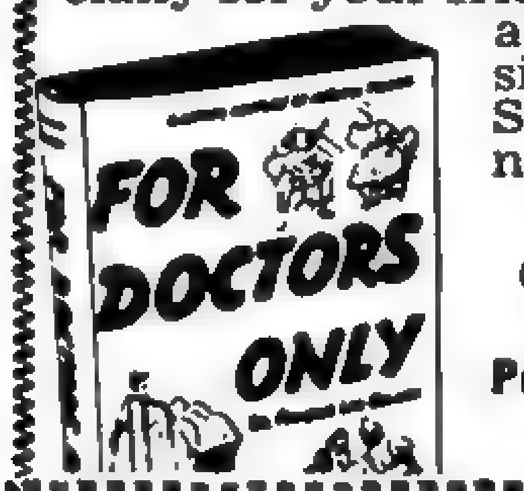

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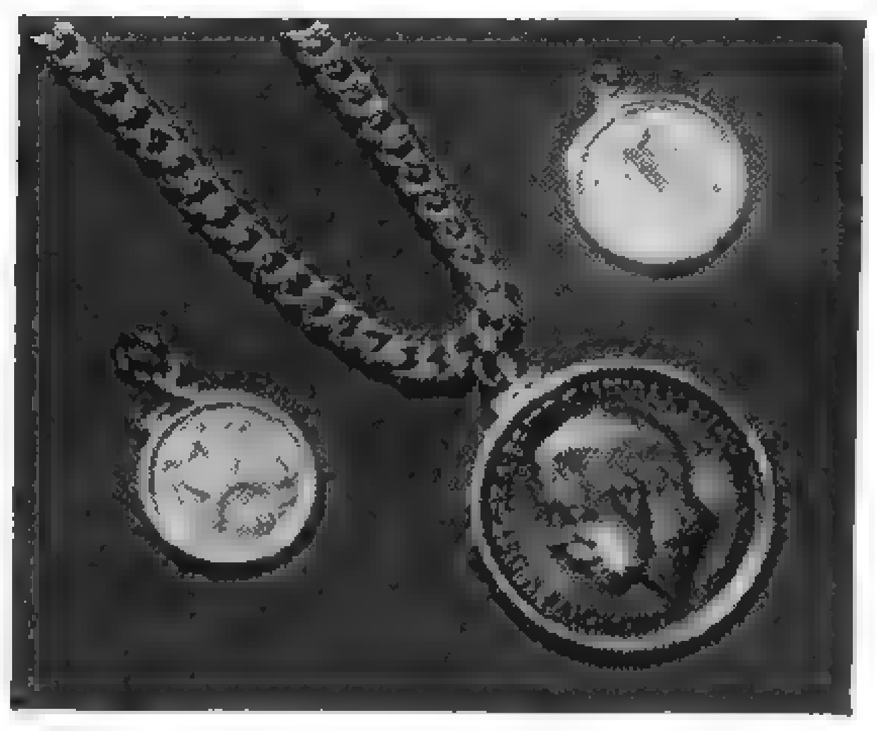
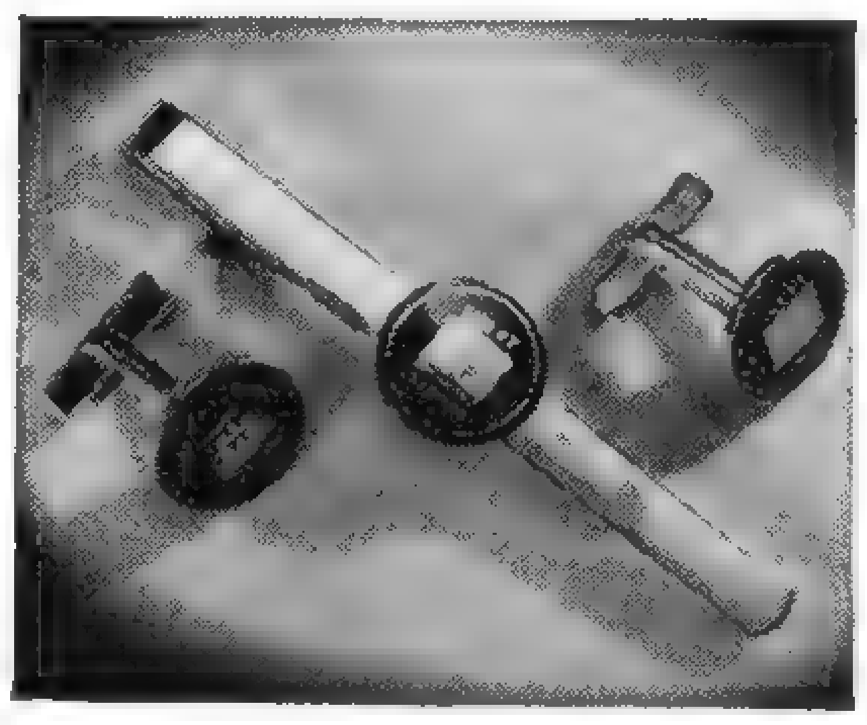
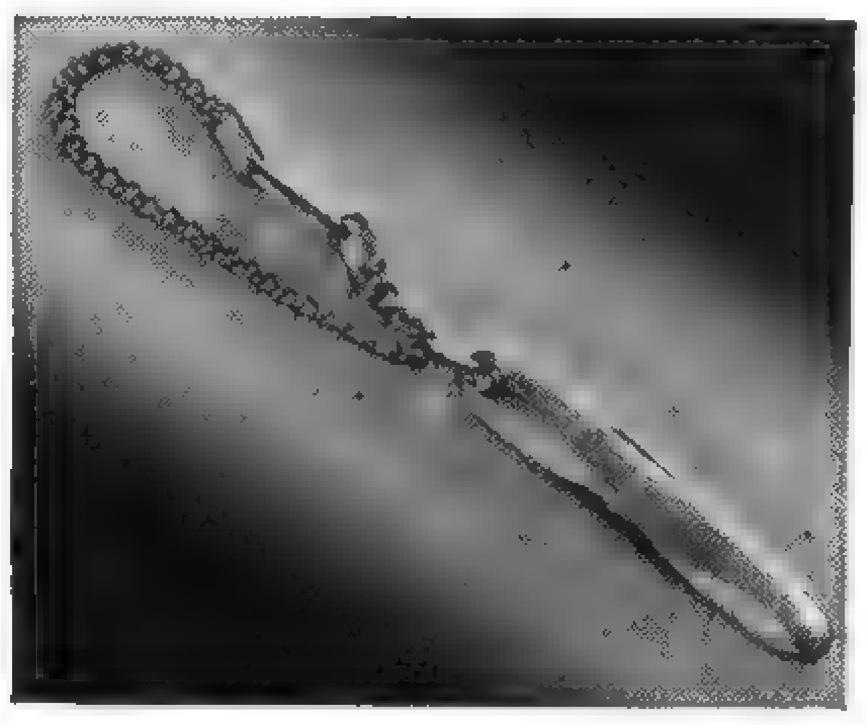


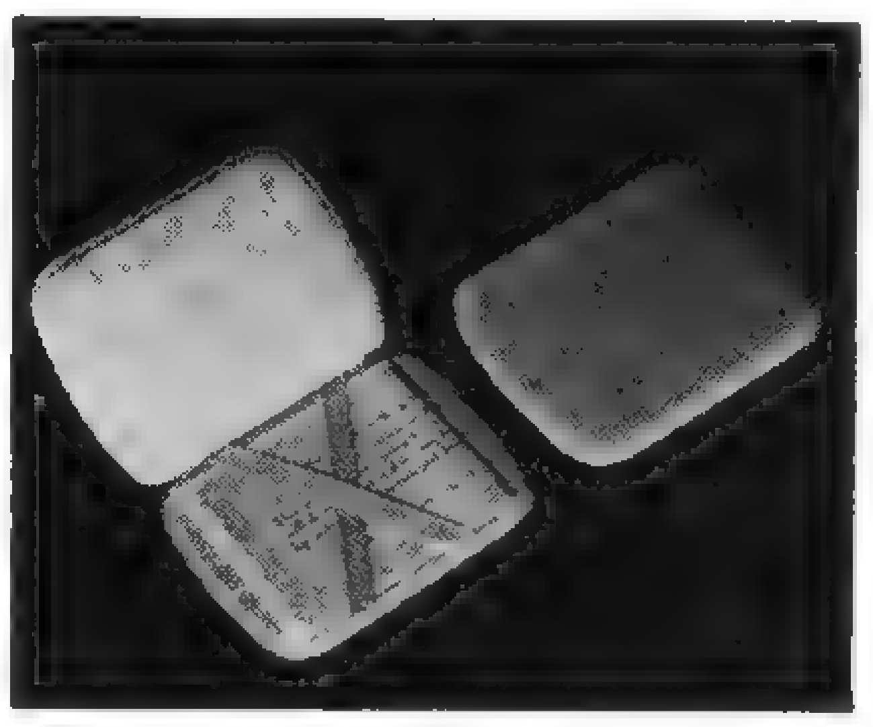
ALMA MATER INSIGNIA—apart from their sentimental value—are, for the most part, mottoes worth considering even on cuff links, tie clips and money holders. Yale's banner, for example, is for "Light and Truth"—no trifling dedication. Others, including Army and Navy, are similarly enameled in color on gold plate. In pigskin cases.



AN ADDED ASSET on a key chain is a two-blade knife, flat as a key and no bigger. Always handy and frequently useful, knife and chain come either in gold or, less expensively, in sterling silver. His initials engraved on the knife make it a more personal gift. Since every man uses a key chain, it's a safe guess that he will use this one and like it.



AN OLD TRICK of magic is adapted to a leather case for bills or business cards. Put a bill loosely in the case, and when you open it again from the other side, the bill is secure under the ribbon holder. It fits flat in a man's pocket, is useful, amusing and costs little. The ladies' case is in colors in moiré with a change purse on the cover.



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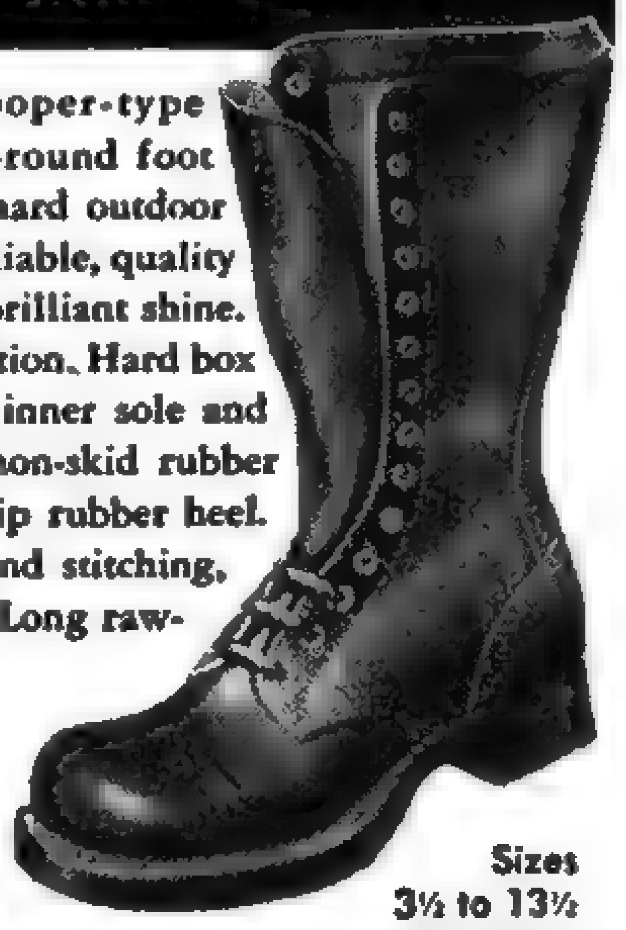

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Postage C.O.D or Add 25¢ in U S A

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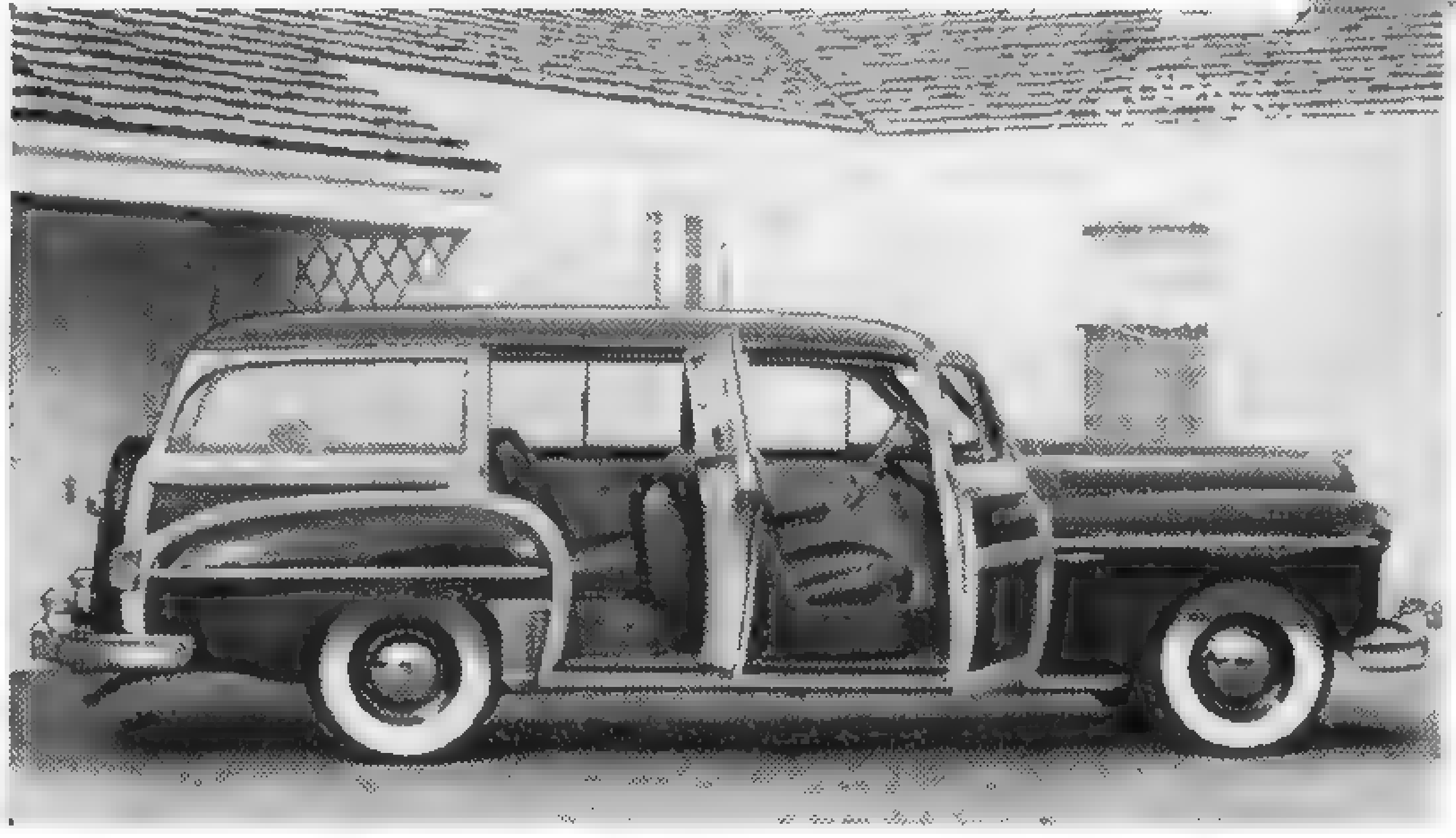

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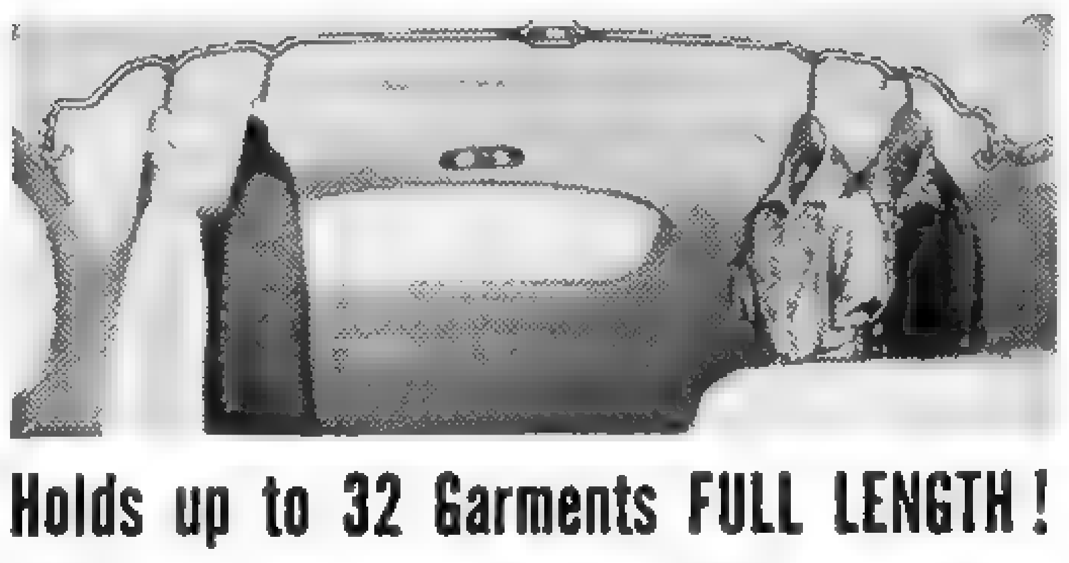

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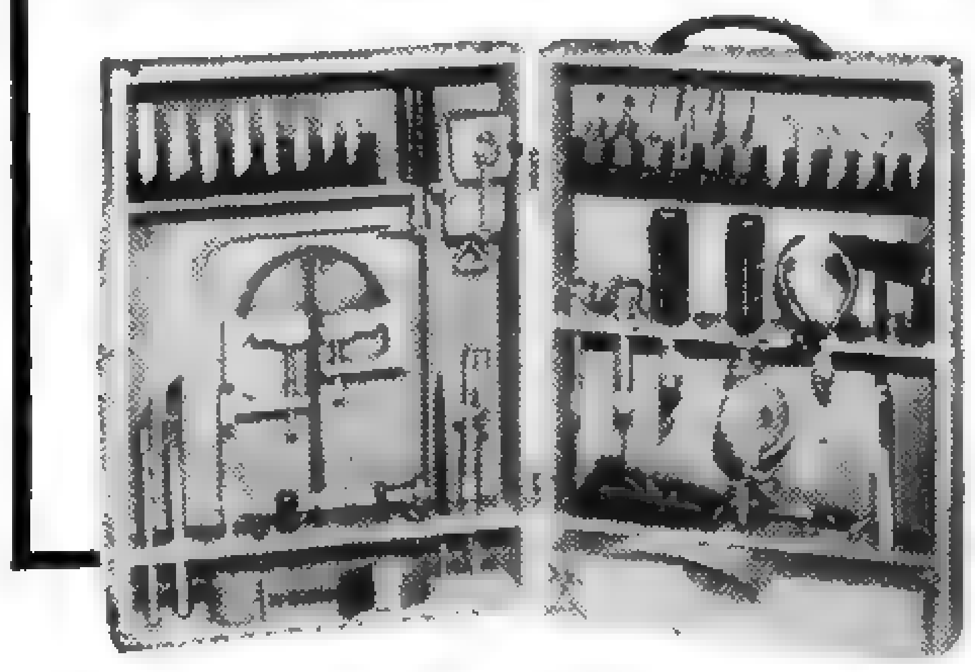

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May cause fatal infection

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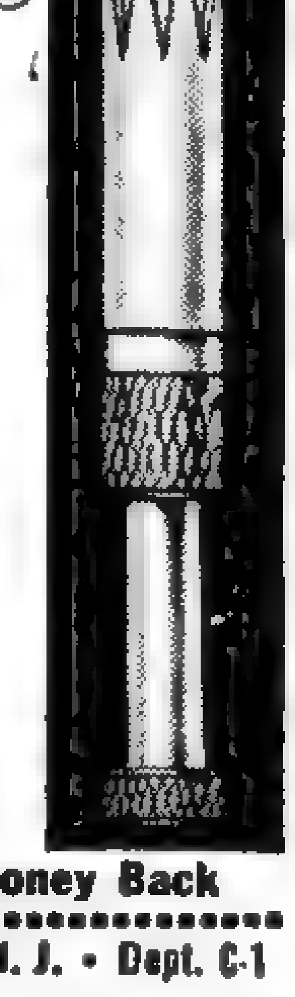

You can cause serious infection by pulling hair from nose. Ordinary scissors are also dangerous and impracticable. There is no better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe, efficient. Rounded points can't cut or prick skin.

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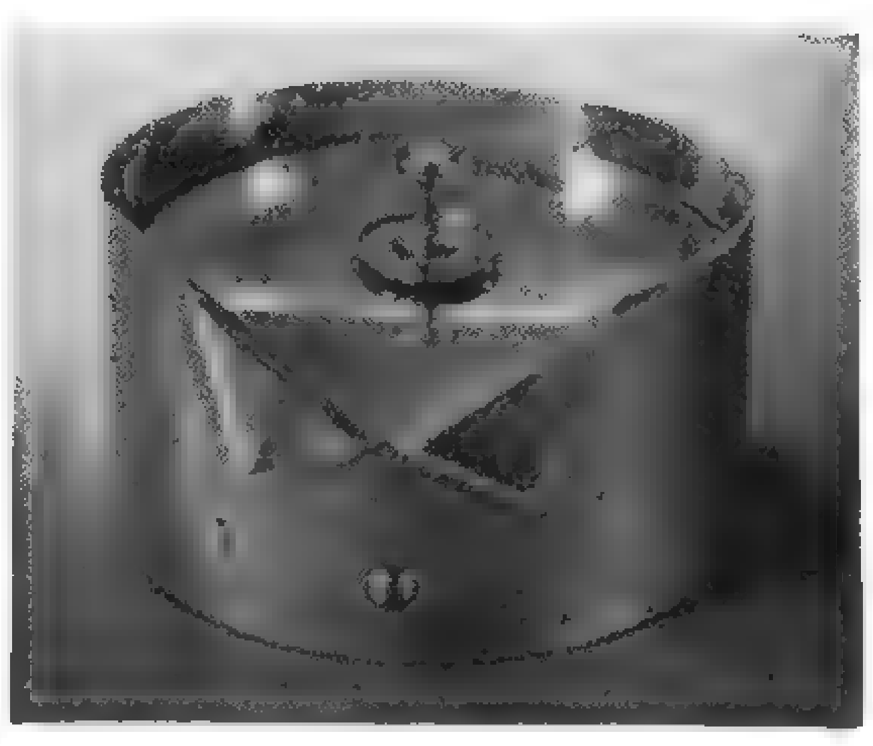

A CHILL KILLER for cold nights or sick days in bed covers chest, arms and shoulders. Waist length, it needs no fastening and slips on easily (like a sweater back to front). Tailored in soft, sueded, rayon jersey in beige, navy, white and wine, it is comfortable for late reading in bed and especially for the invalid and the convalescent.

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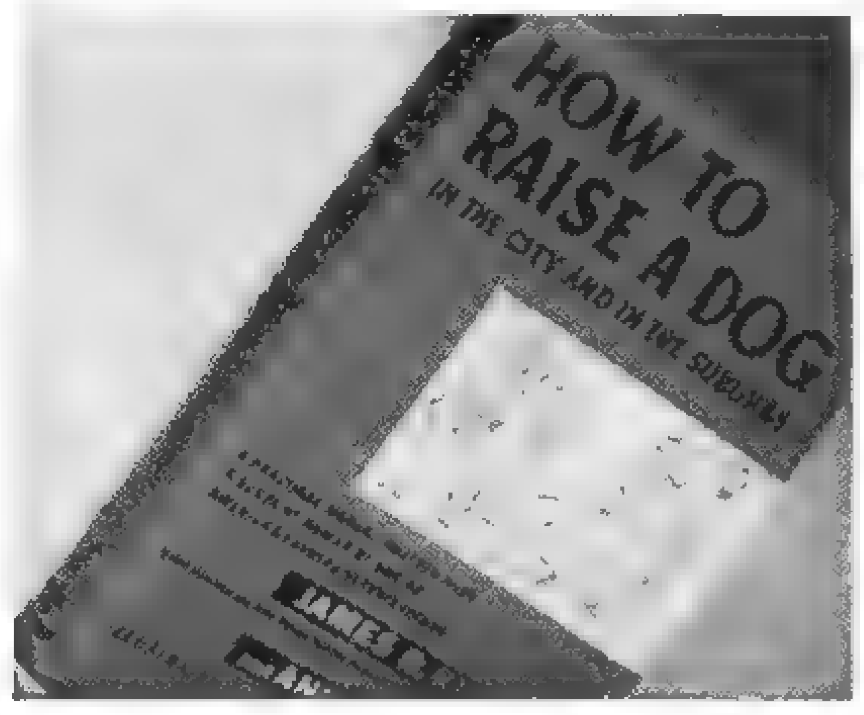
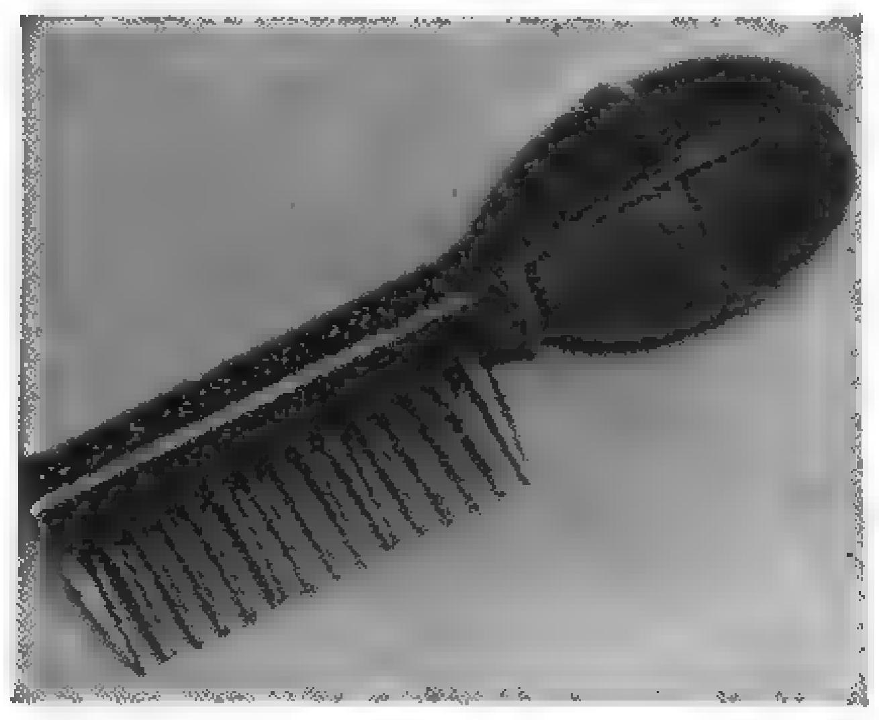


FOR A DOG OWNER, there is a new duster, a combination comb and insecticide applicator that distributes the powder easily and evenly. The long teeth get right down close to the skin and, as you squeeze the rubber bulb in the plastic handle, the powder is forced out through the tip of the teeth. This is an item that both you and your dog will appreciate.



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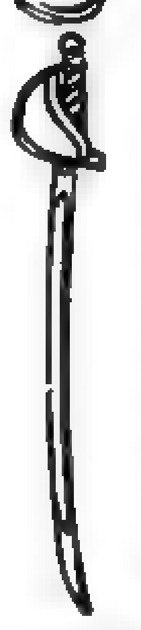

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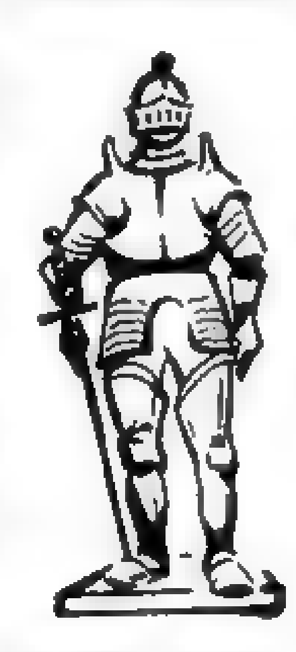

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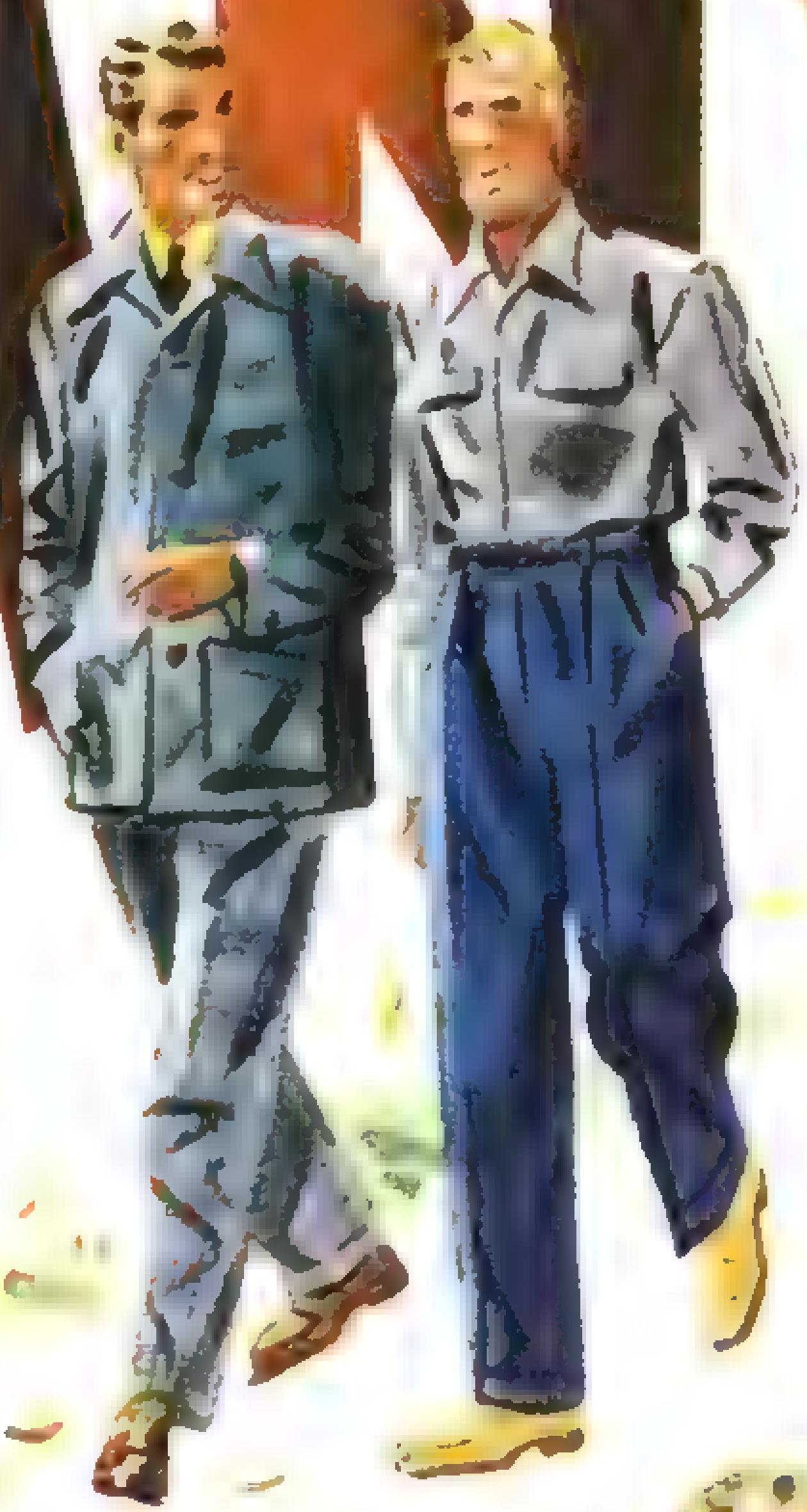

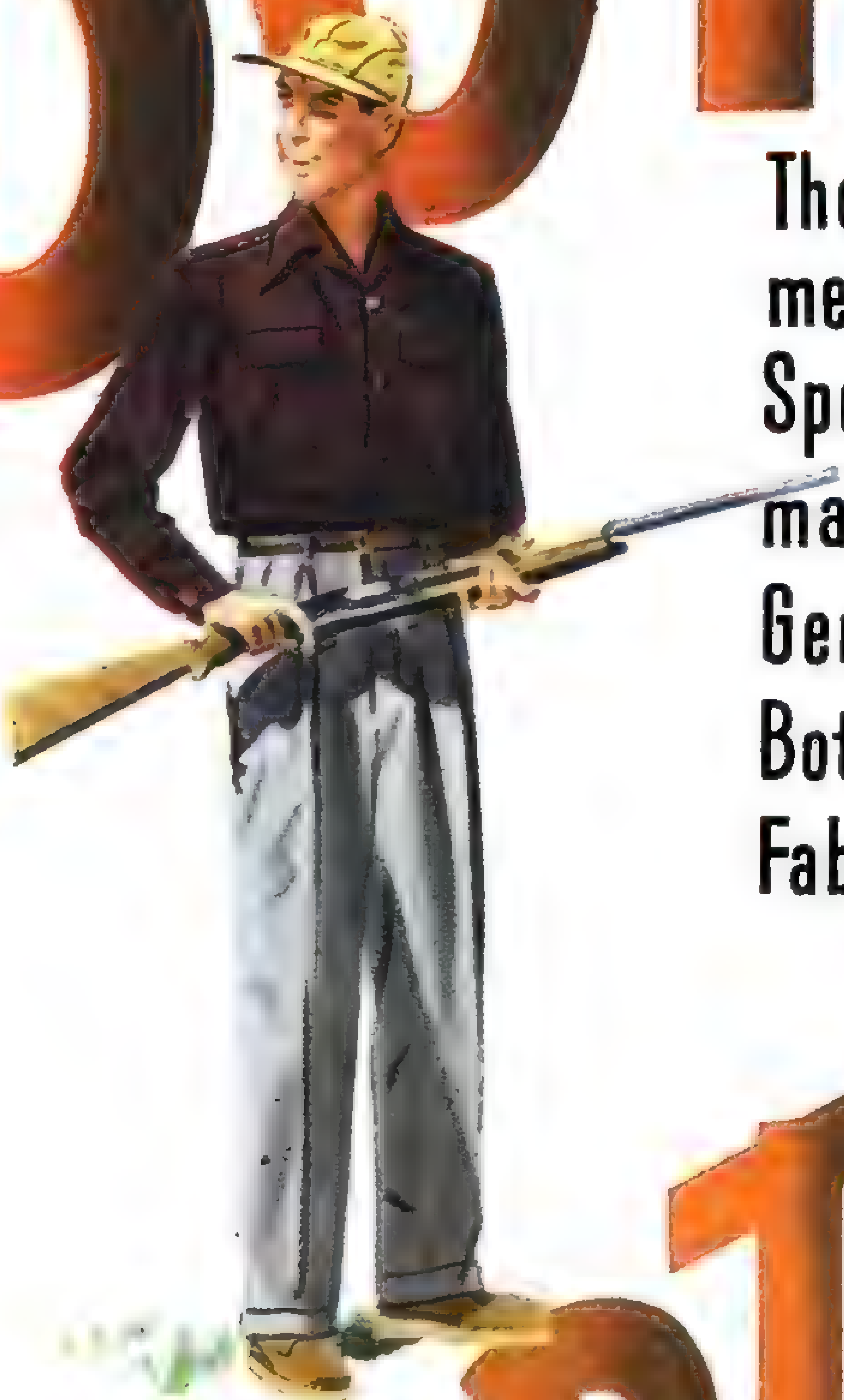

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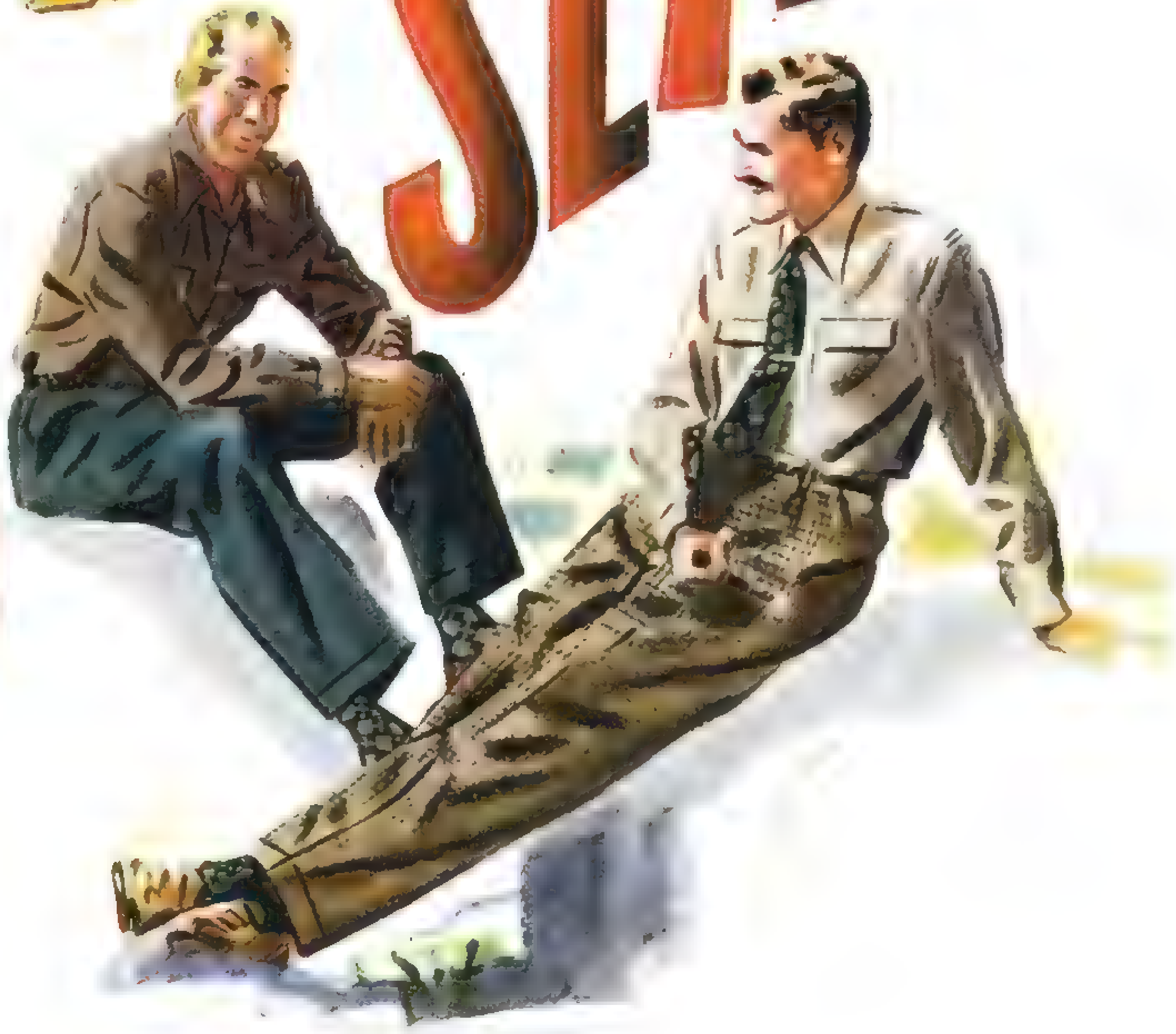

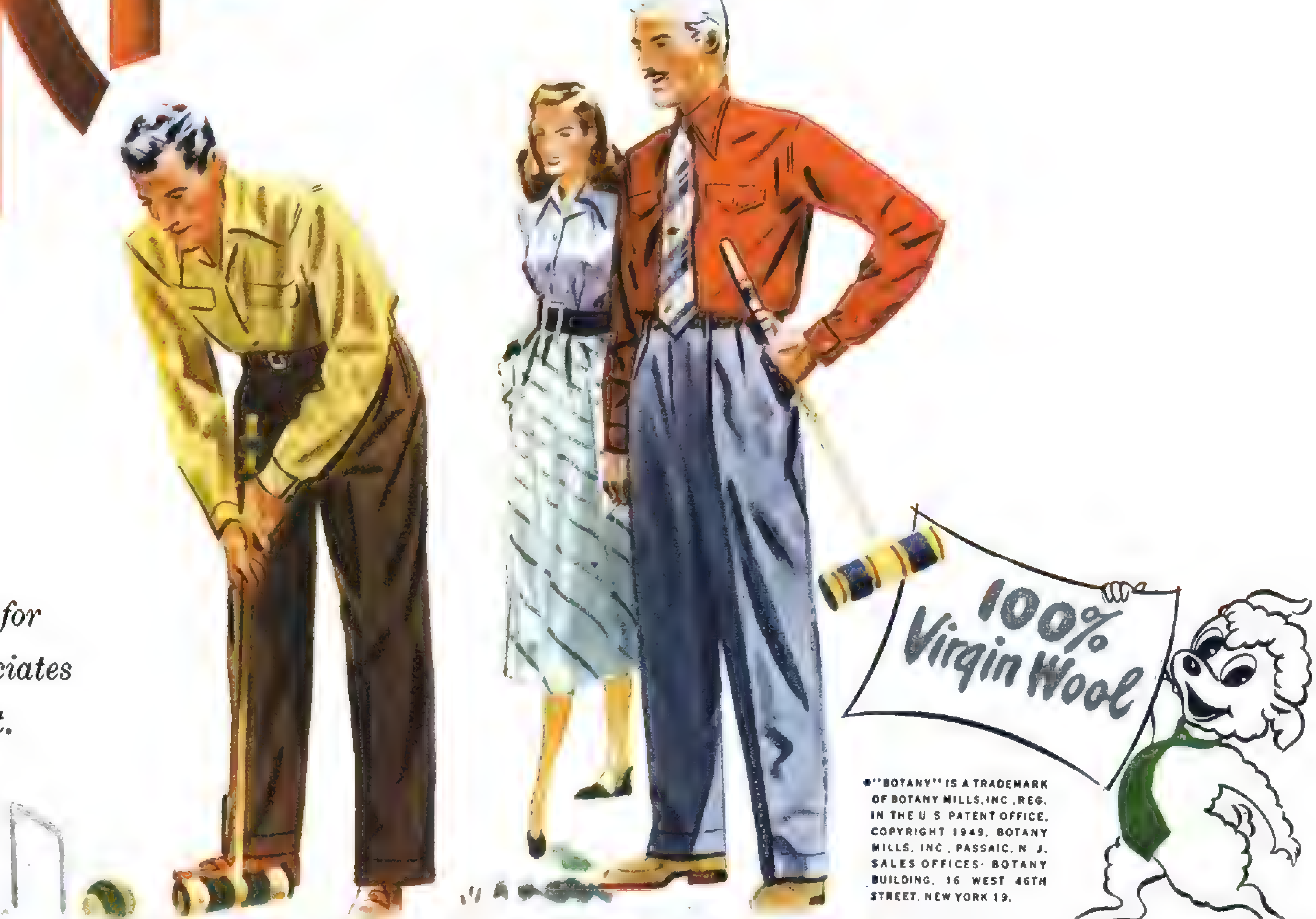

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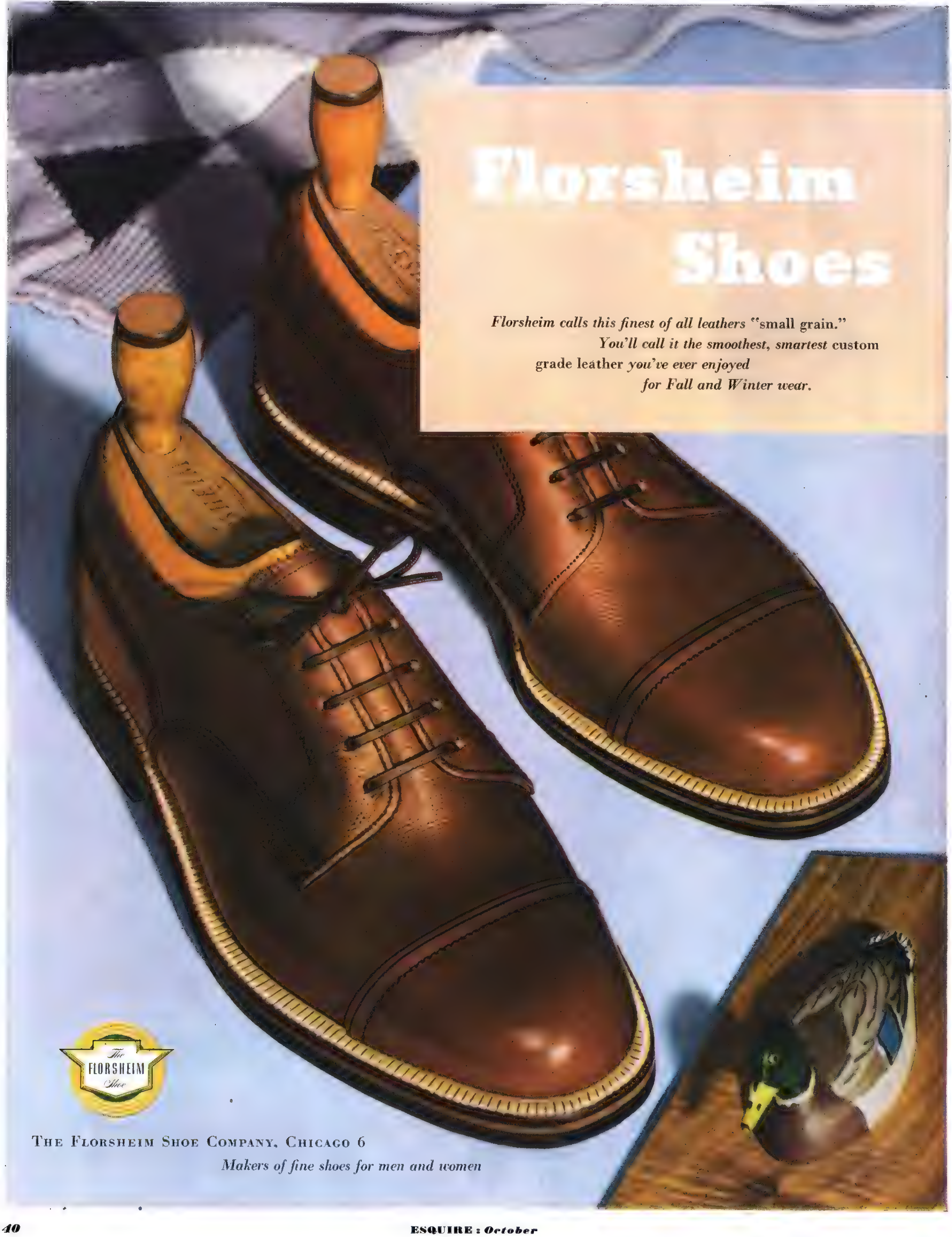

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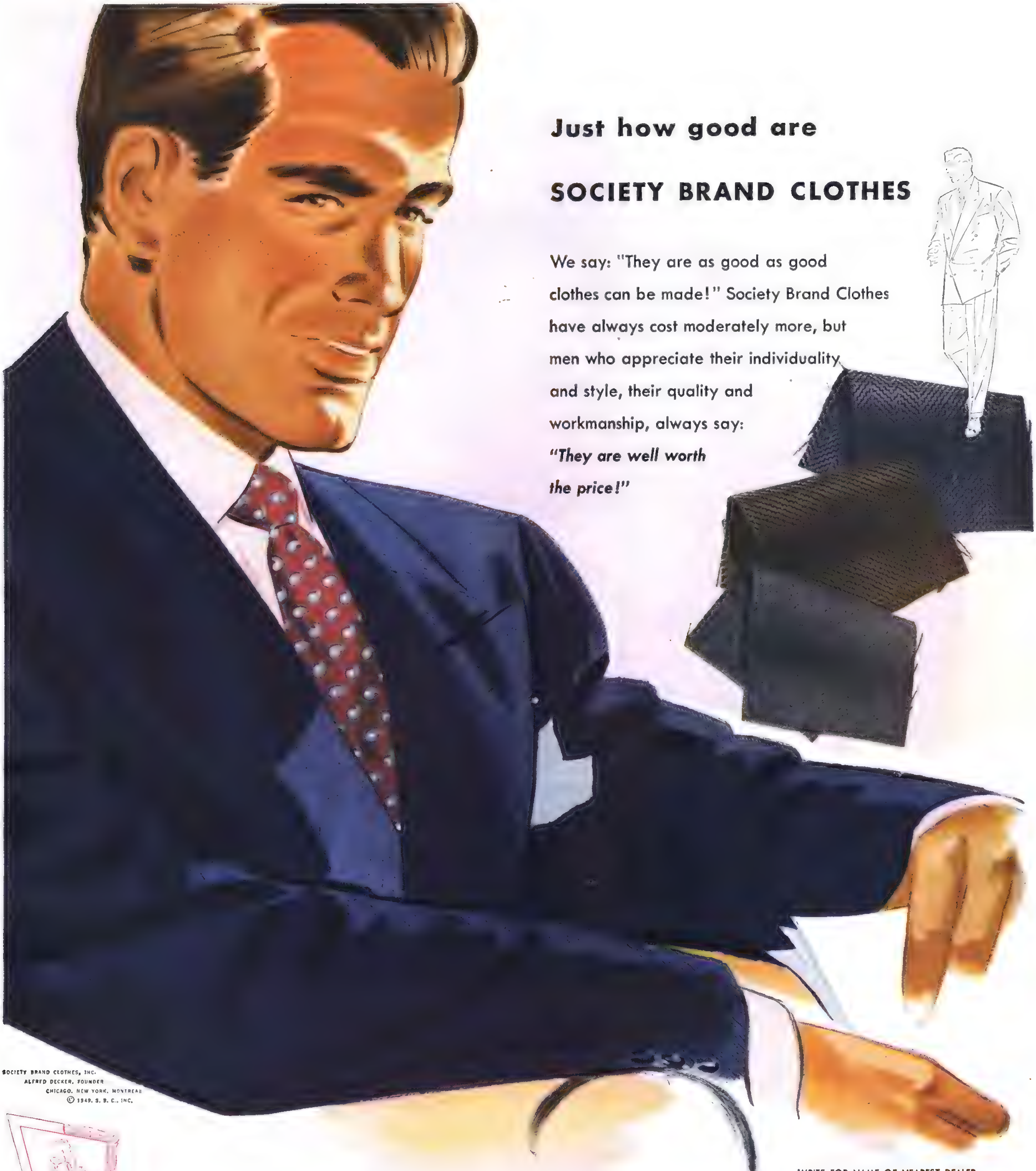

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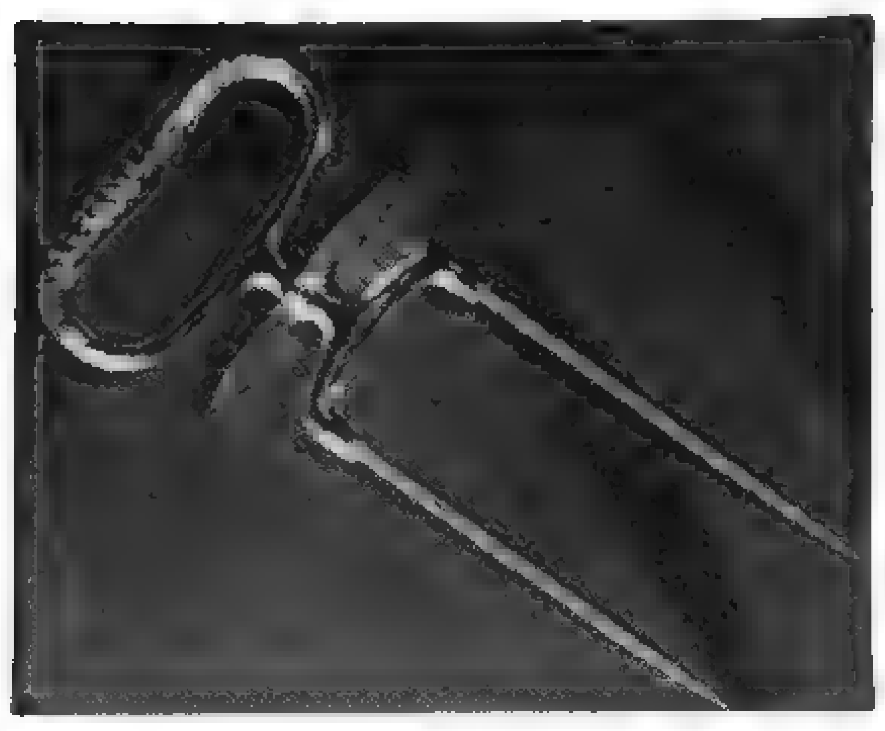
NOW IS THE TIME for every man to come to the aid of the party. Speed and skill in carving up the Sunday roast or the stuffed turkey will be greatly appreciated. A brief book gives diagrams with simple explanations on all you need to know. And when the family or special friends gather for dinner, you'll operate as if born with natural talent.



A CARVING AID for anchoring down the roast or fowl is considerably more effective than the usual large fork. Firstly, the handle allows for a good firm fist grip. Secondly, the stainless steel prongs are long, strong and sturdy. The top part, guard and handle, are silver-plated and the whole thing is an interesting-looking table accessory.

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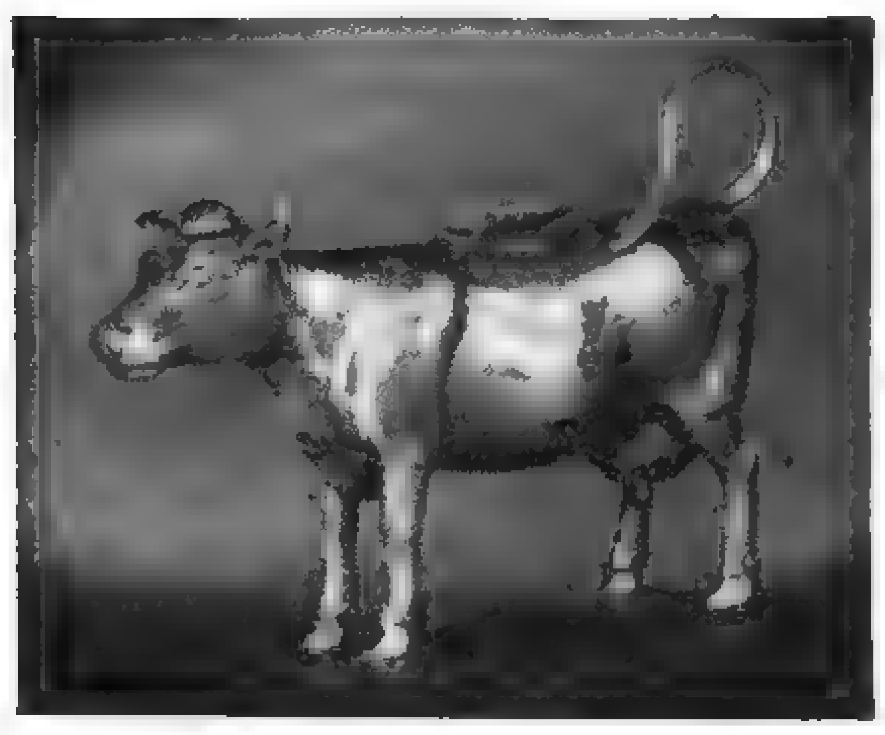
A RICH BROWN pottery casserole with a polished copper cover, burner stand and serving tray is particularly appropriate for the bachelor apartment: it simplifies the service. Dinner or a party snack is cooked in the 2 qt. casserole, brought to the table and kept hot indefinitely on the burner. The glass wick is everlasting.

SALVAGED, from old English sailing ships, some interesting oak pitchers, once painstakingly handmade and still today in excellent condition. Bands are brass, lip and handle copper. From such a pitcher, His Majesty's sailors used to pour the daily rum ration. Now it can do bar service for you or just add atmosphere.



A SILVER COW about 5" long, intended as a creamer, can be used as well for brandy or after-dinner liqueur. A life-like fly sitting on the middle of her back lifts the opening for filling her up. You lift her by the tail and pour from her mouth. It is exact in detail, made in sterling silver and said to be an early English reproduction.

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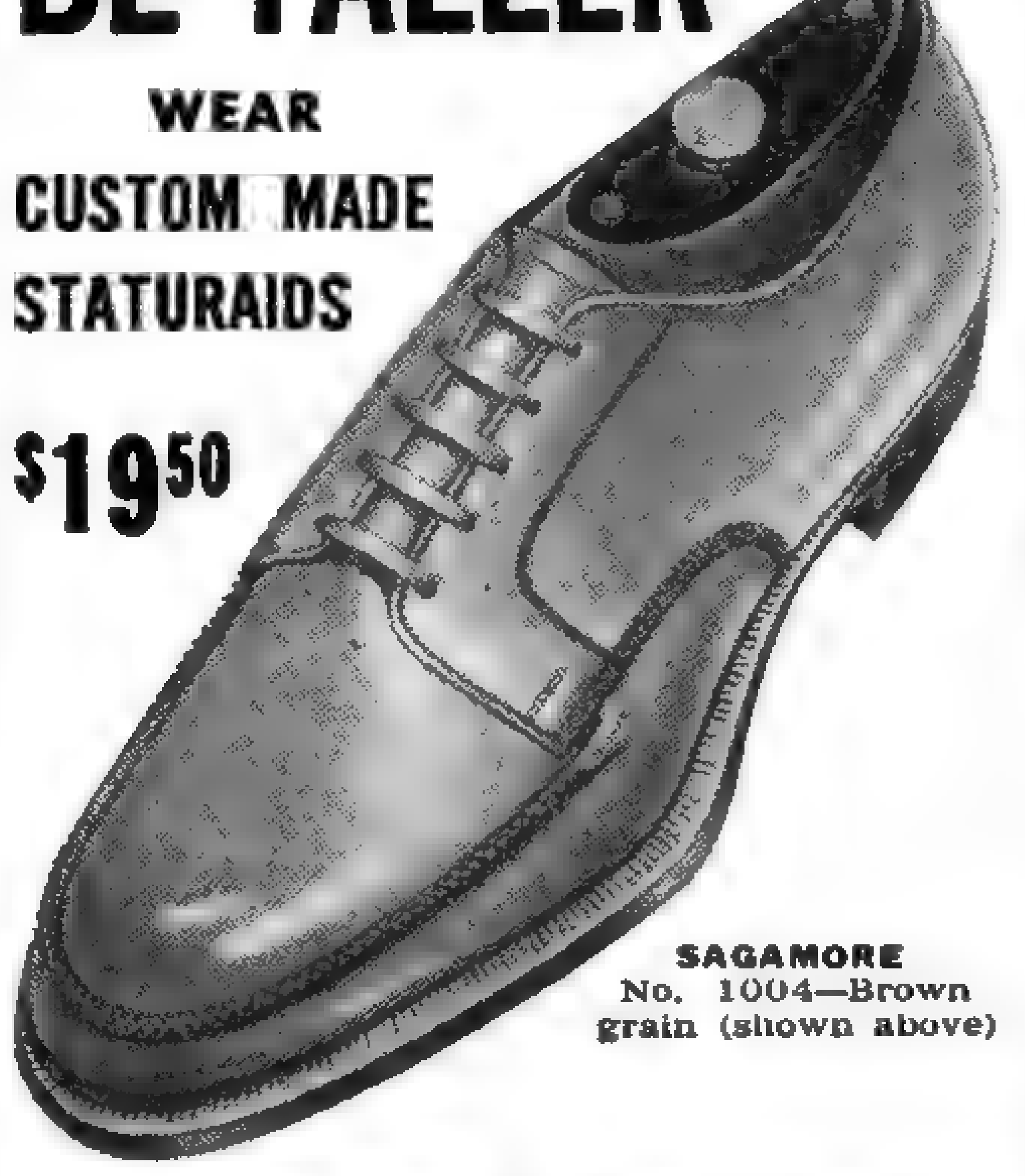

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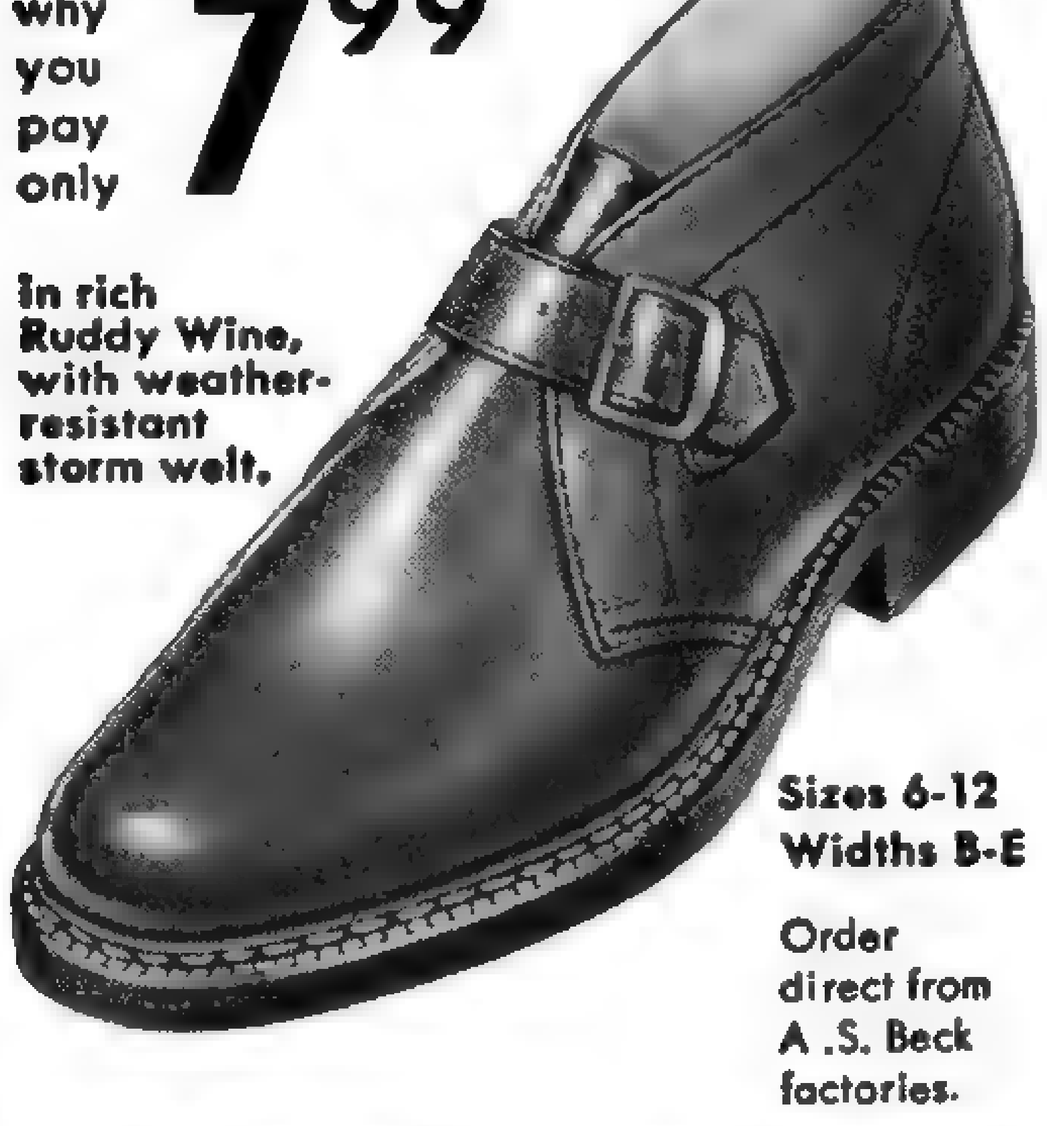

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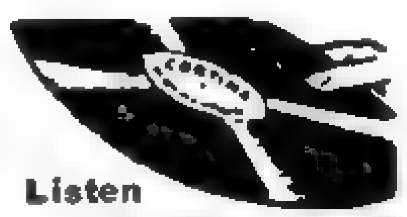

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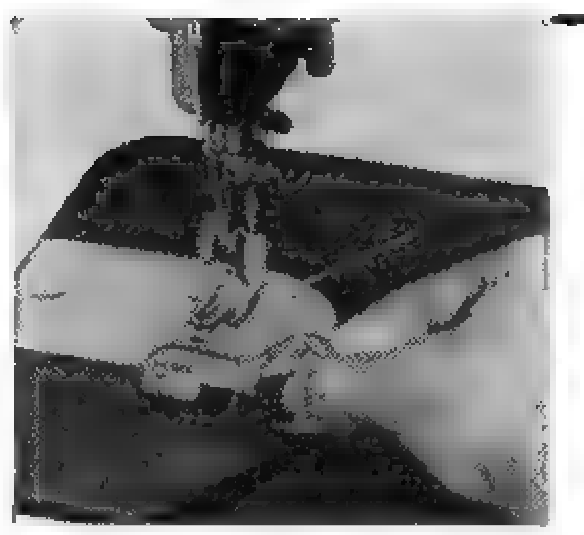

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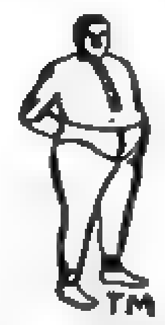

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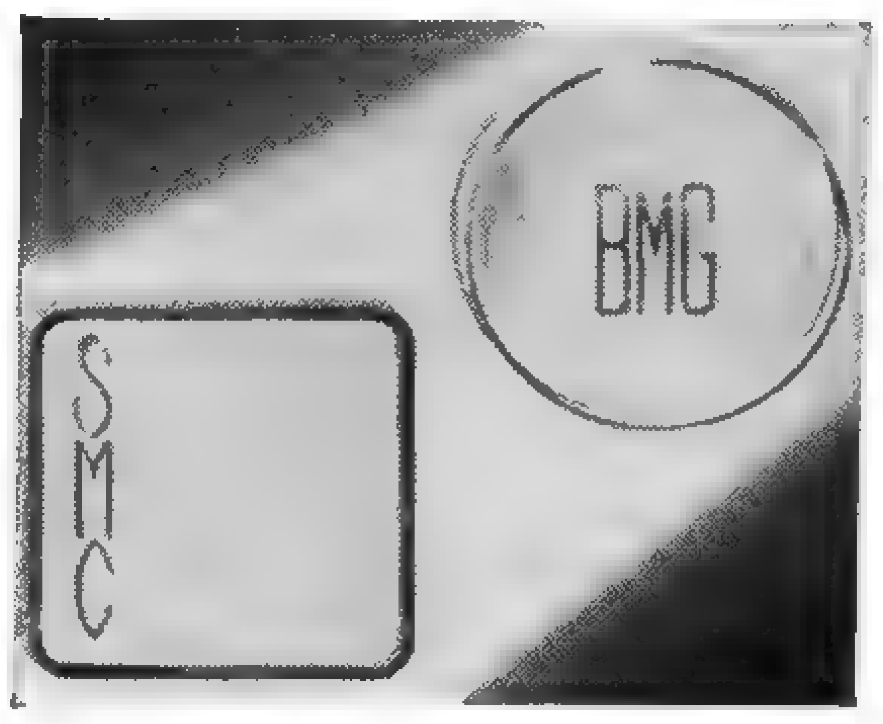

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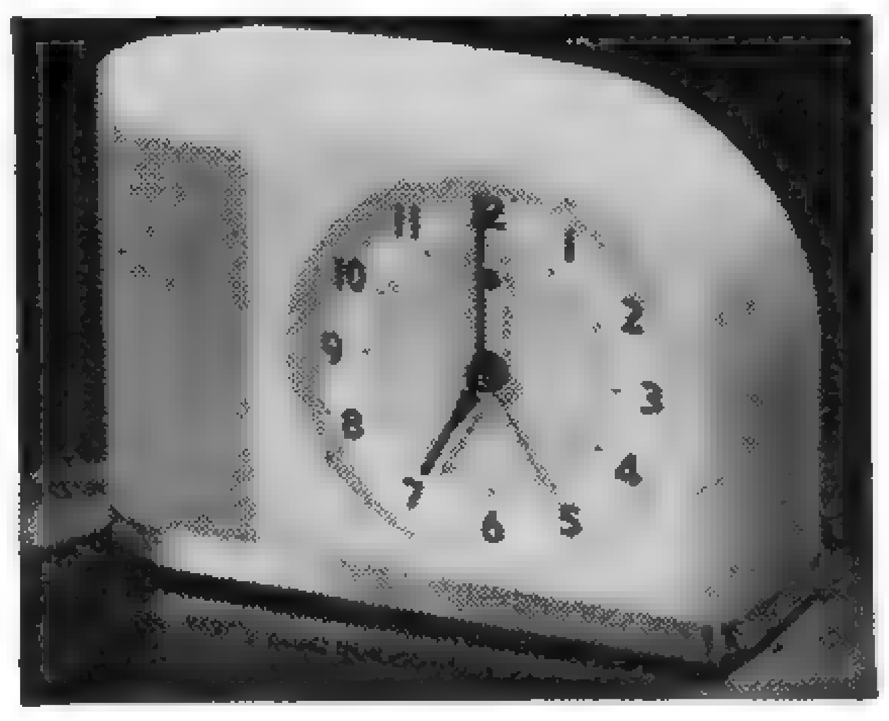

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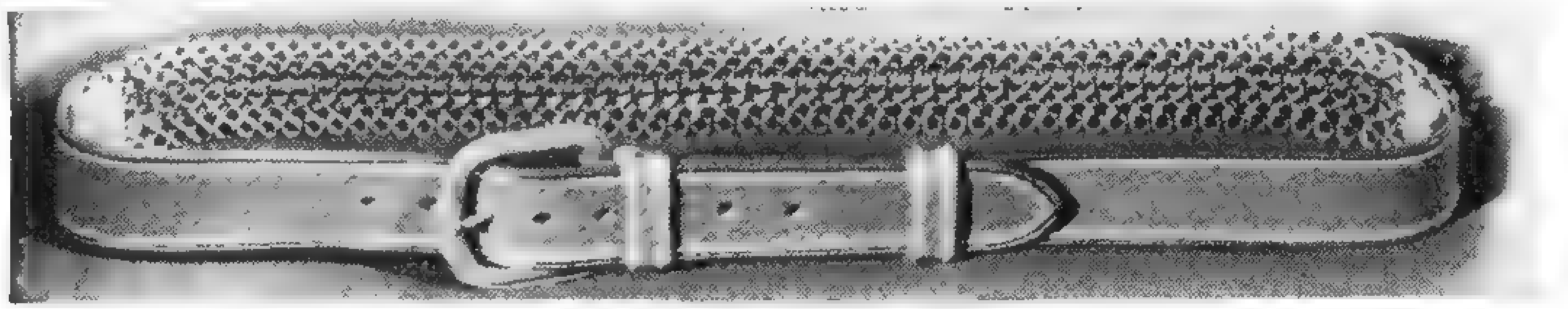

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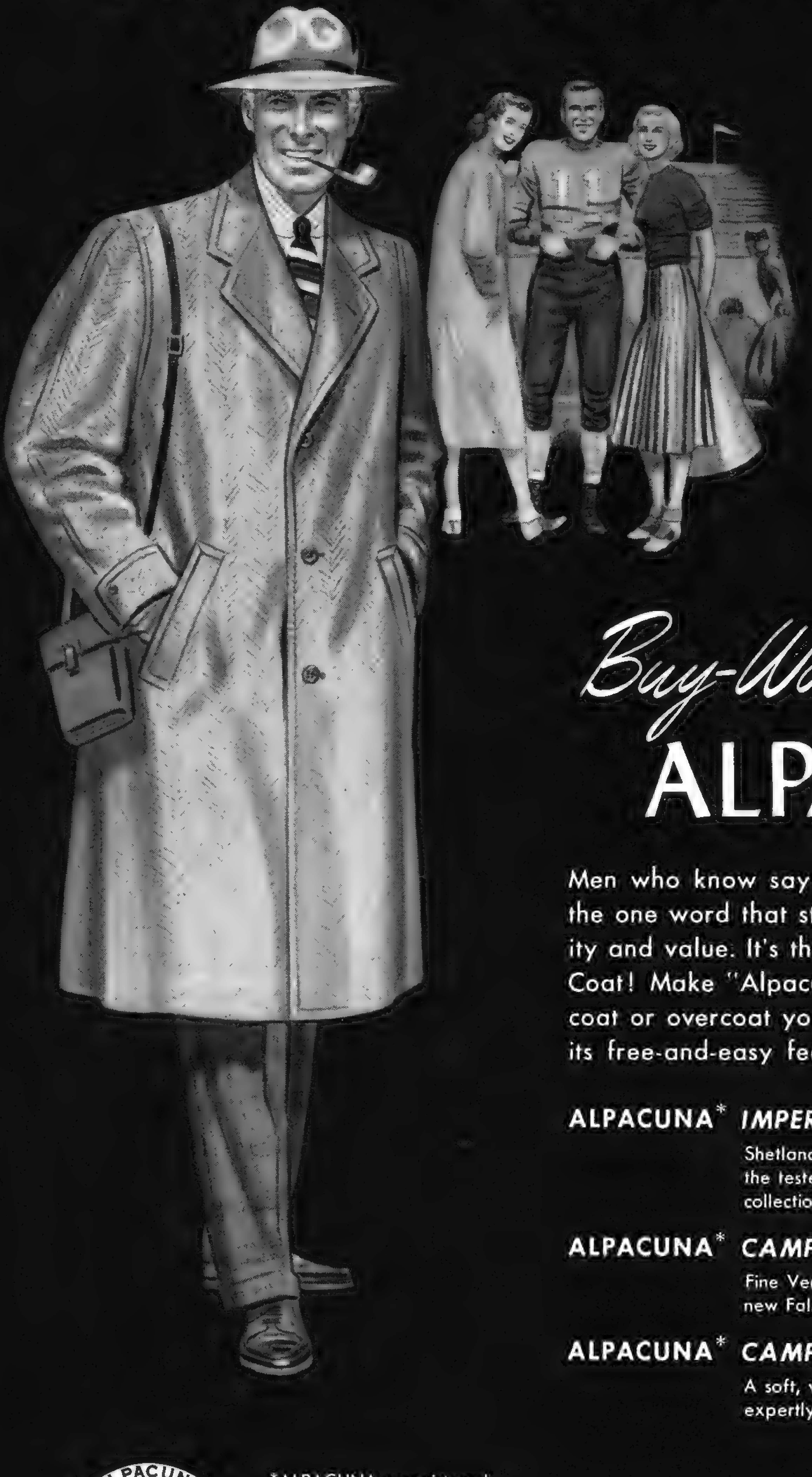

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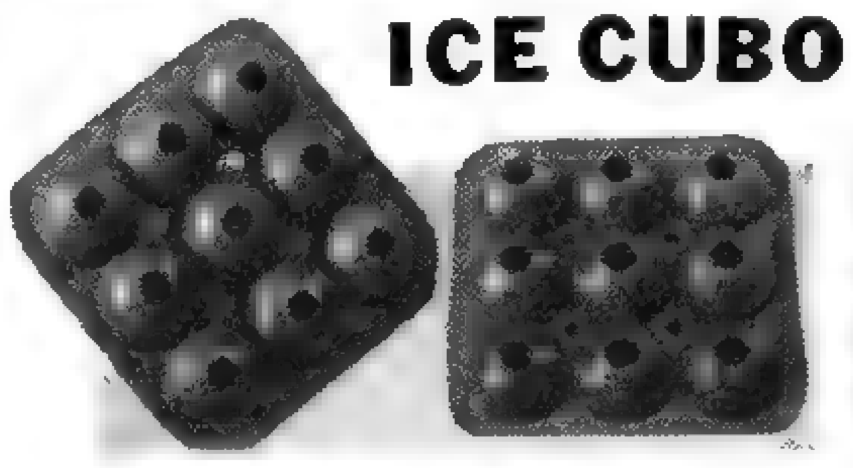
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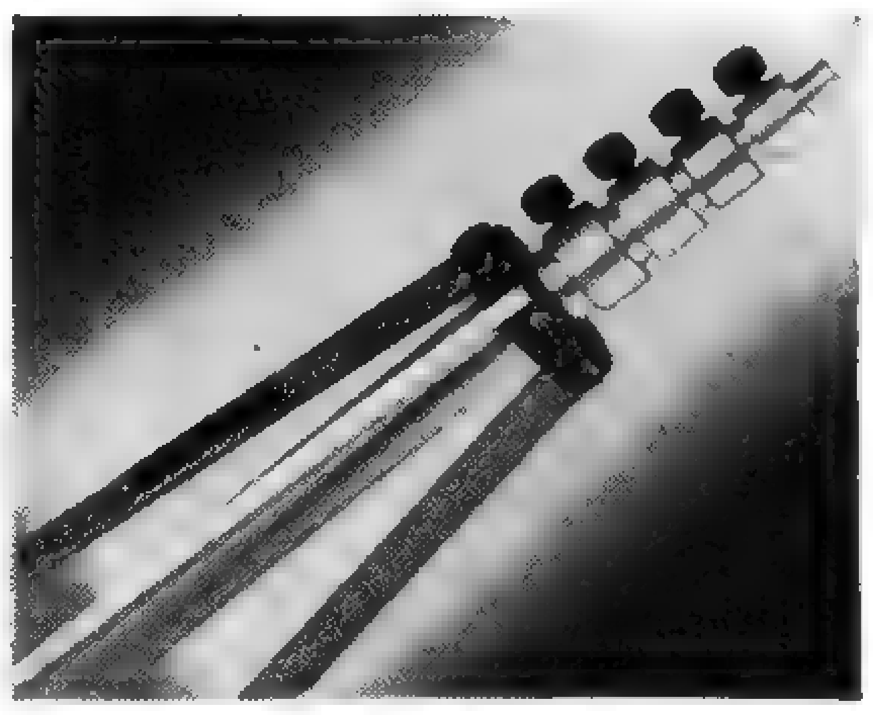
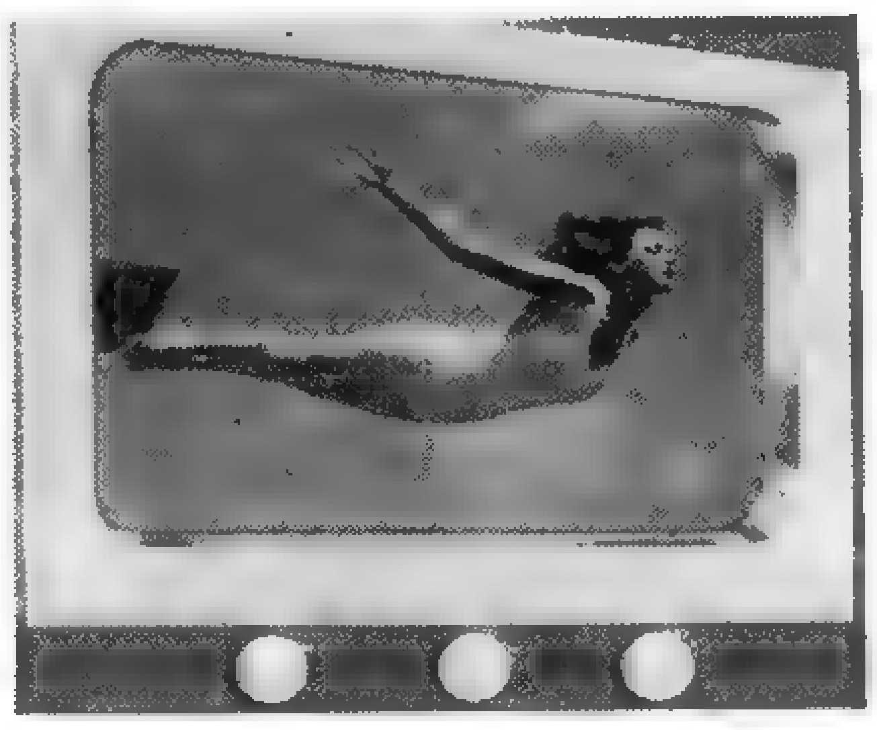


PHOTOGRAPHY FANS will be interested in a new Duralumin light stand, one of the best ever made. Extremely light, strong and compact, it is designed so that the sections extend but do not come apart; the top section cannot fall through to the bottom as it does in other stands. The 18" size fits into the standard Speed Graphic case.

EYE-CATCHING and vivid, a transparency in warm colors is set in a frame with a light built in behind it. Any black and white negative you have can be enlarged, beautifully colored and framed this way. The frame, in several sizes and finishes, is separately available. In pickled oak, it can be stained to blend with your office or living room.

A SHIRT-POCKET RADIO weighs five and one-quarter ounces and is complete with self-contained batteries, antenna and individual listening device. The listening device fits into the ear. For distant stations it is sometimes necessary to clip the antenna to a lamp, telephone or similar appliance. Compact and portable for travelers, sport fans, invalids.



TELEVISION programs are found to be less strenuous on the eyes if a filter that polarizes light is used over the screen. It helps considerably to clear the picture and sharpen the detail; the contrast is much greater but the glare is reduced. Equally effective on a set equipped with a magnifying glass, it is easily attached in about 2 minutes.

(*Continued on page 164*)

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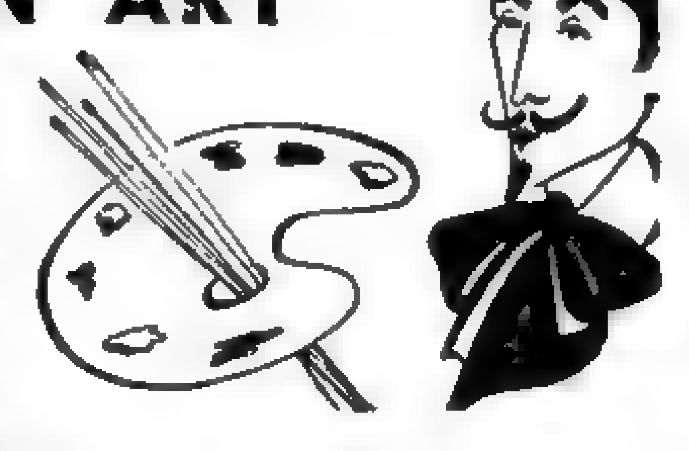
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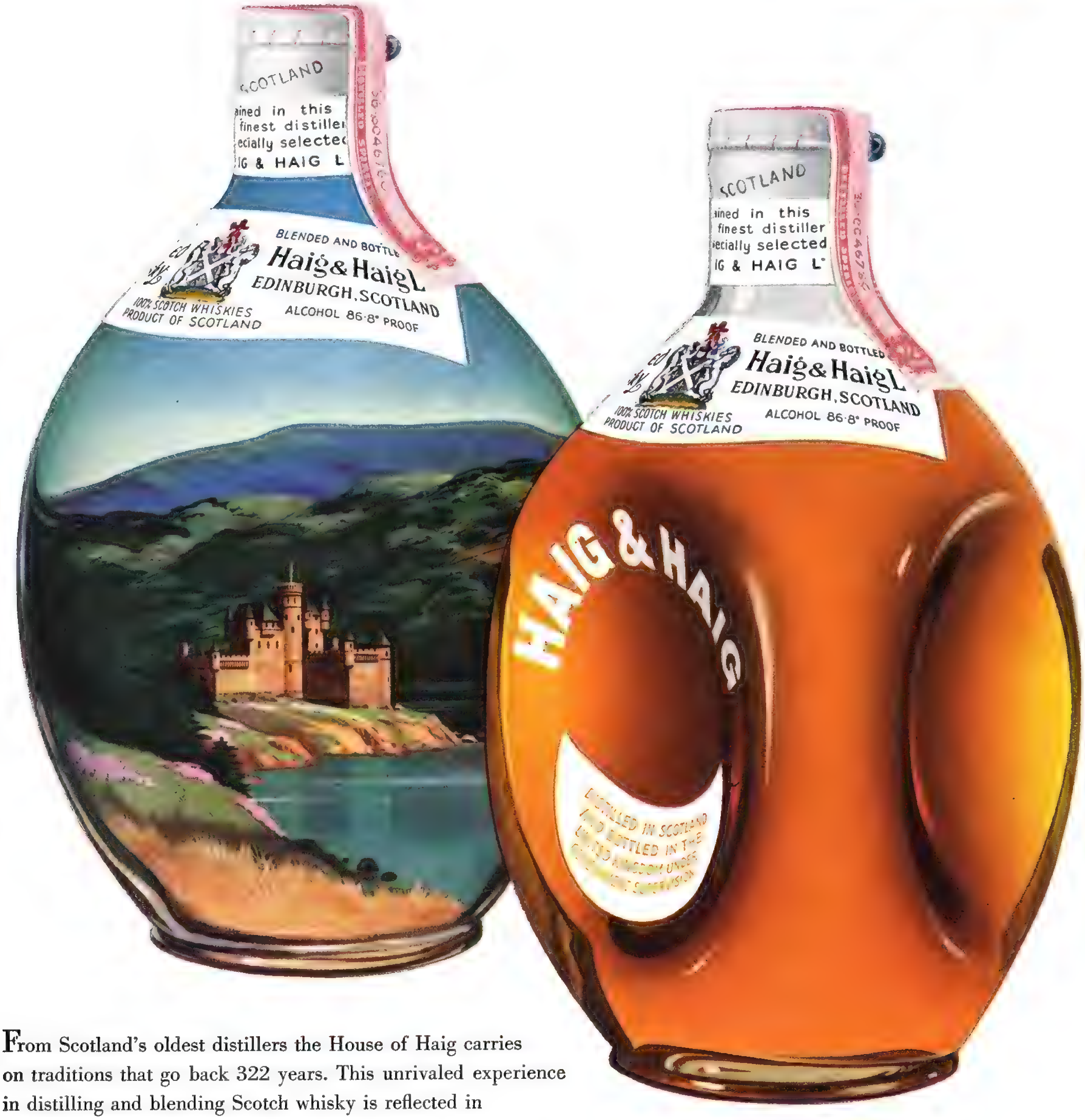
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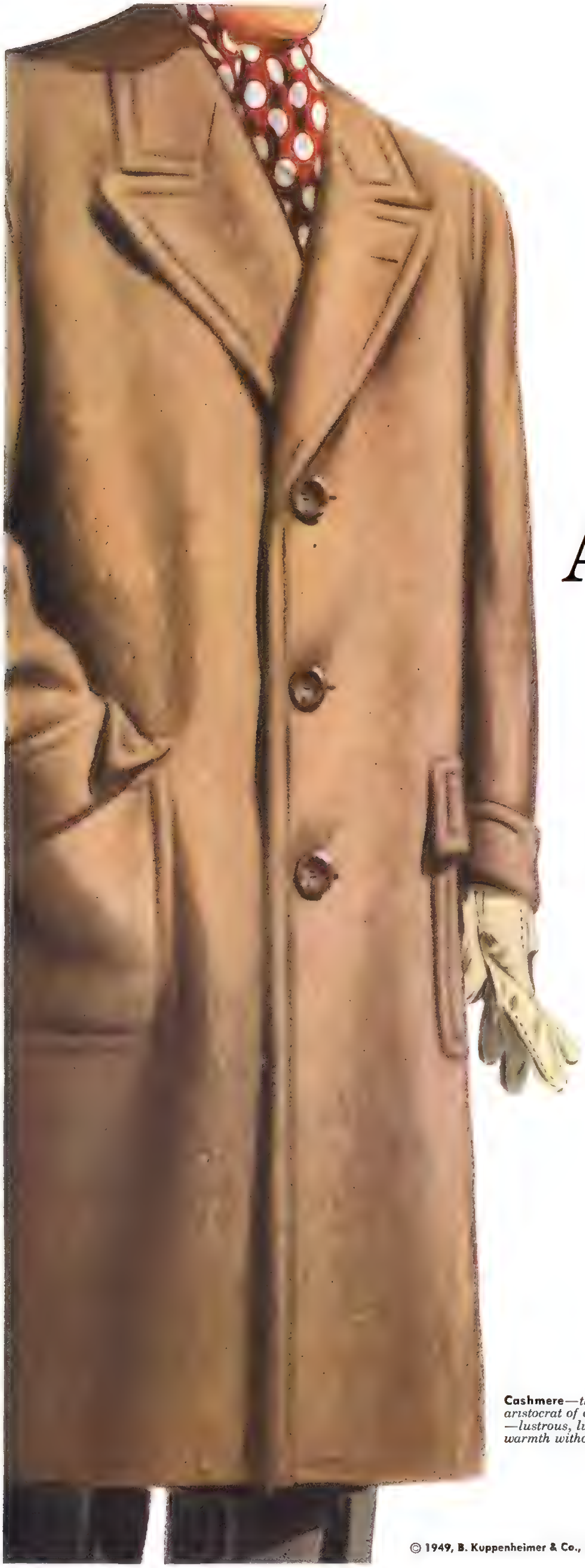

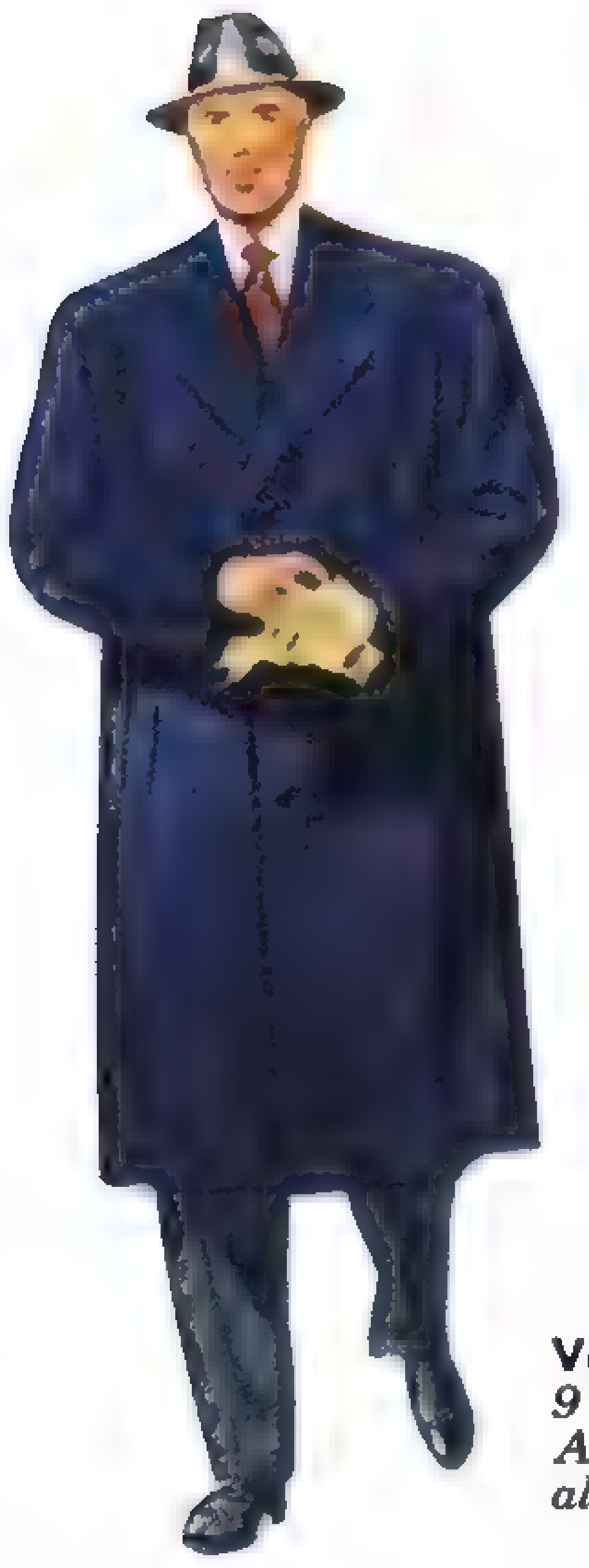

Valgora—*the coat with 9 lives—9 features. A rich blend of mohair, alpaca and fine wool.*

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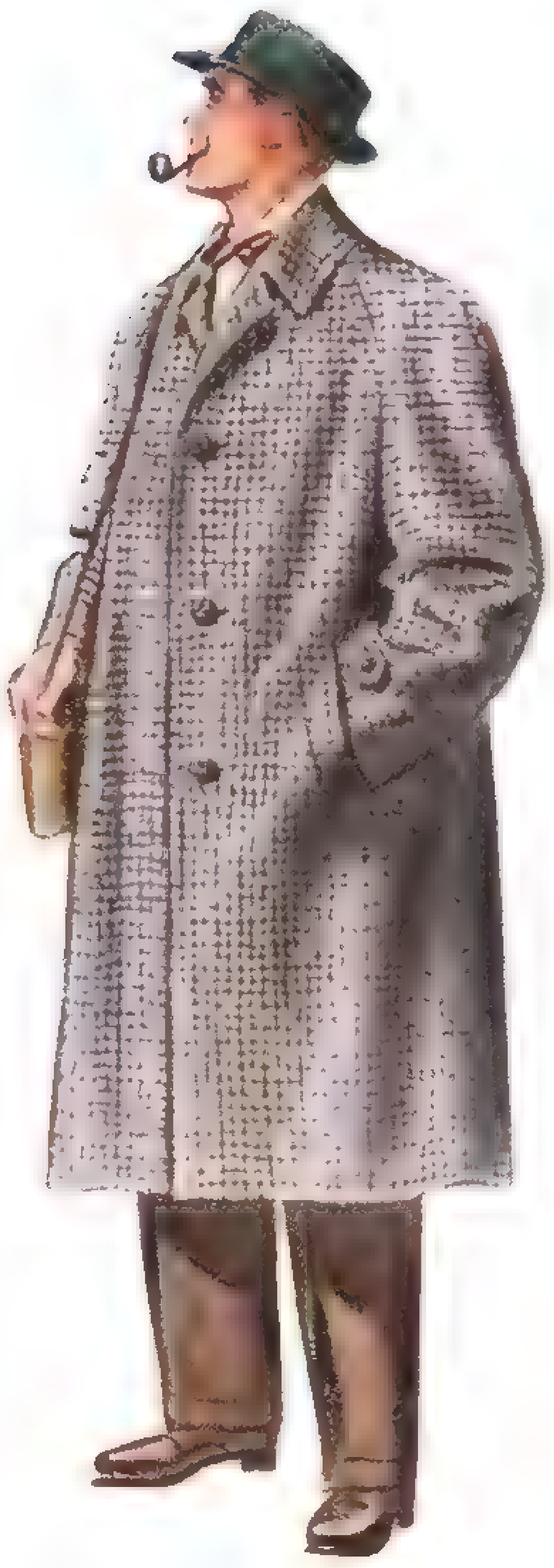
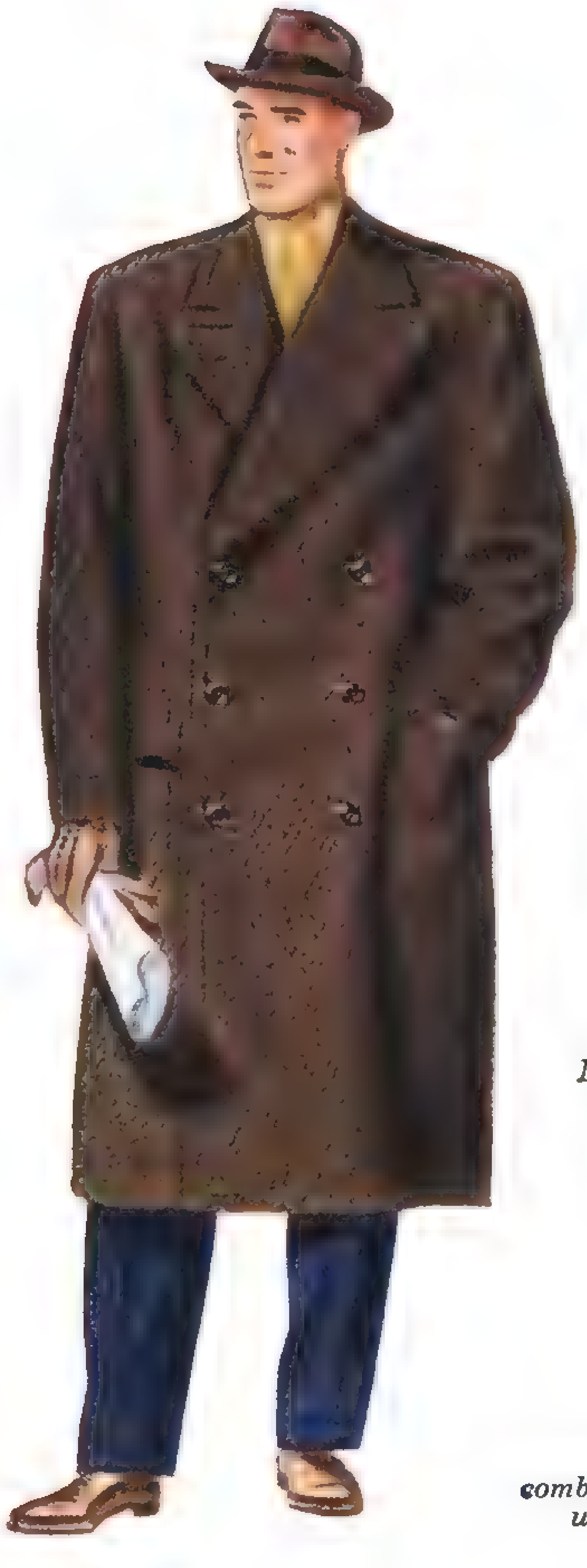


Newest of **Raglans**—*tailored in handloomed or imported tweeds, shetlands, gabardines and coverts.*



Cashmere—*the aristocrat of outercoats —lustrous, luxurious, warmth without weight.*

MacCrag—*a Kuppenheimer exclusive overcoating that combines maximum warmth with unusual texture and patterns.*

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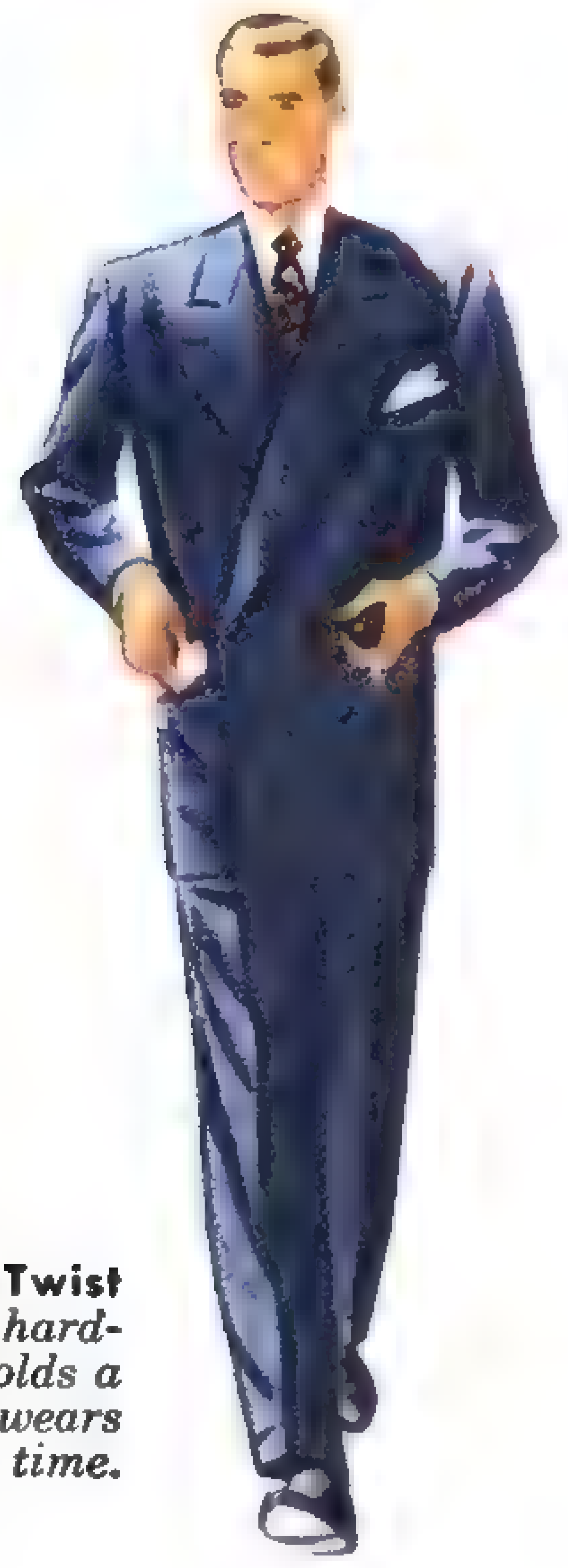
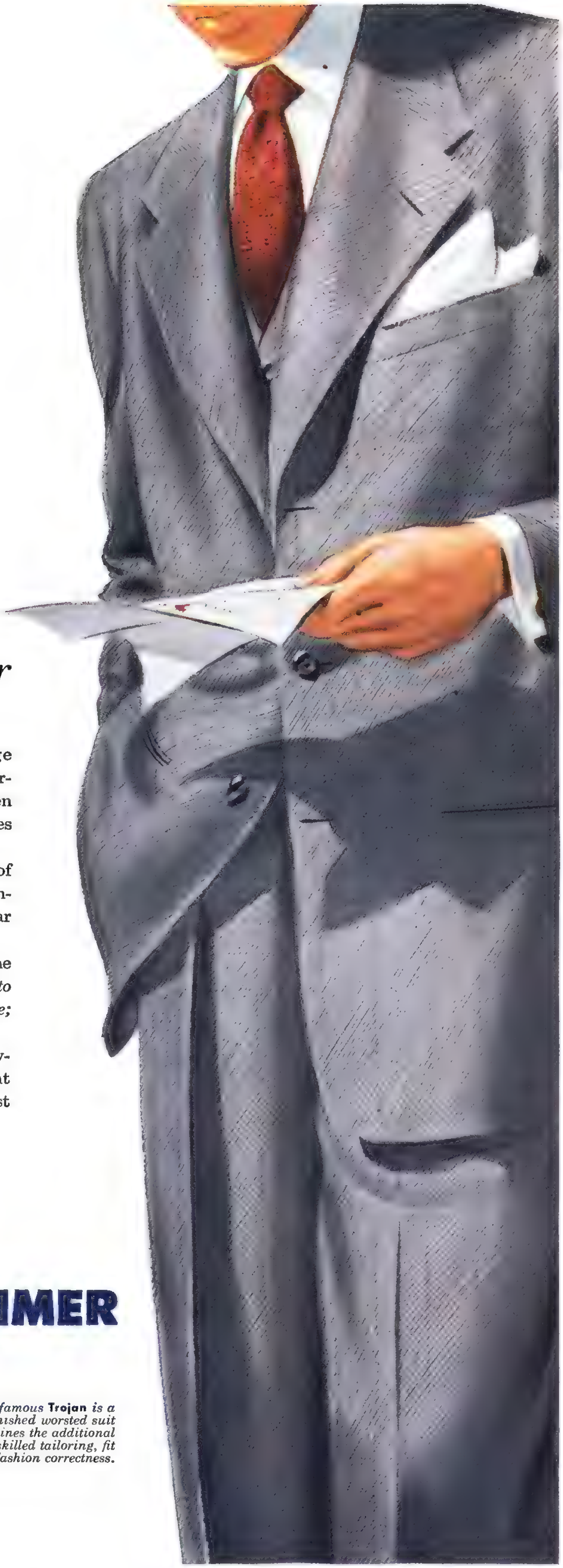


Crusader Worsted Twist *—rich flecked hard-finished weave that holds a crease better, and wears a long time.*



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Richness of fabric, perfection of fit, individuality of drape, attention to detail throughout, go far beyond ordinary standards.

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Make it a point to see the new-season Kuppenheimer clothes at your dealer's. He's one of the best in your area.

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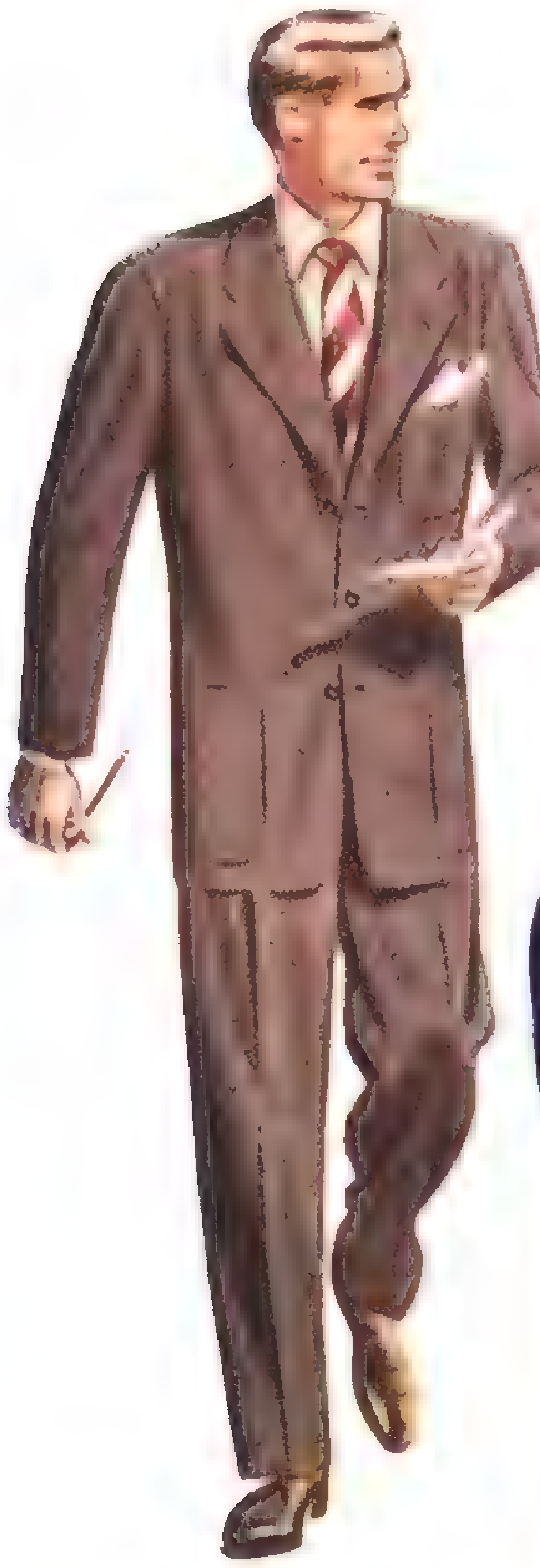
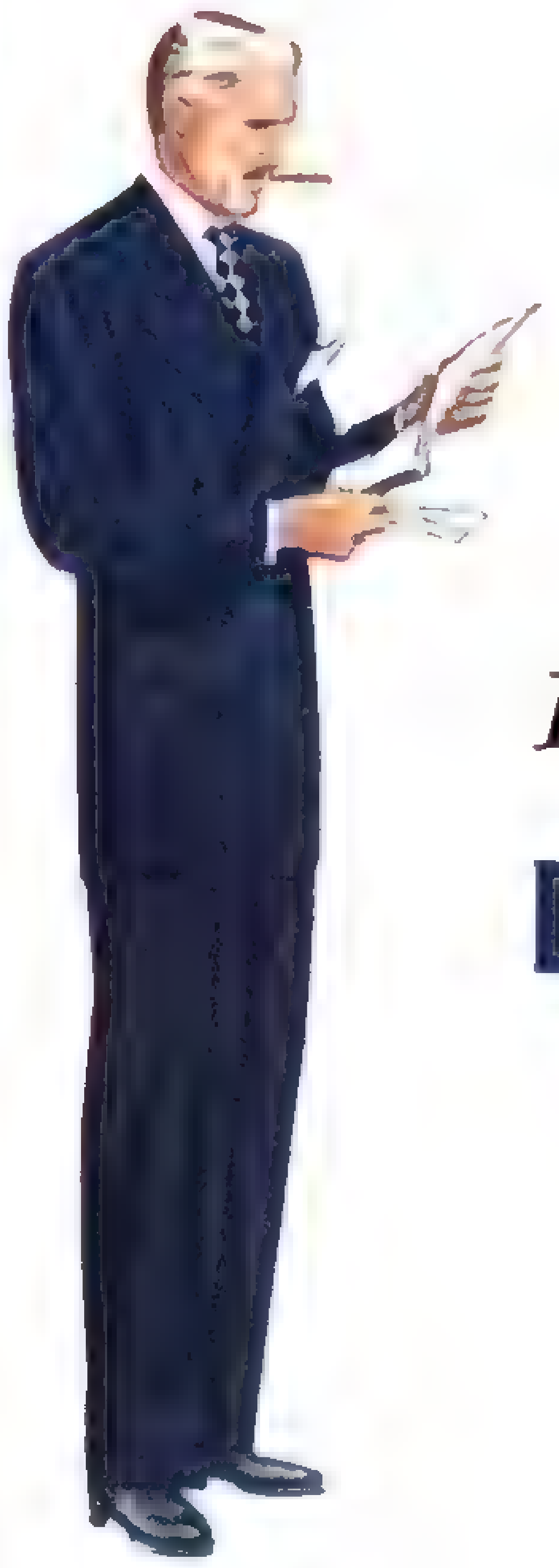
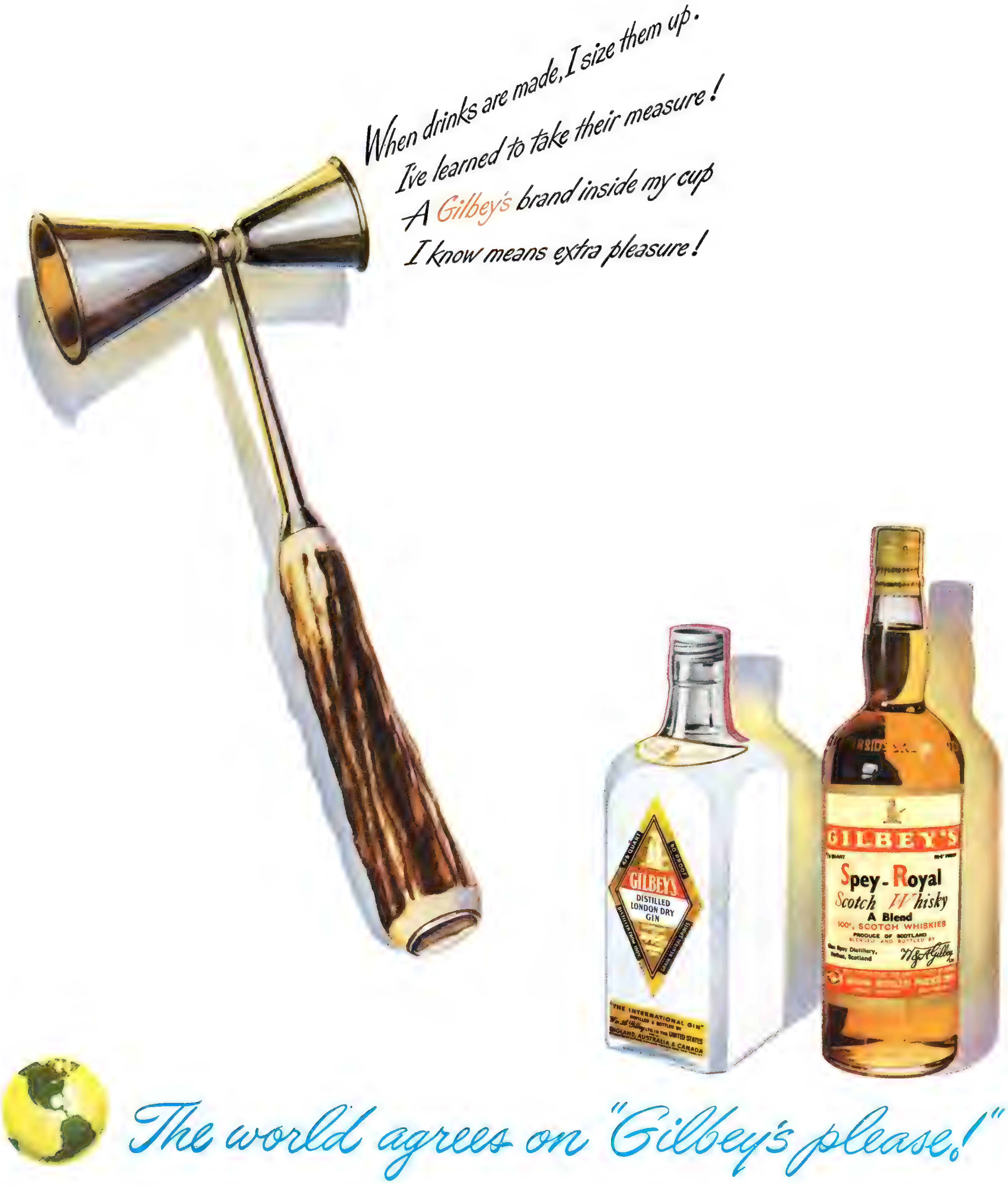


Longer, Lower, Looser, Loungier, describes this newest patch pocket style.



The Century *has Kuppenheimer's finest workmanship in fabrics that are the pride of America's greatest weavers.*

This long famous **Trojan** *is a hard finished worsted suit that combines the additional qualities of skilled tailoring, fit and fashion correctness.*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I've learned to take their measure!
A Gilbey's brand inside my cup
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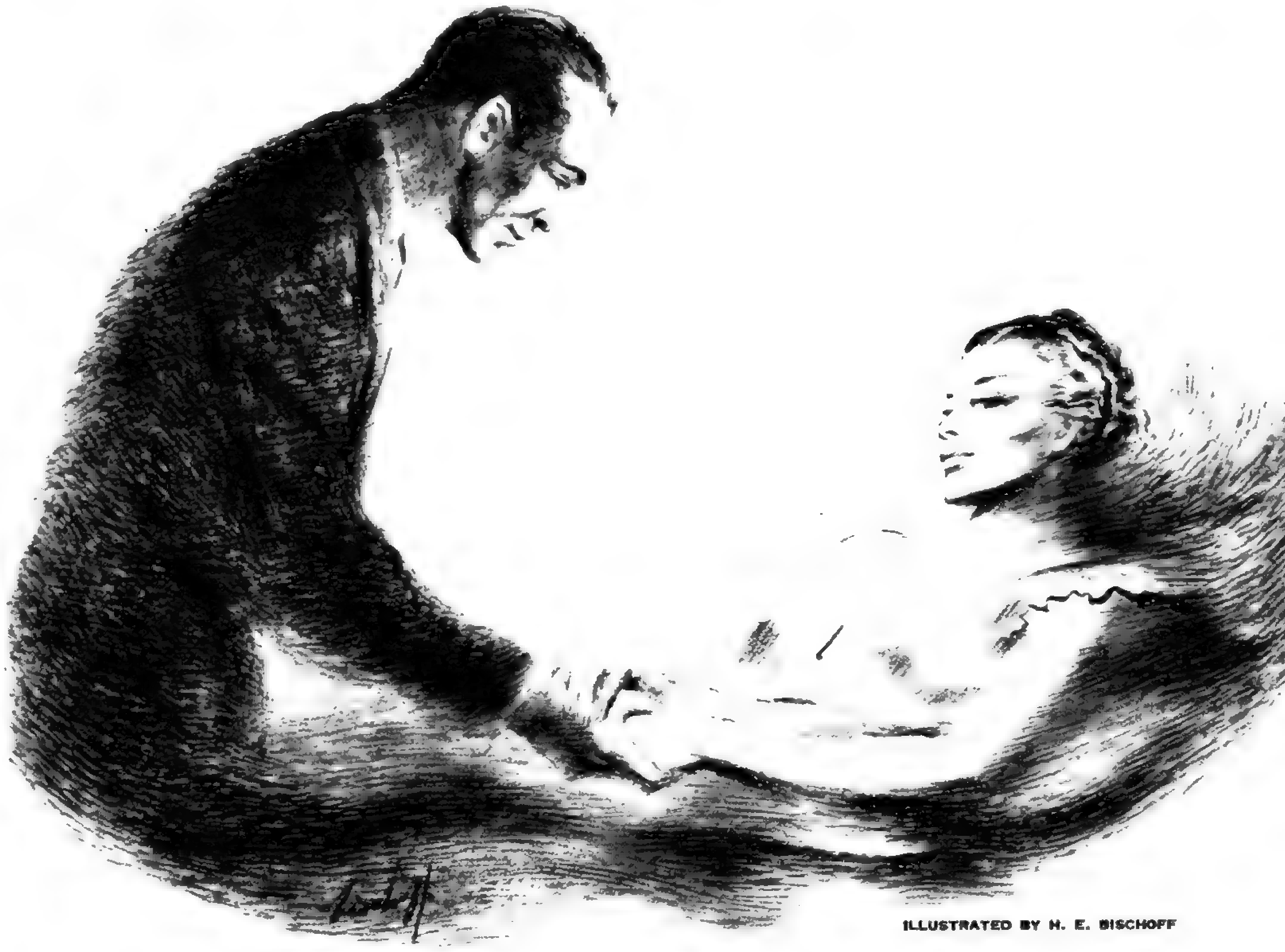
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. *Gilbey's Distilled London Dry Gin.* *90 Proof.* *100% grain neutral spirits.*



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A Man's Crusade

FOR EASY CHILDBIRTH

A HUSBAND'S PLACE IS NOT IN THE WAITING ROOM, BUT CLOSE TO HIS WIFE'S SIDE

by **DALE CLARK**

My semidrugged wife, lying inside the guardrail of the hospital bed, stirred and mumbled incoherently. Another birth pain was coming on. There had been many pains since a nurse had led us into this labor room at noon yesterday. Ruth is forty-one years old, and this was our first baby.

Yesterday, entering this wing of the hospital, Ruth and I had been met by a sheeted, anesthetized form being wheeled from the delivery room's twin, swinging, half-glass doors. We had stared, and stared again, at the partially visible, mysterious equipment inside those doors, and we had exchanged suddenly uncomfortable glances.

Ruth's had been a healthy, normal pregnancy. The obstetrician, a specialist, had confidence in her ability to bear our child without abnormal difficulty. But we were not exactly heartened by our meeting with the still, sheeted figure and our glimpse of the delivery room paraphernalia.

Now, at three o'clock in the morning, a single bulb glowed dimly in the labor room. Thousands of you who read this—fathers included—have never seen a labor room. This one was one of a series of small, narrow, utilitarian cells along a corridor to the delivery room. There was space in it for two narrow beds along the opposing walls, two low cabinets containing bedpans, a folding screen, and a single, small, straight-backed chair. One door opened from a toilet, shared with the adjoining cubicle. Above and outside the corridor door, a light would flash when Ruth pressed the push-button device attached to the head of her bed.

It was a perfectly efficient and matter-of-fact—and a terribly lonely—little cell.

Framed on the inner side of the corridor door, a printed notice directed the husband to the waiting lounge on the floor below. It told me explicitly how to get there, but it did not positively say I had to go. I was spending the night on the little chair at Ruth's bedside.

As she stirred and muttered with the recurring birth pang, I stood and leaned over the guardrail to put a hand on her arm. I tried to make it a reassuring hand.

"Relax . . . Let go . . . This time, relax before it starts . . . Let go, lie limp, relax." What I had to say had been said so often that we already knew it by heart. "That's fine . . . You're relaxing fine . . . It's half over . . . *More* than half over . . . It's almost over." What I kept saying seemed to help her—even though, really, it wasn't nearly so close to being over as I said it was. "Let go, doze off, take a nap again . . . Take a nap . . . "

For the third or fourth time, the obstetrician stepped into the labor room and joined me at the guardrail.

"That's good. That's

(*Continued on page 151*)

P

She was a deep, glowing brown, and in the lines of her body were the beauty and sultry fragrance of the jungle at high noon. She was Casmira, and woman, and, as the shadows played across her limbs, almost alive

ink

HIBISCUS

Sometimes, when the tom-toms are throbbing and the flames are leaping, the jungle shows its secrets to a white man and he learns that strange things can happen. But can a statue come to life?

by **ERIK HAZELHOFF**

I HAD never met old man Welker before, even though we had lived in the same town for years. But my car had broken down in front of his house and I wanted to use his telephone. At his front door, I found myself hesitating; it really puzzled me that I had never before taken the trouble of paying him a visit. Yet, come to think of it, neither had anybody else.

The reason for this may have been that we all instinctively felt that old man Welker wasn't in need of company. Although he lived all by himself on the edge of town, there was something curiously contented and self-sufficient about the man.

He was tall and straight, and always impeccably dressed—often with a flower in his buttonhole. His grey hair was brushed with a flourish, and when his firm stride brought him within range, one could see a startling zest for living in his clear blue eyes. But, then, he wasn't really old; and the prefix to his name was more a small town's inevitable qualification of any grey-haired man who likes to be left alone in a house and garden with a high wall around it.

I shrugged my shoulders and pressed the bell. When he answered the door, I saw the surprise in his eyes. Courteously, he asked me to wait in the hall for a moment. I heard him cross the room beyond and close a door. Then he invited me in.

It was a happy room, not at all the barren, masculine sort of place that one would have expected of an old bachelor. There were flowers in the vases, and light frilly curtains framed the windows. A glass door at one end gave onto a garden with a pond in the center. Behind the pond stood a tree.

I looked at the tree in disbelief. Amongst the modest shrubs of the North country it spread its color in brazen abundance, a splash of pink from a far, extravagant world. However unbelievable, there was no mistaking it: it was a pink hibiscus.

Then I saw the figure of a naked girl in the deep shadow between the tree and the pond. At first, I had the impression that she was real, but on looking closer, I saw that she was sculptured from a most unusual chunk of marble, the deep, rich color of sun-washed mahogany. She sat at the edge of the pond, her supple legs crossed beneath her. The light glowed, bronze and warm, in the lines of her knees and breasts and slid into the hollows of her arms, which were folded behind her head. The proud young face, unsmiling, was timeless and exquisite.

But that wasn't what kept me staring; it was the shock of recognition. Thirty years or more ago, I had seen a figure exactly like this one . . .

I was a health inspector in the East Indies at the time; and the little island that one day I stood watching from the deck of a packet steamer was one of the many the Dutch had assigned me to. It sparkled in the early light like a hunk of emerald, clear and cool as if it had just risen from the ocean. As slowly we drew nearer, I watched the close crop of the jungle touch the water's edge, then sweep upward to where it gradually thinned out and the old volcano, Gunong Merapi, basked in the morning sun.

When the ship had nosed into the bay, I saw Father Hendrik standing on the quayside, a solitary figure in white amongst the stacks of green bananas, the red mounds of coffee beans, and the excited throng of dark faces. Father Hendrik was the only white man on the island, and he had come to meet me.

"It will be a holy fortnight," my friends had said, when I left Surabaya. Father Hendrik belonged to one of those fiercely puritanical Dutch sects that sprang up all over the Indies just before the First World War. Even in that company, he had made quite a reputation for himself. Yet, when he came toward me with outstretched hand, I got a definite shock. He was not at all the way I had pictured him. For one thing, he was ridiculously young to be living the life of terrible loneliness of a mission outpost. His face was pleasant—handsome almost—and he had a tall and powerful body.

But mostly it was his mouth that set me wondering, with a mixture of awe and pity, how this young man could ever have chosen to renounce the world. It was a sensitive mouth, full and well-formed, that could smile with a whimsical sadness that puzzled me from the very beginning. But once I had looked into his eyes, I forgot all emotions of wonder and pity. They were sea-blue, and in their lucid depths I saw the level gaze, the cold fire, and all the frantic negation of the militant Bearer of the Faith.

We immediately set out for the mission, which lay a good three hours' walk up the mountain. From the moment that we turned off the dust road into the hushed halls of the forest, I fell under the spell of the island. Nothing that I had ever seen could compare with that little green hump jutting out of the forgotten wastes of the Indian Ocean.

In the volcanic soil Nature had reached a point of almost embarrassing fertility. Everything around me had grown bigger and more luscious than would seem decent. From massive trunks, the startling colors of orchids dripped through the green; long-tailed birds streaked through the hush like hurried flames; butterflies danced in shades of blue and molten gold; and wherever a branch had died and lay rotting on the earth, fat mushrooms had sprung up in abundance.

From time to time we got a glimpse of cultivated lands in the valleys. Then we would meet little groups of natives on the path—young men and girls, naked from the waist up, carrying their towering baskets of mangoes and bananas above straight backs and proud heads. They were tall and beautifully built; and, almost without exception, each of them wore a soft pink flower behind one ear. As the sun glowed on their bronze skin stretched taut over powerful shoulders or ample breasts, the thought entered my mind that these people must have been created especially to match the fertile paradise that Nature had endowed them with.

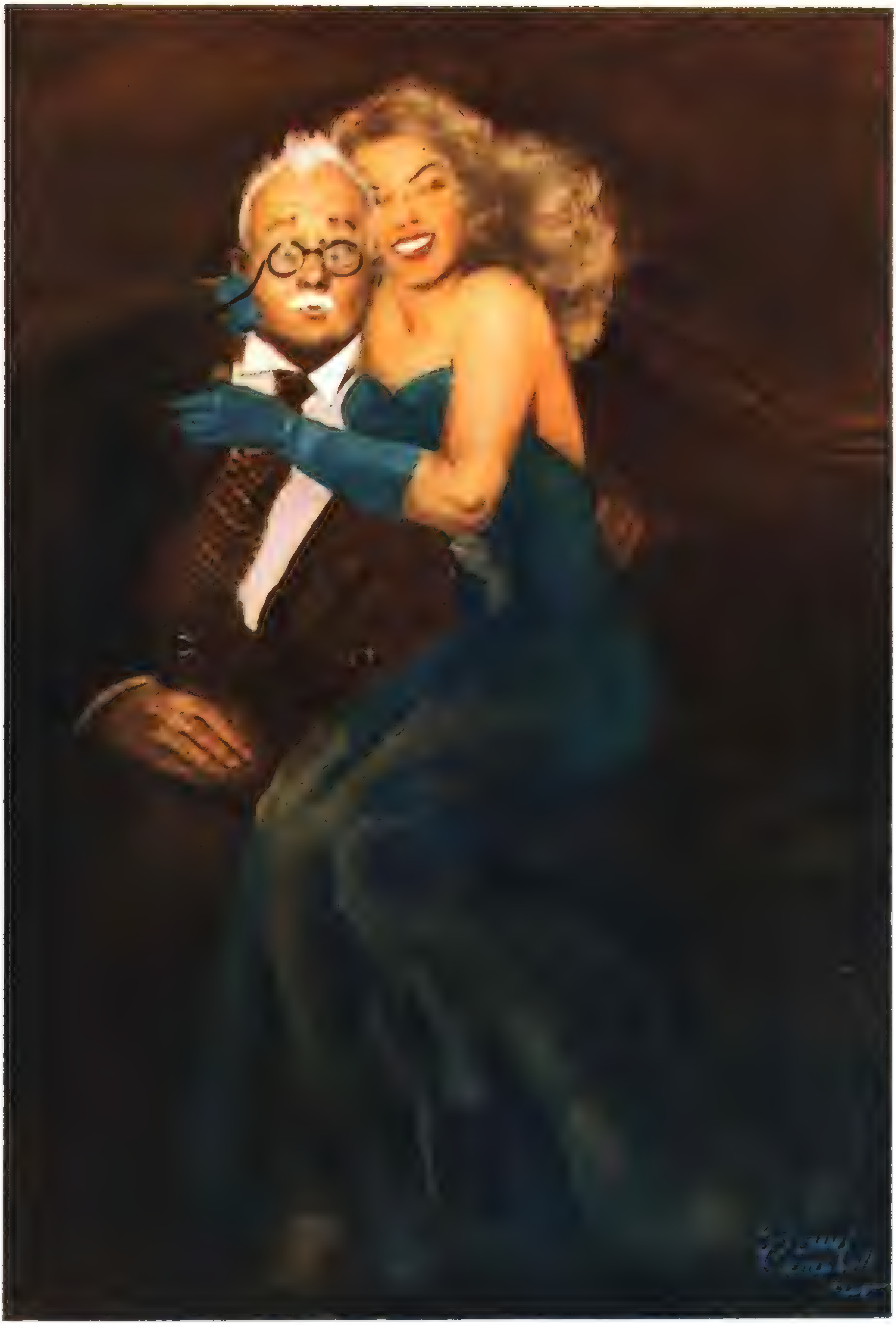
"What is that flower they wear?" I asked Father Hendrik.

"Hibiscus. Pink hibiscus." But in his voice something warned me. And suddenly I realized how utterly out of place Father Hendrik must feel here.

I glanced at him covertly. His legs took the steep grade with the ease of an athlete, but he kept his eyes glued to the path before him and he seemed tense—as though defiant of the jungle's shamelessness. I was aware of a challenge in my voice when I finally exclaimed, "Good heavens, you *are* for-

(Continued on page 153)

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE ENGLERT



"What if we don't know each other? Just because you're a banker owning four oil wells and 51 per cent of the stock of J. B. Upswitch and Company with a Triple-A rating in Dun and Bradstreet means ***nothing*** *to little me"*

OLD BLOOD-AND-GUTS

Off the Record

by LELAND STOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIC ZAMPARELLI

TIME: December 28, 1944.

Place: General Omar Bradley's hotel in Luxembourg.

Lt. General George S. Patton, Jr., held out a box of nine-inch, 24-karat Havanas.

A split second after his first puff, he thrust an imperious forefinger toward a near-by table. On it lay a belt and holster. Patton's squeaky falsetto soared nearly an octave. "You see that pistol?" he squawked. "Take a good look. By God, it's *ivory*-handled—*not* pearl!"

I hadn't breathed a word about either pearls or pistols. But I was properly impressed. I took a good look, while General Patton let her rip. In his curiously staccato speech, he ejected words in spurts and bursts, exactly like a warmed-up machine gun.

"All this cockeyed nonsense . . . about *me* . . . wearing a *pearl-handled* revolver . . . ! Just a bunch of goddam ignoramuses . . . Why, no real gunman . . . would carry a pearl-handled pistol . . . It's bad luck . . . ! Besides—" (His jaws clicked into a dramatic pause, illuminated by a broad and brightly self-satisfied grin)—"Besides, I wear that particular gun because I *killed* my first man with it." With that, his grin expanded to Cheshire-cat dimensions.

It was the night after his Third Army had punched through to General McAuliffe's besieged heroes in Bastogne. The Battle of the Bulge was still raging, just at its turning point. Despite the tension, General Omar Bradley maintained such unshaken calm that he had invited Martha Gellhorn and myself to dinner. With the fighting as it was, we hadn't expected it, and certainly not to find Bradley's entire top 12th Army Group staff on hand. We were even more surprised when General Patton and General Gay, his chief of staff, also walked in. That was a lot more big brass than Marty or I had ever encountered at a private dinner party, with the front red-hot, at a Group headquarters in a front zone. Two three-star generals and five others, two-star or one-star . . . And the Bulge, at that moment, was going great guns.

So, it rapidly developed, was Old Blood-and-Guts. From his opening remarks he stole the show. Not even the fact that General Bradley was his superior could subdue Georgie Patton. In wartime, of course, a lady guest at a stag officers' mess causes approximately as much psychological reaction as a panzer division's break-through. No one present was more conscious of this fact than the gallant and roaring lion of the Third Army. Marty's generous endowments, mental and otherwise, obviously poured oil on the flames of the widely recognized Patton ego. All that evening he was completely in his element—which is to say, rampantly on the rampage.

ROBERT CAPA FROM PIX

The late Lt. Gen. George S. Patton, Jr.—fighting man

Under the circumstances, I thought it a rare chance to get something special out of General Patton, provided I could somehow maneuver about five minutes alone with him. So when dinner broke up, I stuck to him. And, once we were in his room, he was suddenly off on a conversational spearhead, typically Pattonesque. It slashed on, all over the landscape, for close to an hour. This was the Patton I had never seen or known until now.

The Bulge, remember, had been a touch-and-go nightmare for twelve days. There was plenty that we correspondents didn't know, or only half-knew; and plenty more we couldn't understand.

"Why," I asked, when I finally got an opening—and Patton's openings for the fellow on the other end of a conversation came none too frequently, "doesn't the British Second Army attack?"

General Patton glowered at me as if I were von Rundstedt. His falsetto crackled into full crescendo. "Why in hell don't they attack?" he barked. "They're just being true to form . . . afraid to take a chance. You remember what Townsend . . . the authority on the American Civil War . . . what he once said about one of our northern commanders? 'This general was more afraid of losing a battle than anxious to win one.' Well, that's Montgomery for you. Montgomery said we could *begin* to counter-attack the Germans here *eleven days from now* . . . and I've been attacking for the past *five* days! If you're going to win, there's no blankety-blank substitute for a goddam two-fisted offensive!"

I was thinking of the thick base of the Bulge, with those sharp hills running parallel to our troops' positions—always east-and-west against north-and-south. Our divisions would have to slash across one hill after another, if we trapped the Heinies.

"How long will it take us, General, to slice across the middle or the base of the Bulge and cut off the Germans?"

Patton sat so straight his chest stuck out like a pouter pigeon. He fixed me, very deliberately, with his pale blue eyes. It was just the slightest pause, but calculated. Then he let go with great intensity. His jaws hammered together as he snapped out his reply:

"Thirty-six hours!"

If a bomb had hit the hotel at that precise second, I couldn't have been more amazed. I had expected him to say two or three weeks; nothing less than that. The map of the Bulge was in my mind, and our positions as of that night, and those devilish washboard hills crisscrossing between our southern and our northern flanks of the Bulge. It seemed utterly impossible. For all my totally amateur status on the art and potentialities of any kind of warfare, I felt sure it was impossible. After being with the armies of seven different nations, from Norway to China, I had never before heard a responsible and highly talented general make such an astounding statement.

I gasped, and he broke out again into the slightly supercilious, superconfident Patton smile—half-grin and half-smirk. "In *thirty-six hours* the Germans will be cut off!"

Eventually, it proved to be many times that length of time before the Bulge was reduced. In his *Crusade in Europe*, General Eisenhower supplied the answer to Patton's extraordinary assertion: "I well knew that Patton delighted to startle his hearers with fantastic statements; many men who believed they knew him well never penetrated past the shell of showmanship in which he constantly and carefully clothed himself . . . All the mannerisms and idiosyncrasies he developed were of his own deliberate adoption."

But who was I to question the pronouncement of one of the greatest field commanders in American history? Fortunately, General Sibert (Bradley's chief of intelligence) chose that moment to come in with a report. Patton nodded several times and said, "All right." When Sibert left, he registered another well-pleased grin. "I knew everything he told me at four o'clock this afternoon. The Germans are now free to re-form. Of course they'll attack."

Then he grabbed a phone and got one of his corps commanders on the line. All he said was: "The Germans are preparing to attack at daybreak. *Stop the bastards where they are!*" Then he hung up, looking more (*Continued on page 139*)

THE JONAH AND...

Disaster came aboard the happy ship with the stranger—disaster, death, and the howling of a mad dog

ONCE, the *Calliope* was a happy ship. News of an empty berth aboard her brought every good sailorman to her gangway, asking for the job. She was not always a hoodoo drab, manned by the gutter sweepings of the Dock Road.

Fill my glass and hear the yarn. Drunk, I know nothing, remember nothing; sober, I hear the carpenter's laugh, and the Jonah himself, calling his dog.

It started in Cardiff, in South Wales, and the *Calliope*, outward bound, was waiting only the tide and the pilot; hatches battened, crew aboard. There was music of a cornet and a banjo coming from the starboard side of the forecastle—the bosun playing the cornet, the carpenter the strings. Neither of them could hold a tune, but they had played so long together with a fine, good-shipmate friendship, that even the thumping squark they made sounded harmonious. The bosun was a two-hundred-pound Cornishman—a ham-handed, black-bearded giant, Tregunn by name. Few things ever disturbed him; no one ever argued with him; he was too big. The carpenter was a little man with all the natural humors so dried out with the years and the work that he was left a creature of skin and bone, with a high rasping voice. He handled chisel and hammer as others would a knife and fork. No one ever asked his name, or would have used it had he known. He was called "Chips."

They were playing *Oh Johnny—Oh Johnny*—the bosun on the settee, cheeks purpling, eyes closed in ecstasy; the little gnome sitting by him, cross-legged on the bunk, twanging the banjo until the hands in the forecastle jig-stepped as they unpacked their gear.

The stranger came out of the warehouse door and crossed the cobblestone quay to the dock. His oilskin coat was open and flapping and he covered the ground noiselessly. He paddled up the gangway and made his way forward to the crew's quarters and stopped at the bosun's lighted door. It was an ageless face he had, with dull eyes under heavy swollen lids; and a thin-lipped shark mouth gashed his sunken cheeks. He wore a rusty black suit and a soiled shirt; the rain dripped down his oilskin, soaking his trousers, spreading a stain of mud over his big, bunion-hiding boots.

The sight of him in the doorway killed the music. Tregunn put down his cornet, picked up a crock of beer from the deck, took a pull, and handed the crock to the carpenter. "Go ashore, mate," said Tregunn, amiably enough. "We ups the gangway any minute now."

"I go ashore with the rest," said the stranger in a cold voice that relished the words. "I'm signed as able seaman aboard this ship."

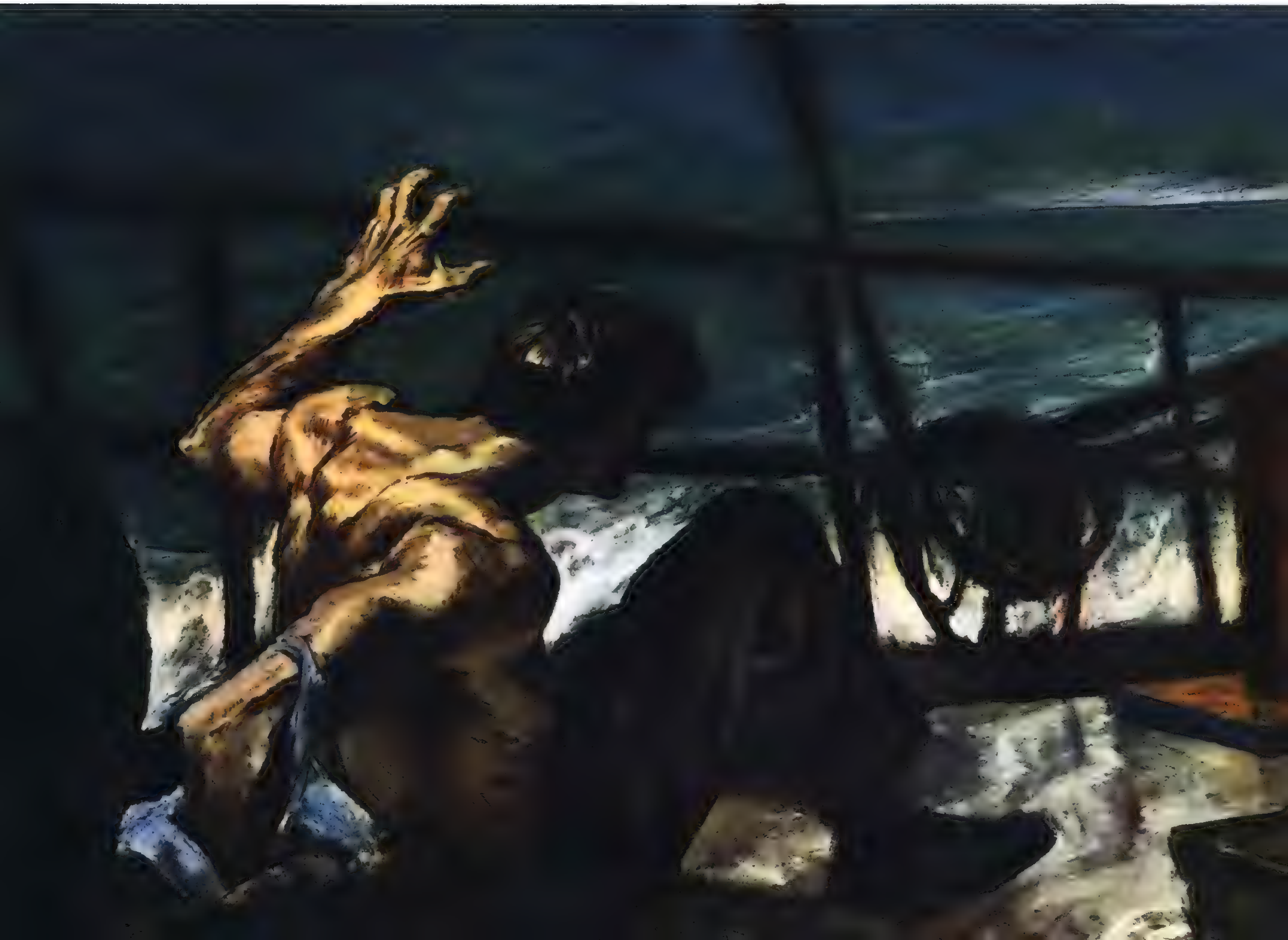
"We got a full crew," rasped the carpenter, and, in his surprise, he slopped beer unnoticed on the deck. "We signed the same crew as last trip, this mornin'!" The hands in the forecastle, hearing raised voices, stilled their rowdy talk: the ship was silent.

"I take the place of Davis, A.B.," said the stranger. "He was run over and killed on the Dock Road, two hours back. The Shipping Master signed me on and sent me down in his place."

The thought of Davis' death made us feel not so queer as the news that this black-suited omen would be our shipmate in his stead.

"What's your name?" Tregunn asked.

"Drek," said the stranger. "Jonah Drek." He put the accent upon his Christian name.



....THE CALLIOPE

A Story by FRANK LASKIER

This only can be said for Drek in the days that followed: despite his outlandish rig, he was a sailorman, and he knew his job. He could take the wheel and rig a tackle, and his weight on the end of a rope was something to feel, but he carried strife and unease with him as plain as the knife in his belt. There was nothing could be pinned openly on him but the gift of starting arguments and of rubbing men the wrong way, and the open fact that he enjoyed it. He had brought no sea gear with him, was "schooner-rigged." For any other man, we would have ransacked our sea bags, given him jerseys, lent him boots; there is always a free coat for a shipmate and a spare pair of socks. Drek asked nothing and refused what was offered, preferring to slop about the decks, a scarecrow in black, and soaking wet. In the watch below, he would stretch out in silence on his narrow bunk, his dirty linen and unwashed body poisoning the forecastle. His black gleaming eyes made men afraid, and his tongue was a whiplash.

In the first dog watch of the third day of the voyage, things came to a head. Drek was in the messroom, mooning over the food that he swilled around on his plate until it looked like garbage. We listened to his sneering complaints until, sickened, we left him alone while we walked the deck outside. Tregunn and the carpenter watched us from the hatch top, and a sorry-looking bunch of men we were. On a normal voyage, this would have been the time for talk, for yarning, with maybe a little music thrown in, or a game of euchre. Everyone thought that Tregunn was going to his cabin when he left the hatch and walked to the forecastle. No one saw him enter the messroom, but we heard his voice. He spoke quietly, but we could hear his deep voice on deck.

"You'll take your complaints about food to the steward, or you'll pipe down, Drek. And you know sea law as well as the rest. A man will be clean when he eats in the messroom. Get out of here and clean up, before I help you!"

There was a crash of an overturned bench; both men came out on deck in a gouging, kicking flurry. A brutal fight that was, and would have been worse, except that, first, Tregunn took a knife from Drek and threw it over the side. Then they were evenly matched.

Tregunn stripped the jacket and shirt from Drek, knocked him across the deck into the scuppers, and turned the deck hose on him. As Drek screamed his obscene senseless befouling curses, we felt pity for him. For the first time since we of the *Calliope* had been crew together, we turned against Tregunn and pulled him off until Drek, shivering, crying with rage, crept like a drenched dog into the forecastle.

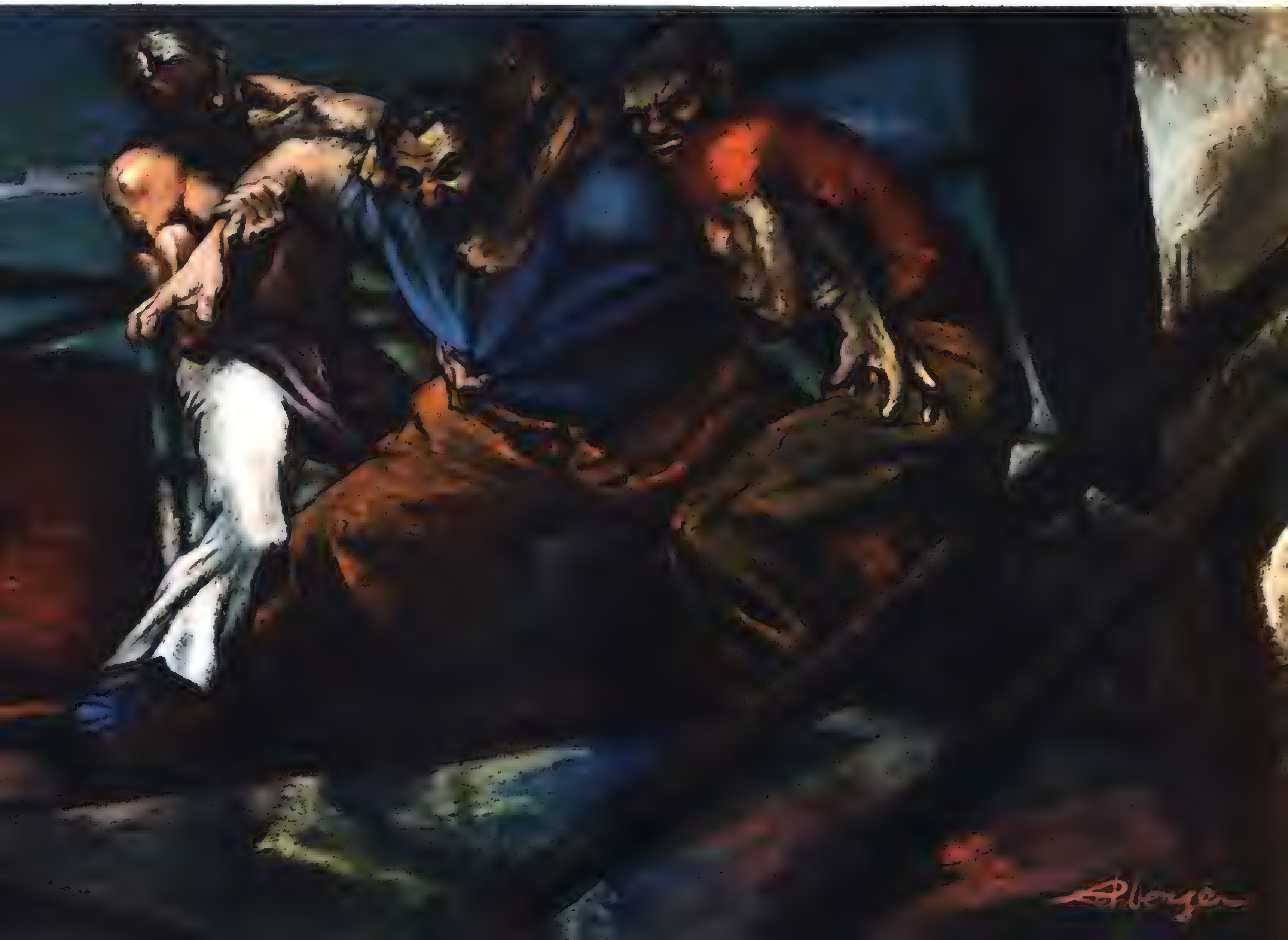
The Mate came down from the bridge and stopped the fight, for, by then, Tregunn was ready to take on all hands. And so, up to the bridge went Tregunn to be fined and logged. He stood silent under the charges—a big, blood-stained, dumb giant who had no words to say that once we had been a crew and shipmates—until Drek came aboard.

Drek made no capital out of this and did not try to cement the friendship he might have roused. He moved unasked from the forecastle and took up sleeping quarters on a heap of gunny sacks in the mast house. He brought his plate to the galley each mealtime, and he ate his food alone on the forecastle head. He read no books, wrote no letters, and sat alone in the eyes of the ship, staring out across the waters—a yellow-faced, unbuttoned Jonah.

As hatred and fear reached out to him, so did that same hatred turn on the men that hated. Fights broke out over things of no importance, shipmate turned on shipmate. It might have given Drek some satisfaction,

(*Continued on page 144*)

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAV REHBERGER



Undefeated and Undetected

Next time you're listening to those football scores, keep an ear out for Plainfield Teachers. They don't exist, but one year they were—almost—the champs

An Article by

LLOYD MANN

As the Autumn of 1941 punted and plunged its way through the sports columns, bewildered stockbroker Morris Newburger of Newburger, Loeb & Company, New York, pondered on how the exploits of such teams as Slippery Rock, for example, rated weekly coverage in the local press. Where were these obscure schools—and how many people were there in New York who cared what happened to their football teams?

The dilemma so tortured his imagination that one frosty Saturday evening he rose from his table at the Bird and Bottle at Garrison, New York, and telephoned the sports departments of the New York *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*. He would like to report, he reported, that Plainfield Teachers in New Jersey—an institution as authentic as the School of Hard Knocks—had just walloped the equally mythical Scott by a score of 12 to 0. Furthermore, Plainfield's offense had been sparked by a triple-threat Chinese quarterback named Johnny Chung, the "Celestial Comet," who had darted all over the field like a chickaree.

Unsuspecting and swamped with scores from all over the country, the papers swallowed the story, cleats and all, and printed it. It was a delight to Newburger to pick up the New York *Times* the next morning and skip airily from the war in Europe to the account of Plainfield Teachers' smashing victory over Scott, complete with the line-ups which included Morris Newburger at right tackle for the Teachers and a smattering of his business partners and relatives in other key spots.

The newspaper accounts the next week were even better. Plainfield Teachers, inspired by Johnny Chung, bowled over Chesterton 24 to 0. Newburger was still at right tackle, fighting alongside his senior partner and his uncle. But aside from Johnny Chung—who, by the way, consumed a crock of rice between halves and came out for the kickoff like a wildcat—there were other interesting features of the Teachers' attack. Most unusual was coach Ralph "Hurry Up" Hoblitzel's new "W" formation in which the ends faced the backs and generally accounted for a fifth man in the backfield. It was sensational, so the papers commented, and opened great holes for lightning, snake-hipped Chung, the Celestial Comet. Herbert Allan of the New York *Post* warned that if Hoblitzel didn't watch out, Chiang Kai-shek would grab Chung for his own offensive. Within a week, Chung's name came up for more man-in-the-street comment than all the Chinese generals combined.

Succeeding weeks brought triumphs over such fantastic opposition as Winona, 27 to 3 (the only points ever scored against the Teachers); Randolph Tech, 35 to 0; Ingersoll, 13 to 0 (Chung scored on a 47-yard run for the first tally and dragged five tacklers with him for the second); St. Joseph's, 6 to 0. There remained only games with Appalachian Tech and Harmony Teachers.

The *Times* as well as the *Tribune* listed Plainfield Teachers among the unbeaten, untied teams in the country. The Monday morning quarterbacks spent a great many happy hours comparing Chung's playing with that of his brothers in the better publicized and larger Eastern colleges, and there was considerable speculation as to which of the pro teams would be lucky enough to sign him up.

By this time Newburger had fallen in love with his own creation and was going all out. His team had gained a reputation beyond his wildest expectations and he now had an accomplice in Philadelphia who fed the Philadelphia *Record* with stories of Plainfield Teachers and the Celestial Comet. In New York, Newburger installed a one-way telephone through which a character known as Jerry Croyden, the publicity agent for the Plainfield Teachers Athletic Association, fed juicy morsels to the press. Releases went out on the Athletic Association's new stationery, usually date-lined Newark, New Jersey, and bearing a telephone number that didn't work for incoming calls. On outgoing calls, the agent's voice resembled that of right-tackle Morris Newburger.

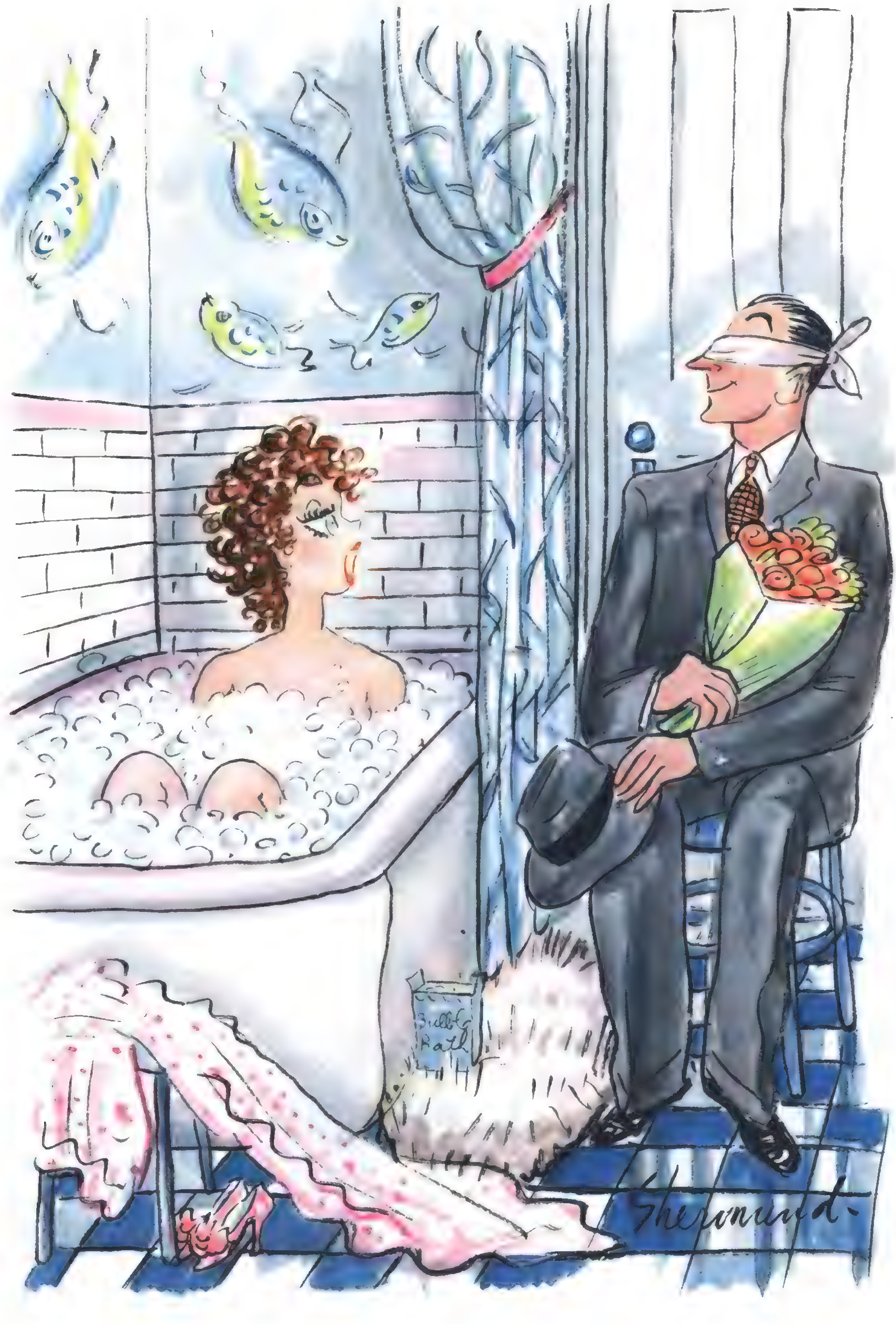
At this point Johnny Chung's meteoric career blew up in his face. The story was too good to keep within a small group. It passed from office to office, from luncheon table to luncheon table, and from club to club, and the weekly accounts of the Plainfield Teachers' games had an ever-growing and always eager group of readers who enjoyed the stories all the more because they happened to be in on the hoax. It was inevitable that somebody would blab to an editor of *Time* Magazine; and *Time* takes delight in exposing hoaxes. When Newburger got wind of the treachery he rushed, headguard in hand, to *Time*'s offices. Please, he begged, let Plainfield Teachers finish her season unbeaten and head for the grand finale—the Blackboard Bowl championship. He'd give *Time* the advance scores right then if it wanted them.

But *Time* was adamant. Disconsolate, right-tackle Newburger shuffled back to the bench. But he fired one last release. It announced that so many of Teachers' stars, including Johnny Chung, had flunked their exams and become ineligible for athletics that heartbroken "Hurry Up" Hoblitzel had decided to cancel the remaining games with Appalachian Tech and Harmony Teachers.

Even trusting sports writers suspected that one. The *Tribune*'s ferret-minded Caswell Adams found the genuine Chamber of Commerce of New Jersey's genuine city of Plainfield ignorant of any such institution as Plainfield Teachers. Then, behind perfect blocking by the telephone company, he overtook Newburger in his office and brought him down viciously on top of his one-way telephone, his athletic association stationery, and a bundle of releases on the Blackboard Bowl game. At the bottom of the heap lay the ephemeral Celestial Comet, never to rise again. At that very moment on the newsstands, *Time* Magazine was serving its scoop to an astounded and delighted public. The *Tribune* took time out to laugh, but the stately *Times* remained mum.

We resurrect the ghost of galloping Johnny Chung only because information reaching this writer indicates that another group of financiers, not including Mr. Newburger, anticipating an unprecedented volume of football claptrap this coming fall, hopes to sponsor a new athlete who will make the Celestial Comet look chickenhearted and muddy-footed. We understand that the current prospect has an athletic scholarship at a seat of learning that, as we heard it, sounded like Crandon College—in the State of Pennsylvania, we believe. Maybe you've never heard of it. ⧻

"Maybe we should've stayed engaged!"


Bubble Bath
Shermund

"I hope you realize, Mr. Baxter, that you wouldn't be in here if mother's bridge club wasn't meeting in the parlor"

The Merry-Go-Round

When a guy makes his sixty-five a week regularly and isn't too unhappy, it isn't easy to get up suddenly into the big money where the headaches are much bigger

A Story by

LOUIS PAUL

Joe was scrubbing his fingernails in the bathroom when this fellow came to the door. Every evening before supper there was a little discussion about Joe's fingernails. Helene insisted he could do a better job. Joe said he couldn't. Sometimes Joe said, "Look, Honey. Why don't you take my place at the garage for a couple of days? That'll give me time to get 'em manicured." It usually ended by Joe's doing a better job.

He liked his work at the garage. It paid sixty-five bucks a week and a few extras in tips. He liked the house he lived in. He was nuts about Helene. So there was a little argument about fingernails. So what? All dames were finicky. They were inconsistent. They were ambitious with one breath and superconservative with the other. If they were any other way, you wouldn't like 'em.

"There's some man at the door," Helene told him.

"If it's Al Simmonds, he can go knock on somebody else's door," said Joe as he wiped his hands with a guest towel. "I'm listening to the ball game tonight. I worked till eleven on Monday. Every time Al gets an emergency repair job he picks on me. What have I got, a kind face or something?"

The caller was not the owner of Joe's garage after all, but a man wearing thick glasses. "My name is Simkins," he said. "I'm here about the typewriter."

"You sure you got the right house, brother?"

"This is Mr. Kenelly, isn't it?"

"That's right," said Joe. "Joe Kenelly."

"You advertised an old typewriter for sale in this morning's paper?"

"I didn't advertise anything for sale," said Joe. "It must be some other Kenelly."

"Oh," said Simkins, wiping his glasses. "I must have taken the wrong address from the directory. Sorry."

"No harm done," said Joe.

"I'm a collector of antique typewriters," volunteered Mr. Simkins. "I was hoping to come upon a Renaud."

"Maybe that's a Renaud down in the cellar," said Helene. "The one Uncle Jed left us. It doesn't look like any they make nowadays."

"Sure," said Joe. "You're perfectly welcome to take a look at it."

They went into the basement and Joe switched on the light. Mr. Simkins carefully removed the dust-laden oilcloth cover from an old-fashioned typewriter. "Well, I'm afraid it isn't a Renaud," he announced. "What we have here is an early John Pratt, a true Series One."

"Is that so?" said Joe. "Well, everybody to his own racket. Motors are my business. Engines and motors. As far as typewriters go, I wouldn't know what key to press to make a period."

"Engines," said Mr. Simkins. "I happen to own a five-hundred-horsepower Corbin marine Diesel. It's blocked up at the Yacht Club. My wife bid for it by mistake at an auction. She thought it was in a boat."

"A Corbin five hundred?" said Joe, his eyes lighting up.

"See here," said Mr. Simkins. "These Pratts are by no means rare, but your Series One is unusually clean. I wouldn't want to suggest anything that involved cash, but what about a straight exchange—the Pratt for the Corbin?"

"Mister," said Joe, "you've made yourself a deal."

Afterward, Helene wanted to know what Joe intended to do with a marine engine. "Search me," he said. "I'll take a Sunday off and put it in shape, and—well, a Corbin Diesel is worth a couple of thousand bucks if it's worth a penny."

Joe was at the Yacht Club the following Sunday tuning up the Corbin when a tall man with white hair approached him. "Your engine?"

"Yep. Sweet job, ain't she?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the man. "Me and my missus bought ourselves a houseboat. Doctor says if I don't get away for a year or so I'll lose my vision. Thought we'd pick up a houseboat and sort of float around, but I'm too old to do much heavy navigating. Had my eye on this Diesel."

"It's for sale," said Joe.

"Sure," said the man. "The only thing that keeps people from buying what they want is a lack o'money. However, if you were interested in a small peanut farm in South Carolina, maybe we could do business."

"Not me," said Joe. "I'm a mechanic."

"It's a hundred-and-sixty acres," said the thin man. "Appraised for tax purposes at fifty-five hundred. And a big peanut-oil company has been dickering for the land on a buy-in basis. They take over the farm and give you so many shares in the company. Reason I didn't take them up is because I need cash."

GOOD LUCK
Eric Ericson

Joe talked it over with Helene that night. "When you come right down to it," said Joe, "we'll have all these stocks just for that crummy typewriter in the basement."

"I don't know," said Helene. "It sounds a little silly to me."

Joe had to pay a contract lawyer forty dollars to draw up the documents of transfer, but he felt he was still ahead of the game. Later an executive of Super-Pure Peanut-Oil Refineries issued Joe shares in the amount of fifty-five hundred dollars. "Of course," said the executive, whose name was Dretherly, "these preferred shares are non-negotiable."

"You mean I can't get my fifty-five hundred bucks out of them?"

"Oh, they're an extremely fine long-term investment," said Mr. Dretherly. "However, if you don't want to keep them, there's one thing we might do. Super-Pure happens to own a manufacturing option on a candle factory in this vicinity. How would you like to exchange this option for your peanut shares, Mr. Kenelly?"

"What would I do with a candle factory?"

"It's not exclusively a candle factory. The equipment may be converted to the manufacture of a dozen different articles. The option is worth fourteen thousand dollars, but Super-Pure is willing to take a loss on it because we prefer to stay in the peanut-products business."

"It *sounds* all right," said Joe, "but I'd have to talk to my lawyer first."

"Naturally," said Mr. Dretherly. "An energetic young businessman should find a fertile opportunity here to turn a neat profit."

Martingale & Fotherwell, the contract lawyers, found everything regarding the candle factory just as Mr. Dretherly had described. "But what in the world will we *do* with it, Joe?" said Helene.

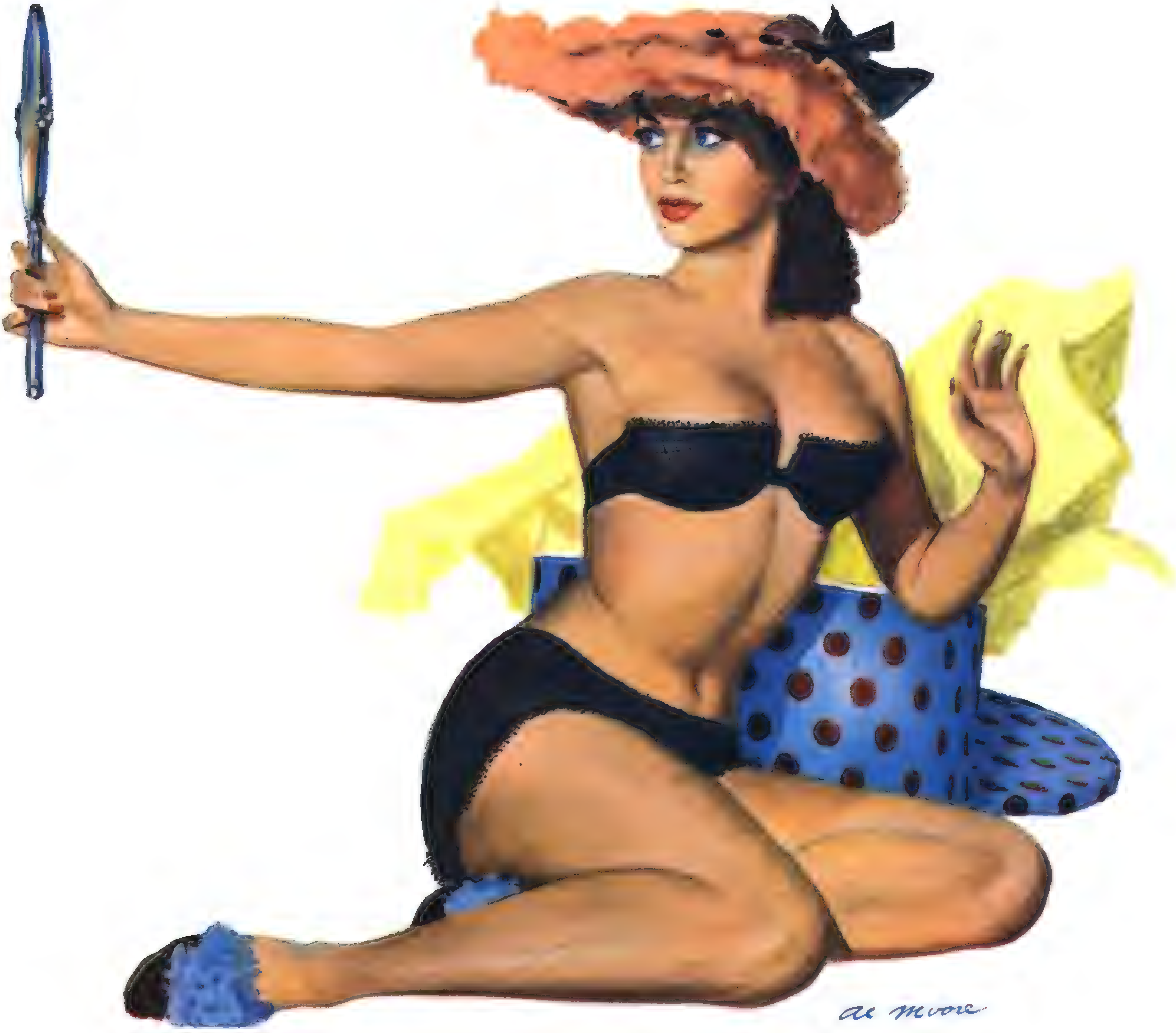
"According to Fotherwell, we can't go wrong. For fifty-five hundred bucks worth of peanut stocks we get a fourteen-thousand-dollar option on a factory. Tomorrow I'll take a run over and look at the place."

The factory was a low shedlike building on the outskirts of town. Joe marveled at the equipment it contained. As Dretherly had said, its machinery was convertible to any number of uses. There were shiny lathes and stampers, boilers and vats, circular molders, casting equipment. An idea had begun to simmer at the back of Joe's mind when a man approached him.

"Mr. Kenelly?" Joe nodded. "My name is Jake Markos. I was just talking to Mr. Dretherly over at the Super-Pure about this place. He told me the option had been transferred to you. If you haven't already made plans for the factory, I would like to discuss a (*Continued on page 158*)

THE ESQUIRE GIRL

PAINTING BY AL MOORE



Mis-Adventure

I might be out dancing in night clubs,
I might be entranced by a show,
I might have a date
With some old reprobate
Who simply is dripping with dough;
But I'm catching up on my shut-eye,
On frothy diversions I frown,
For I've had air-mail
From my own special heir-male
And soon we'll be doing the town!

VERSE BY PHIL STACK

This beauteous *Mademoiselle* is a model whose lens career keeps our Gallic friends crying *formidable*. U. S. models, please note, and primp

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROGER COSTER

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROGER COSTER

Mademoiselle. Such svelte loveliness is, by legend, typically French

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROGER COSTER

Mademoiselle. When a French girl is athletic, she is moreover *superbe*

Is a Miss as Good as a M'lle?

French and American professional models show there's much to be left unsaid on both sides

In the interests of Science, French and U. S. models contend to end the great controversy. The question: "How beautiful is a woman?" has an obvious answer: she is terrific stuff. But a departmental debate still rages over the relative merits of French and American women.

The G. I. theme, designed to annoy the little woman no end and also to suggest a certain wicked devil-may-carelessness only temporarily under control, usually goes like this: The French girl is sleek, chic, feminine and handy at making with the skillet. The lovely French girls, our man confesses, were grateful to their dusty liberators and *la belle dame sans inhibitions* was often a much tastier companion than a Tiger tank. The French girl, goes the argument, knows how to make a man feel and act like a man. The French girl is the world's loveliest woman.

The defender of the U. S. faith rallies stoutly at this point and—conjuring up visions of hot apple pie and shaded elm streets—brings up the alert, independent, home-bred girl, with her fresh, outdoor good looks. Somewhat confused by the freckles-and-pigtails background he has introduced, he wonders why he is soon apologizing for the U. S. woman's hidden virtues.

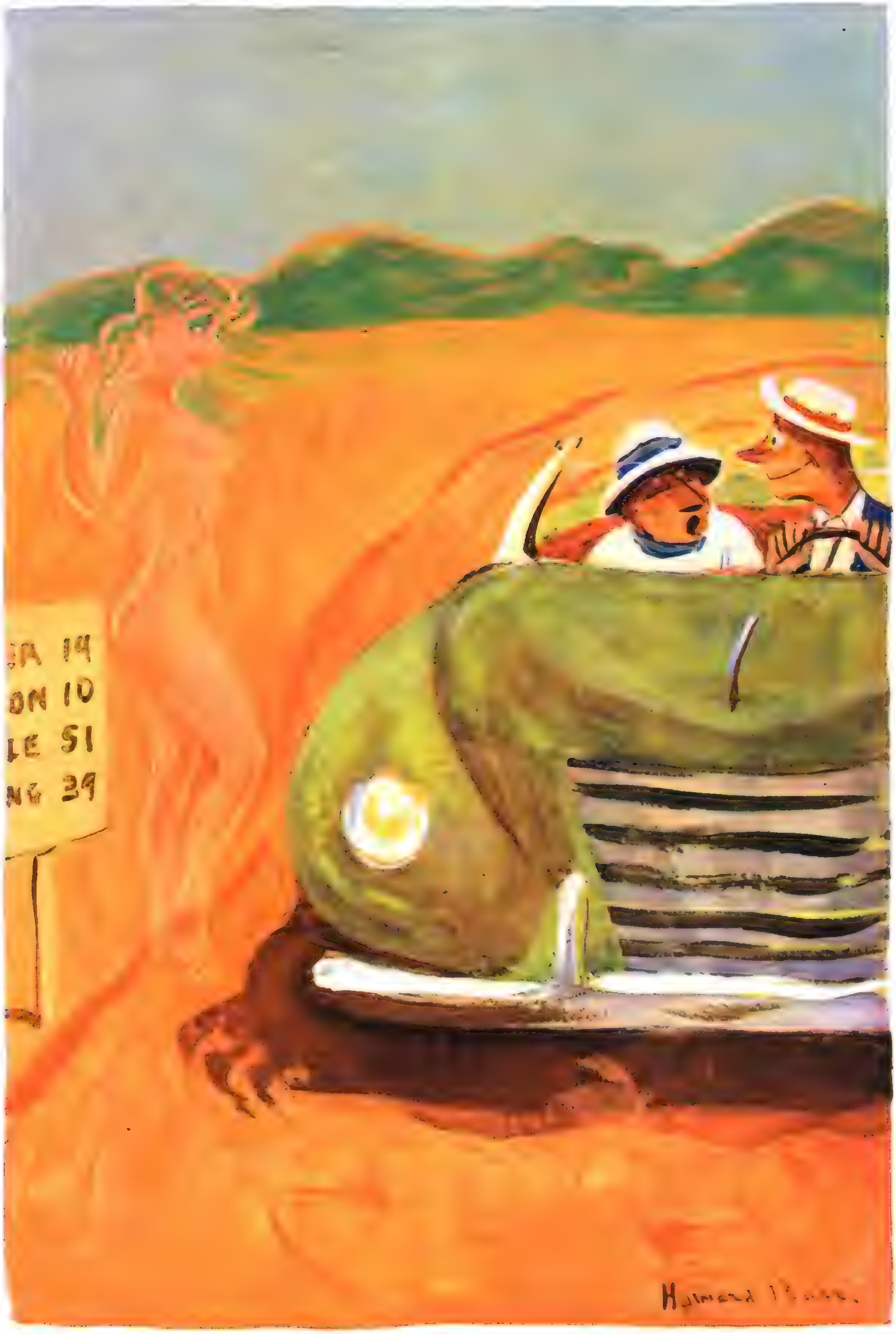
If Esquire takes any side in this eternally fascinating controversy it is to point out that all too often the stunning career girls of France—actresses, models, singers—are compared to the unspectacular but lovable little girl-next-door who makes a good movie date, but isn't quite in the Camille class. So, as a gesture of admiration toward our own lassies, we present a sprinkling of young ladies—all lovely, all professional models, some French, some American—for your study. *Chacun à son goût* or "You pays your nickel and you takes your choice."

Miss. Wouldn't you say she was chic, alluring—and French? But she isn't

PHOTOGRAPH BY BAUMAN

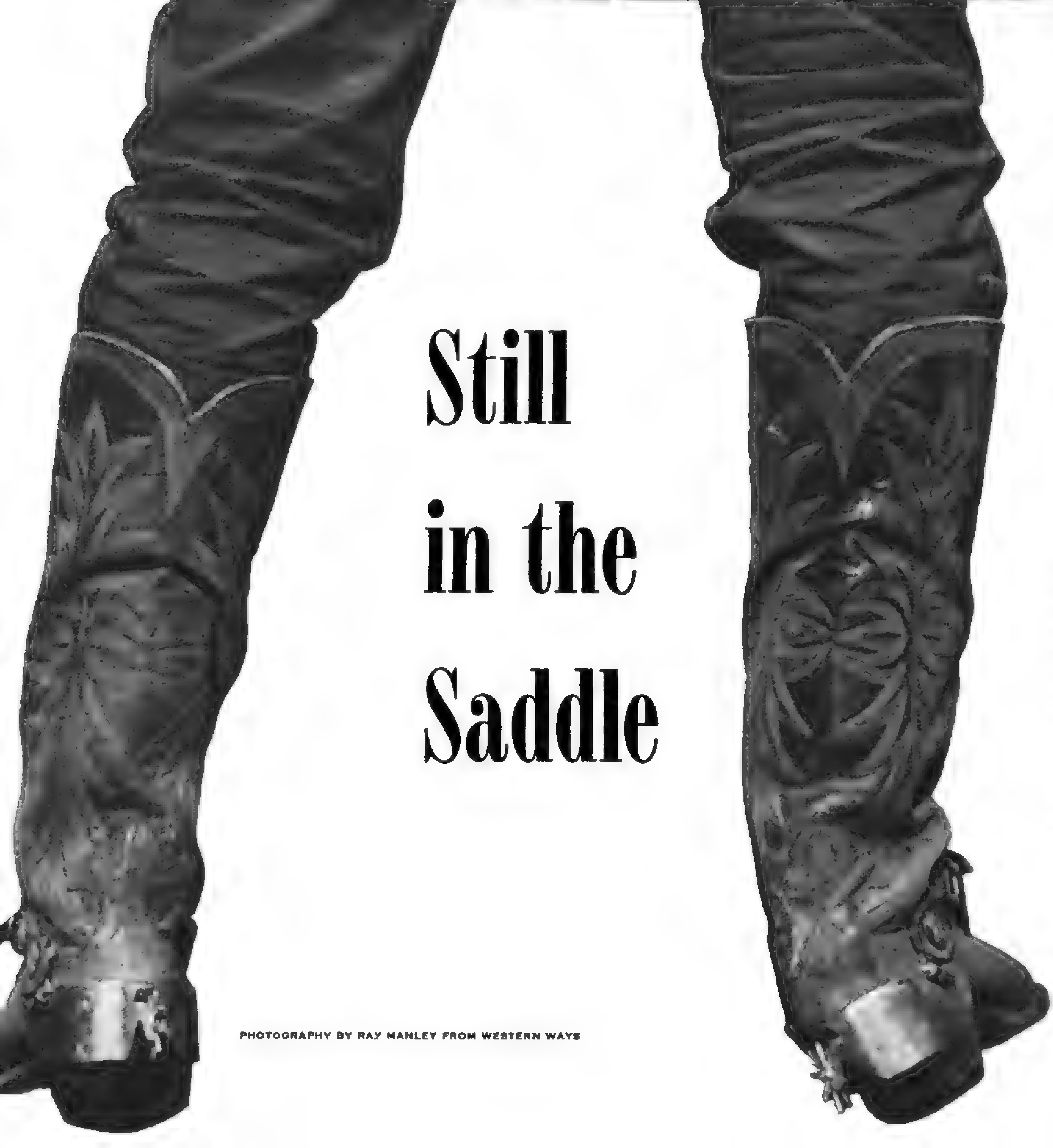
Miss. A pixie from Paris? This exotic creature is from Manhattan, U.S.A.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RONNY JACQUES


A 14
ON 10
LE 51
NG 29
Howard Baer

"It's a hot day, Ed, and you had too many beers maybe"

Rugged faces of the West. It's tough going, but you're free and you can't buy that kind of health



Still in the Saddle

The six-shooters and sombreros are gone, but men and animals still live a raw life on the range

IT TAKES guts. He may carry a fence pliers on his hip instead of a six-shooter; his boss may ride around in a Buick instead of a buckboard. But never get the idea that the life of a twentieth-century cowboy is softer than that of his ancestors—it's just a little safer. His day still starts at sunup, he still lives in his beloved Western saddle, and modern ingenuity has yet to figure out a new way for riding herd on a few thousand head of nervous cattle. He still has to sit in his saddle for endless hours, keeping on the alert for strays and potential stampeders.

Today, a waddie knows how to read, can write more than his name on the back of a pay check, sometimes is very well-educated, and has a rugged respect for law and order. That doesn't mean he can't take grueling sandstorms, heat, and wild cattle. He doesn't wear chaps any more; nor a ten-gallon sombrero, except in the movies; nor spurs the size of a discus. Still he's a colorful, romantic son of the frontier who would rather sleep in a "Tucson" bed with his back for a mattress, than on the softest innerspring in Dallas. He wears Levis now and a small fedora that will stay on without a string—but his face hasn't changed. It's weatherbeaten and tanned: more like hide than skin. A roll-your-own is stuck in one corner of his mouth and there's a look of humor and content around the eyes that only comes from living with nature. Teddy Roosevelt described him as "brave, hospitable, hardy, and adventurous; he is the grim pioneer of our race . . ." Except for his guns, the cowpuncher hasn't changed much over the years. It still takes guts.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RAY MANLEY FROM WESTERN WAYS

God's country. No wonder a cowboy will sell everything except his saddle if he is down and out. As long as he has that, maybe somewhere he can find a horse to ride out here. What more does he need?

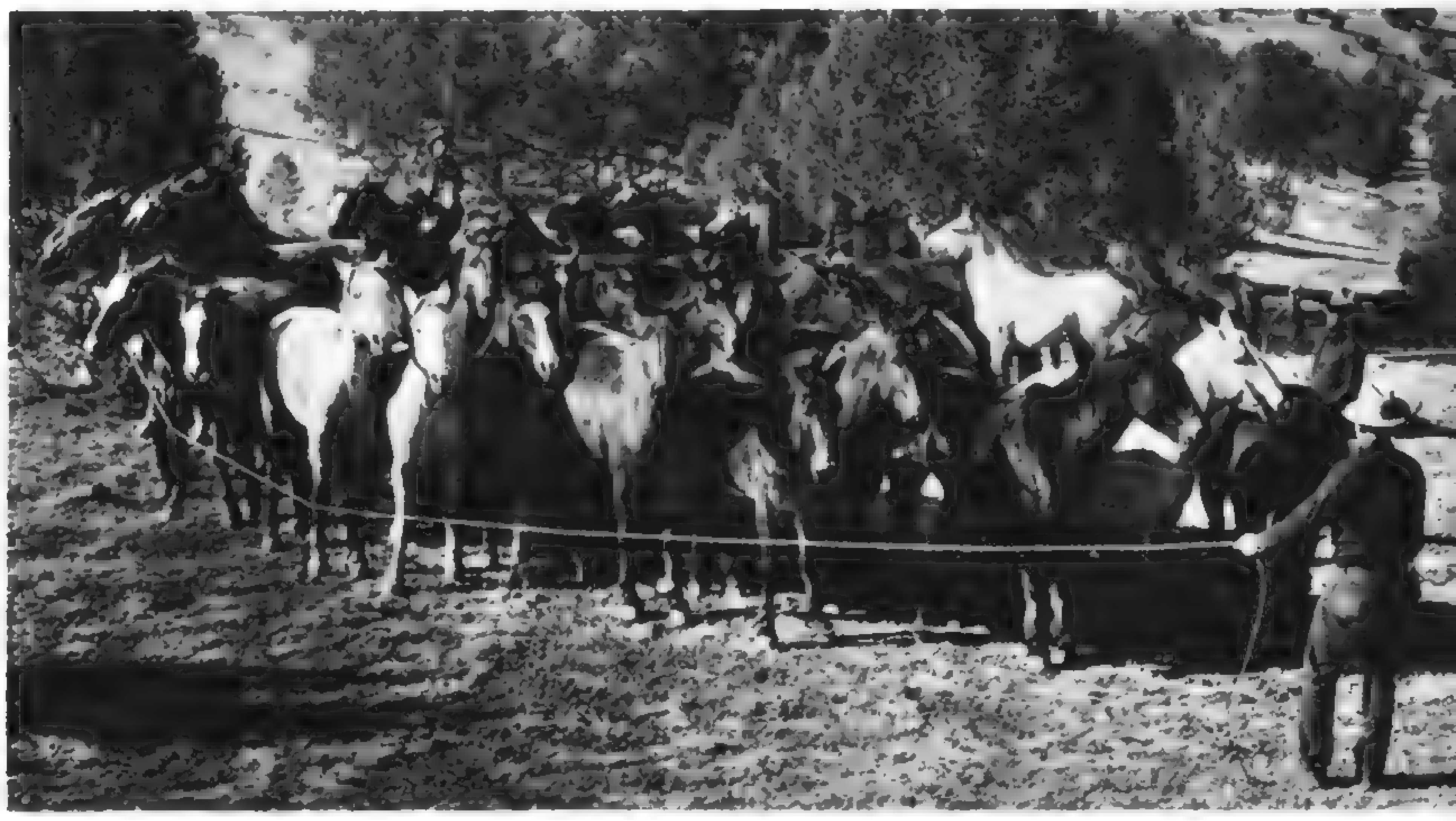
Even without Indians, a cowboy's life is a rough one that takes skill and courage and love for a saddle

Pecos Bill is dead. No longer is there a pile of six-guns behind the bar, waiting to be returned when the cowboys ride out of town again. There aren't any herds of wild mustangs roaming the high plains waiting for the hell-raising waddies who can rope 'em, break 'em, and saddle 'em. But out West next spring there will be a big roundup and the smell of burning flesh will be in the air as the red-hot iron presses into a precious hide. Even after all these years, the calves won't have learned that they must be cut from the herd for branding. After a stiff fight, a calf will be roped, thrown, tied, and dragged to the fire—as in the old days, a cowboy will have to sit on his head to keep him quiet.

And next summer, far from the dude ranches, cattle will wander over the grasslands under the sharp eyes of a cowboy who'll never be extinct until somebody invents roast beef in a test tube. For a cowpuncher, driving cattle is still a tricky, dangerous, and often dull business. River crossings are treacherous as always and the cattle just as stupid; lightning flashes or a loud noise will send them stampeding across the plains. Riding like fury to head off a fear-crazed herd will always be a death-defying stunt equal to anything on the midway. When things are peaceful, he'll ride close to his saddle, like a grassland centaur; an expert, caring for thousands of cattle that will soon feed the world.

In some ways, the cowpuncher of today is a better man than his legendary forebears. Old Pecos Bill would rather saddle up his horse than hobble 200 yards down the line for a drink of water; he was terrified by the mere thought of manual labor in any form. Instead of high, tight boots, a modern cowboy often wears low-heeled shoes that were made to walk and work in; and he's become quite an expert with the pitchfork. He's become a conscientious citizen, veteran of three wars, and for his cows he gets ten times the price of an old longhorn—without losing, for instance, his almost incredible reverence for the feminine gender and his abiding love for lonesome music. Worthy bearer of a great American tradition—the tradition of the West—the cowboy today lives a man's life and a free one. There are few who would trade their saddles for a pot of gold. ⌗

Hog-tied, the little dogie will get along from now on with a rustler-proof mark on his hide. Not deep, but durable, it will remain till he becomes a porterhouse



It's roundup time on the western plains. Any one of those ponies will change into a bucking bronco the moment that you attempt to throw a rope halter over his head

Although lassoing is fast becoming a lost art outside of the rodeo—because practice roping is dangerous for cattle—it's not gone from the West yet

An unco-operative calf is no match for a saddle-hardened veteran of the roundup, but it takes a lot of patience and nerve to get it back in line

MURDER IS

What kind of a handicap does a pretty woman give a golfer when he pairs off with death on the 19th hole?

THE murder wasn't even a side issue to my job, just a coincidence. I had dropped off a train at this little town in the Santa Clara valley to check on a bank embezzlement for a surety company that was paying me a monthly retainer. The sheriff already had the embezzler in hock, so all I had to do was talk to the bank officials and see if they intended to prosecute or leave it up to the surety company. But it was Saturday noon before I got there, and the bank president had left town for the week end. I had to wait around until Monday to see him. That was how I happened to be at the golf club Sunday afternoon, when somebody knocked off a man named Hal French.

The sheriff took me to the club for lunch. It was a nice setup for a small town—eighteen holes of good grass, tennis courts, a swimming pool. The weather was hot and the pool was full of swimmers. When we passed the pool on our way up from the parking lot, a girl wearing a red bathing suit was struggling, not too hard, to keep a couple of huskies in swimming trunks from throwing her in. She yelled "Hi!" and "Help!" at the sheriff just as the boys got her by the wrists and ankles, swung her a couple of times, and heaved. She went under with a shriek of laughter.

I would have noticed her even if she hadn't yelled at us. She was a small brunette with a figure like a pin-up, and the two swatches of red Lastex she wore didn't do the figure any harm. The rest of the women in and around the pool could have gone home for all the attention they were getting. It was a good bet that the brunette wouldn't be popular with the local females.

I said, "Cute girl."

The sheriff grunted. "Too cute for her own good."

He didn't say any more, and I didn't ask questions. We sat down at a table on the veranda of the clubhouse and looked around for a waiter. Before we could order anything, a skinny man in a white coat came tearing around the corner of the veranda as if his pants were on fire. When he saw the sheriff, he stopped short. "My golly, Sheriff, I'm glad you're here!" His face was as white as his coat. "You better come with me!"

"What's the matter, Charlie?"

"Somebody killed Hal French!"

The sheriff's reaction was strange. He looked down toward the pool, where the little brunette was playing you-splash-me-and-I'll-splash-you with the guys who had pitched her in. It was several seconds before he answered. "Who knows about it?"

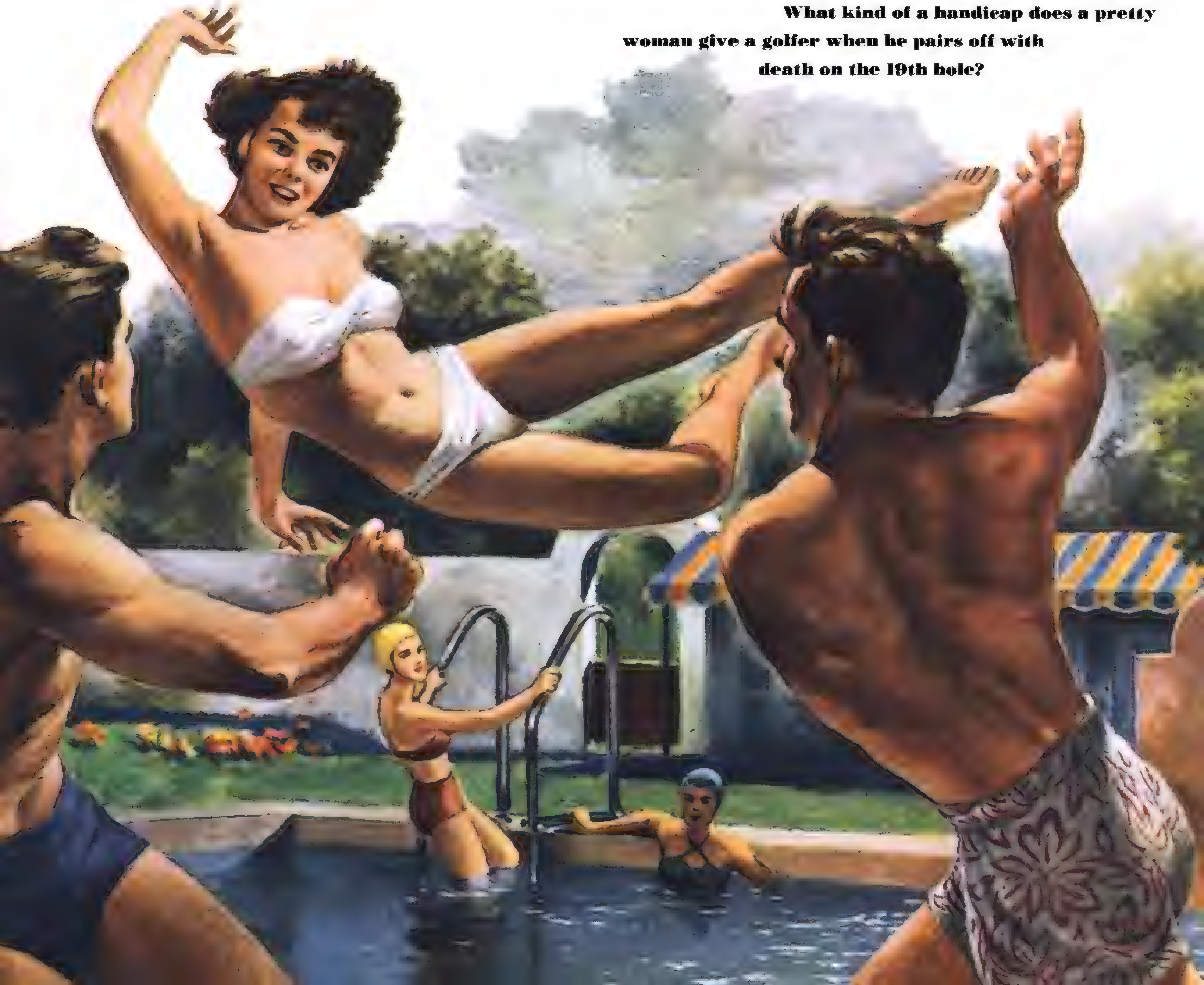
"Just the Garrett boys and Tom Chester. They're in the locker room with—" the skinny man's voice broke— "the body."

"All right, Charlie." The sheriff stood up. "Don't say anything to anybody else. We'll take a look."

The "we" was all the invitation I needed. I followed them around the corner of the clubhouse and along a spike-scarred path to the locker room.

Charlie closed the door behind us when we went in. There was another door opening into what looked like the main club room, and an archway leading off to the showers. The sheriff walked over to lock the door to the club room before he did anything else.

The place smelled like any other locker room—



sweaty. Three men, naked except for bath towels twisted around their middles, stood looking down at a body on the floor. The dead man wore a pair of loud shorts and one sock. He was big, without much fat on him, and had a Hollywood haircut that curled behind his ears. His feet were under a wooden bench and his head was cramped up against the base of a row of steel lockers. His jaw, hanging open, didn't look right. Four of the lockers were open, and a round tray with four tall drinks on it sat on the bench. A putter with a thick-weighted head lay on the floor near the body. That was all I noticed right away, except that water was splashing on cement somewhere in the shower room.

The sheriff said, "Hello, Pat. Harry. Tom."

The three men all said hello as if it hurt them to move their mouths. The sheriff went over to the body and knelt beside it. First he felt for a heartbeat, then wiggled the loose jaw and ran his hand around under the back of the head. There was blood on his fingers when he stood up.

"His jaw is broken," he said as he watched the faces of the three. "His head must have hit the locker when he went down. What happened?"

Nobody answered right away. Charlie was clear across the room, standing guard by the door we had come in, and I could hear his breathing. Finally one of the men—a stocky guy, short-legged, but built good above the towel—said, "We don't know. We were all in the showers when Charlie yelled. We ran out and found Hal lying there. He must have fallen and hit his head."

"He didn't hit the back of his head and break his jaw at the same time," the sheriff said.

None of them had an answer to that. The sheriff's eyes wandered from one man to another. They all had the same tight, guarded expression on their faces.

"Anybody in the showers, Charlie?" he said.

Charlie left the door and went into the shower room. The water stopped running. He came out and said, "No, sir. They left the showers going when I called them."

"How long ago was that?"

"A minute, maybe two, before I found you. Mister Pat sent me to telephone your office. I was on my way to the phone when I saw you."

"Where were you when it happened?"

"Mister Pat sent me for drinks. When I came back, they were in the showers and I saw Mister Hal lying there. I thought he had fainted or something until I saw his face." Charlie swallowed hard. "Then I guess I just yelled. They all came running out together."

The sheriff looked at the man who stood farthest from the body.

"You seem to have given all the orders so far, Pat. Suppose you tell us everything that happened today."

The man he spoke to was a couple of years older than the one who had talked first, but they looked enough alike to be brothers—same features, same coloring, same stocky build. That made them the Garrett boys; and the third man, a tall slim kid with a thin crop of blond hair on his chest, was Tom Chester. I wanted to get it straight because nobody was bothering with introductions.

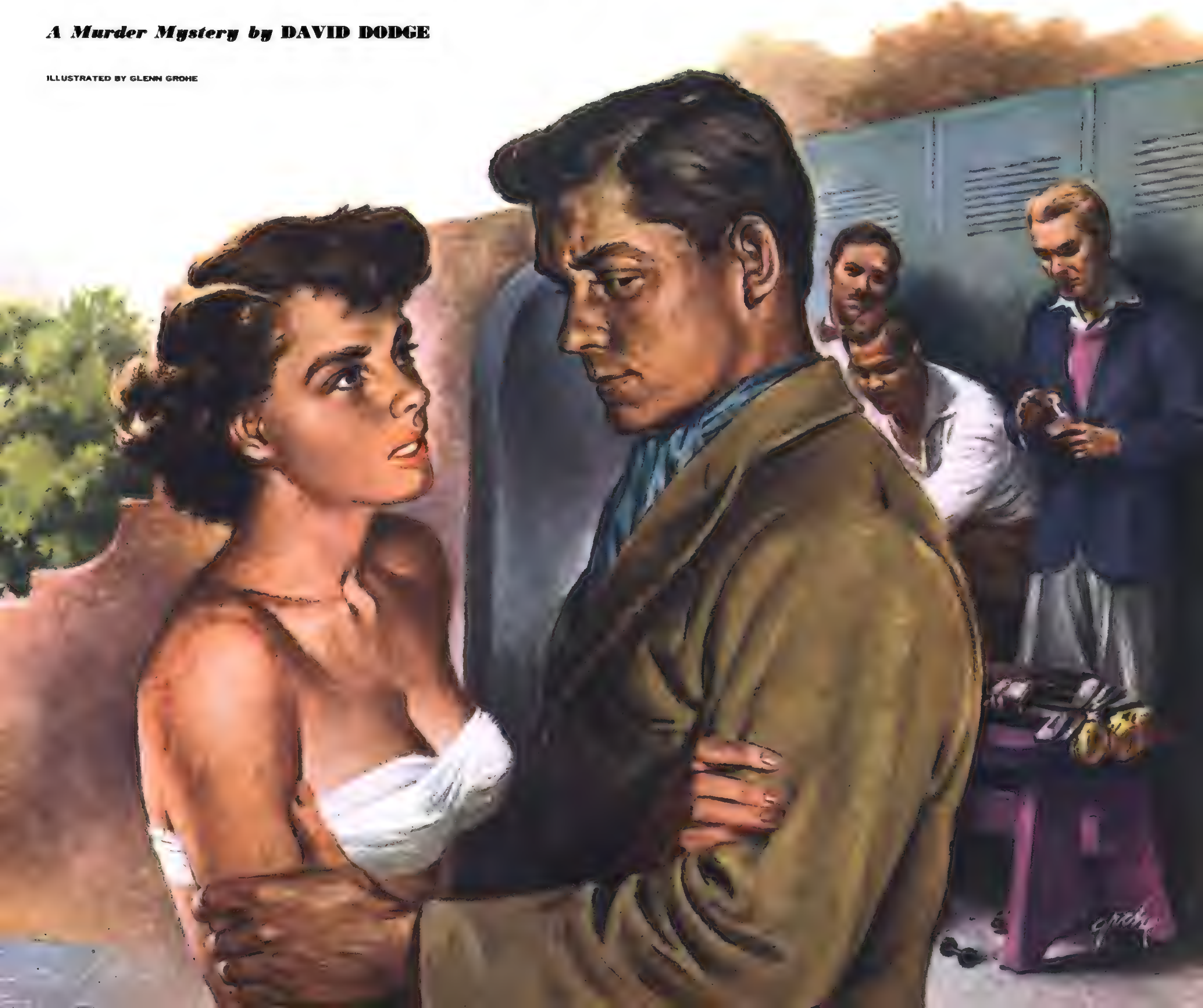
Pat Garrett said, "We had our regular foursome this morning. Lila wanted to swim, so I brought her along. She

(*Continued on page 135*)

NO ACCIDENT

***A Murder Mystery* by DAVID DODGE**

ILLUSTRATED BY GLENN GROHE



A LOT OF THINGS:

The Deacon and the Ventriloquist

In which the smartest—and the highest-paid—coach in baseball gets his proper innings, tramp pigeons are taken for a ride, and a one-man army receives a fitting tribute

by JIMMY CANNON

Now in the month of the World Series the sports pages are full of the miracles the managers of the winning teams passed in order to get their clubs home first. But it's my opinion that the best manager in baseball isn't managing a club, but is a coach for the Cleveland Indians, an old quiet guy by the name of Bill McKechnie.

The old baseball corporations used to put a guy on a pension by hiring him as a coach and his main job was to sit and drink with the manager and make sure he wasn't clipped by a lush roller on his way back to the hotel. Important players sometimes were made coaches because the front office didn't want to court public disapproval by firing them as soon as their legs buckled. Some got their jobs because they had been ignorantly agreeable as players and permitted the franchises to fleece them out of raises they were entitled to get. Others were thought to be comedians, such as Nick Altrock who juggled baseballs, turned his cap sideways, and made flapping motions with his arms to indicate imbecility. Then there were the old rummies the manager could trust and hired only because they weren't competition for his job. All teams have a grand-man type who is elaborately courteous and orders ginger ale in public and can make a talk at a boys' club about the way big-league baseball fights juvenile delinquency. The coaches work at first base and third or in the bull pen and the guys in the boxes have few decisions to make because the signs are flashed off the bench by the managers. But the coach has to relay them to the runners, which makes him a translator. The chief function of the coach is to protect the satchel full of baseballs and make certain the players are not throwing them up into the stands to guarantee immunity from abuse if they strike out with the bases full. But Bill Veeck has made the hiring of a coach important.

The highest-paid coach of all time is McKechnie. I make it no contest when I pick him as the smartest around. Old Bill pulls down over $20,000 a year and gets a small piece of what the Indians do at the box office. Bill has managed a lot of ball clubs and has won pennants in the National League with inferior teams. Lou Boudreau, the Cleveland manager, does his own thinking, but with McKechnie around he gets one of the best opinions in baseball. Boudreau knows that Bill isn't taking aim at his job because McKechnie is through with managing and there is some talk that he will quit baseball and settle down in Florida pretty soon. But with the manager playing shortstop and a young guy as baseball managers go, McKechnie does Boudreau a lot of good. He ducks publicity and tells reporters all over the circuit that Boudreau doesn't need any help. It is a generous statement by a kind and decent man. But Lou Boudreau is too intelligent a guy to have Bill McKechnie around and not use his knowledge.

The coach with the biggest reputation in my time was Charles Dressen, who was bounced off the Yanks and managed Oakland in the Pacific Coast League last season. Dressen managed the Cincinnati Reds for Larry MacPhail, worked for Leo Durocher in Brooklyn and Bucky Harris when he had the Yankees. There are many qualities you can object to in Durocher, but he is a sound and frequently brilliant manager. There were stories that Dressen did the scheming and he was the reason why Durocher looked so good. It was a myth which a lot of baseball men accepted and MacPhail was one of them. It was MacPhail's intention to bring Harris up into the front office and to use Dressen as the manager. But he sold out his end of the franchise and Harris and Dressen were fired when George Weiss took over the ball club.

It is a dead heat between McKechnie and Art Fletcher if you ask me to call the best of the coaches. Fletcher, who picked up after an illness, gave the Yankees two managers when he was with them. He shrugged away many another club's offer to be the main guy. The story goes that Fletcher, who once managed the Phillies, let his wife decide whether he should be a foreman or a hand because managing agitated him into sleepless nights and a deficiency in the knife and fork department. The missus, so the fable travels, said it was better to pass up the extra money that goes with managing a ball club because he could act housebroken and at the same time get a living wage as a coach. So Fletch promised he would never manage again and hit the sack early every night, slept late in the morning and took good care of himself every day. But he must have done a lot of Joe McCarthy's worrying because in 1945 he was knocked down with a heart attack and never returned to baseball.

The coach must be a guy who doesn't pop off to newspapermen. He must do his work quietly and not disturb the image of the manager as the deep thinker. Coaches who get too much publicity don't stay on the pay roll very long. But Fletch was good company on the road and when I traveled with the Yanks he gave them many a laugh. It was a hick's type of humor, but the ballplayers sailed for it. One of his gags was to lose himself in a hotel lobby or railroad station and throw his voice around the way ventriloquists do. But he wasn't very good at it and didn't annoy people too much with the joke which he appreciated more than anyone else. The players liked him and they respected him and his small jokes made the time on the trains easier to kill. As I said, he was smart, close-mouthed and had a good sense of humor, and that's the best recommendation I can give a coach.

Many a time when McCarthy was sick Fletcher ran the ball club and made few mistakes. No one worried much about McCarthy being absent for a couple of days as long as Fletch was around. I imagine Veeck feels the same as the Yankee bosses did as long as McKechnie is taking trips with the Indians.

It's an old saying of baseball that regulars win the ball games, but a team is only as strong as its bench. The clubs on which Fletcher was a coach had the strongest bench in the American League. They had the two best managers of their time sitting in the Yankee dugout. I don't consider it accidental that McKechnie was a coach with the Indians when Boudreau won his first pennant in '48. Old Bill, sometimes called The Deacon, didn't hit for them or run or throw and he didn't do any pitching. Boudreau made the decisions. But I doubt if he bucked McKechnie's knowledge, or disregarded his information.

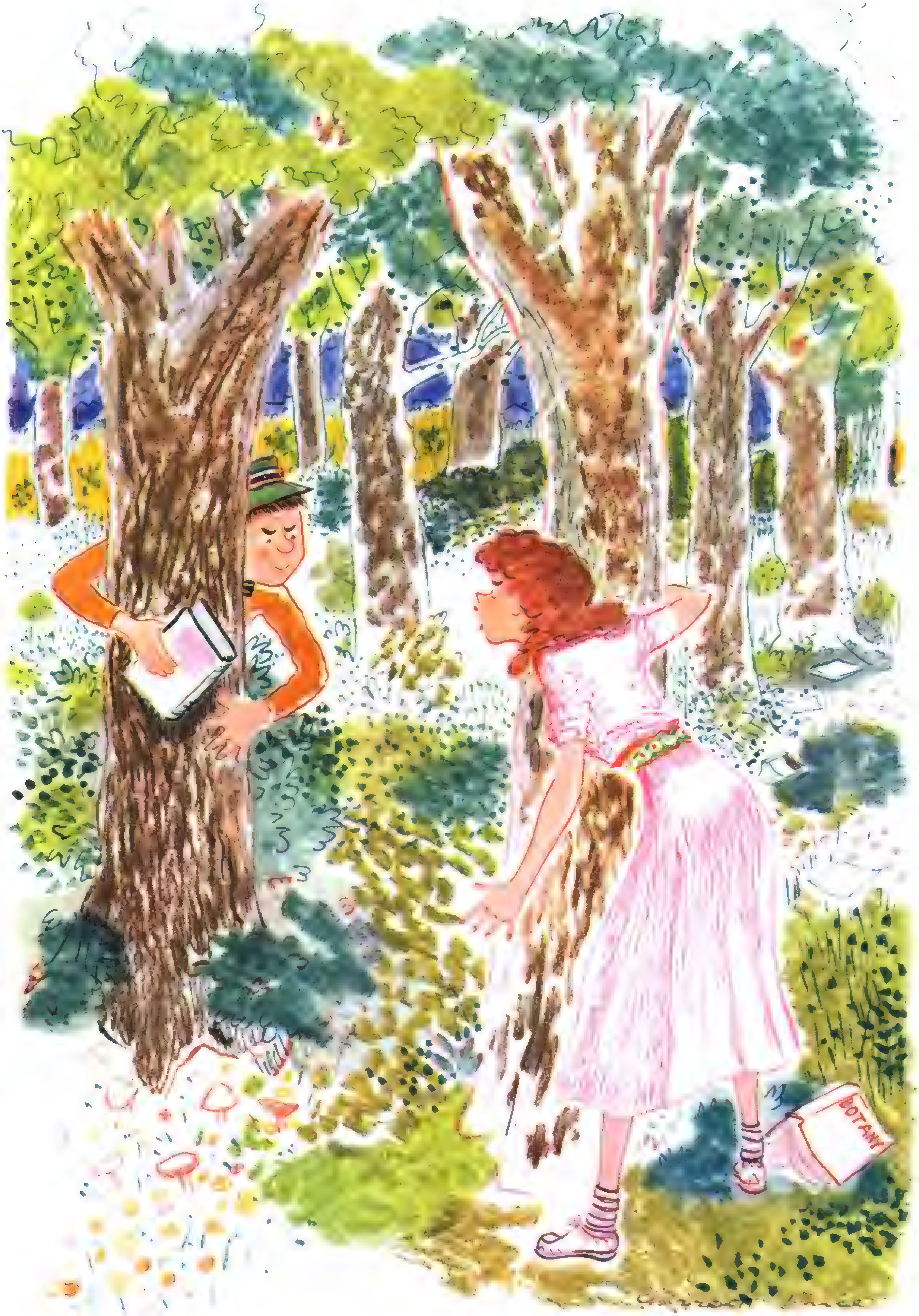
Anyway, I think McKechnie and Fletcher were the best I ever saw.

It's not much of a job when most guys do it. But McKechnie and Fletcher always knew as much as the manager. The ballplayers realized that, and that's what made them the best.

The Frenchman Who Hated Germans

My first night in Germany I slept in a farmhouse. I woke up lousy in the morning. It was a filthy place and I could smell the farmer before he came into a room. He always smiled when he saw one of us, cringed and stooped over as though he had been struck motionless and could not come up to complete the bow. There was fear in all of them, but the old woman was the steadiest. My glove was torn and Jo gave it to her to sew. When she was finished Jo shook it in (*Continued on page 141*)

"Now brace yourself, Mr. Dwight"



"Roger Butterwing! Professor Smedley sent us out here to study botany!"

NINTH IN A SERIES OF VACATIONS "PLANNED FOR THE MAN" BY ESQUIRE

big deals in the Sun

Vacation prescriptions for the high-powered tycoon who relaxes best while cracking sales resistance on a beach at the base of palm trees

A Travel Article by **RICHARD JOSEPH**

It's supposed to have been a Swiss hotelkeeper who first developed the theory that you can tell a man's nationality by the way he goes off on a vacation. "The Frenchman," he said, "takes a holiday with his mistress, the Italian climbs into a railway carriage with his wife and nine children, the Englishman packs off with his golf clubs. But the American," he added, "takes a vacation with somebody he's trying to sell something to!"

Whatever the story's origin, it's a fair bet that future historians will list among the great American contributions to twentieth-century culture the fine art of combining business with pleasure.

A few sage resort and hotel owners scattered over the world have stocked up on good, rich cigars and fine liquors, installed phones conveniently under desert cactus plants and at the base of beach umbrellas, and sat back to enjoy the bonanza brought by a clientele of big-spending and free-tipping American businessmen.

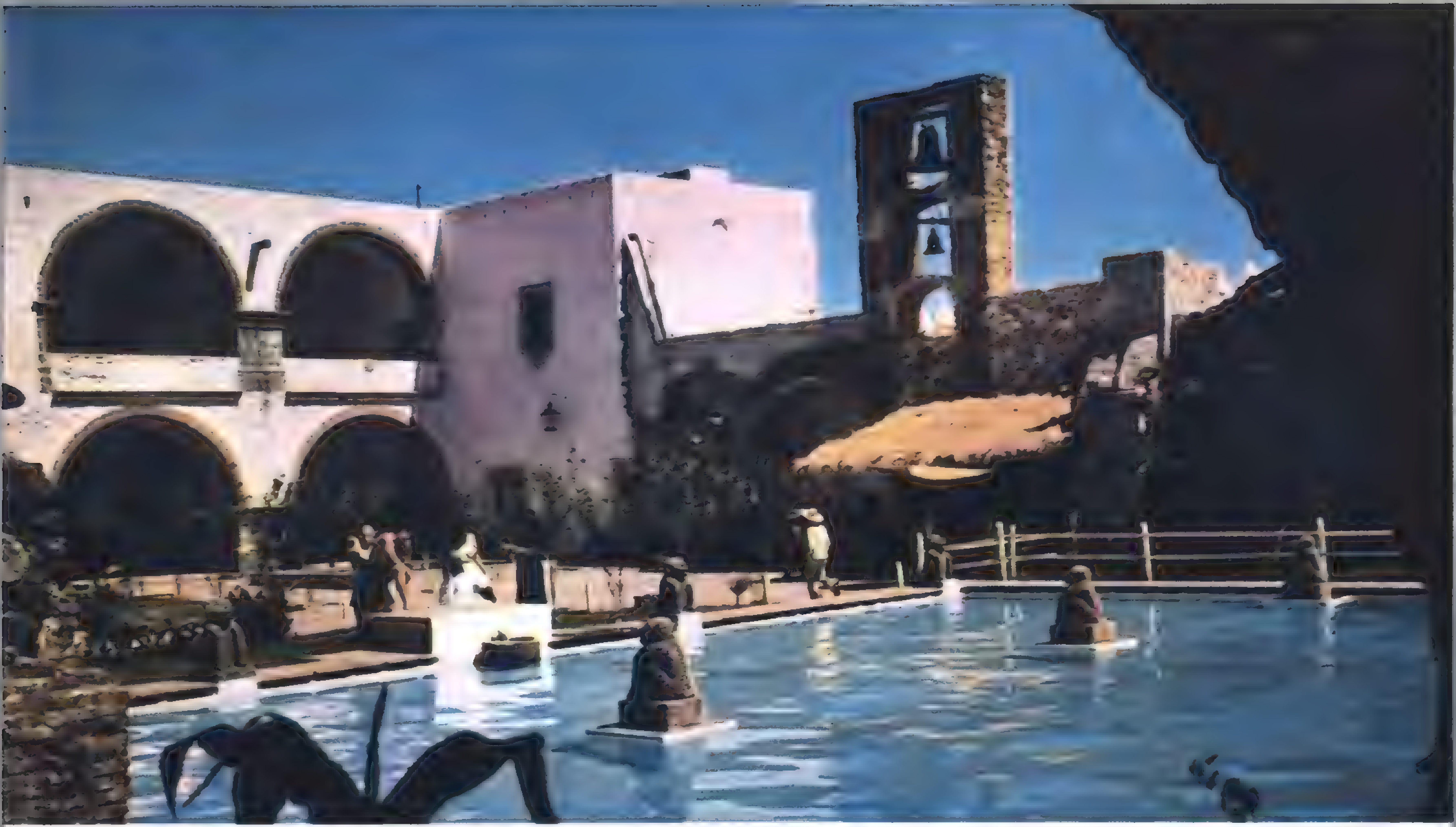
These are the places for you if you're the kind of a man whose business is his pleasure, who gets more fun out of his work than anything else, and whose idea of a big kick is to close a deal that has foiled everybody else. Here are the spots where you can entertain a client or a prospect and relax, knowing he's being put into that proper frame of mind by matchless environment and service.

All of nature works for you when you take a man to Honolulu. Let him spend a week at the Royal Hawaiian, with palm trees waving in breezes that whisper across Waikiki Beach from Diamond Head, while an orchestra in the hotel is playing soft, island music and magnificent women of mixed American, Polynesian and Oriental origins are swimming offshore—and he'll be ready to buy anything. If he doesn't decide to sell you his business so he can stay there.

Closer to home, the film crowd usually takes off for Palm Springs, in the California desert, whenever they've got something big to promote, or things are getting a bit sticky back in Beverly Hills. In Europe, the tycoons trek to the white palace of the Hotel Negresco in Nice, if they want warm winter sun, or to the Palace Hotel in St. Moritz, for high finance mixed with snow sports. You'll see the same crowd wherever you go—Americans who enjoy the good things in life while they're making the world's wheels go round. ⌗

Fabulous Acapulco on Mexico's Pacific Coast, only a few hours by plane from Hollywood, has become a symbol of peace and quiet for film-frazzled nerves. Except for its lovely little semicircular bay and the string of magnificent hotels on the surrounding cliffs, Acapulco is a typical Mexican fishing village

PHOTOGRAPH BY HATCH FROM PIX



COLOR BY PRESTON

You and your guests will feel like grandees of Old Spain when you check into the Hacienda de Vista Hermosa at Tequesquitengo, in Mexico, a few minutes away from the beautiful little town of Cuernavaca, favorite week-ending spot for wealthy residents of the Mexican capital. Built like a fortress by Hernando Cortez back in the days of the *conquistadores*, the old estate looks practically the same today, except for the addition of the huge swimming pool for the hacienda's guests. Crossing the lovely pool is a four-hundred-year-old aqueduct, which to this day carries water to the near-by fields

Silent-screen star Marion Davies built this seaside palace at Malibu Beach, California, not far from Hollywood, back in the lush and comparatively tax-free days when the film colony vied with Indian royalty in setting the world's standards of sheer and undiluted luxury. Then Joe Drown, golden boy of the hotel business, and decorator Florence Hayward combined their talents to transform it into the present-day Ocean House, one of the most luxurious of the resort hotels in the United States. You can pay as much as forty-five dollars per day for one of the swank suites, and love it

The Crime of McSwane

When the Sage of Baltimore was just a cub, in the early 1900's, he wrote a thriller to end all thrillers—but the Henry Louis Mencken tingle is still in there today

by H. L. MENCKEN

EDITOR'S NOTE: "ONE FOR THE BOOK"
H. L. Mencken, who knows all about the American language, knows soldiers and fear, too.

THIS, in essence, is a fairy tale—at least it begins like one. Once upon a time, it begins, there was a boy who did not want to be President of the United States or a Merchant Prince or a Great General. He wanted to be that humble thing, a writer. His father wanted him to follow the family trade, which was the tobacco business. When he was fourteen he began to write ballads, ballades, triolets, rondeaus, and other choice pieces of *vers de société*. As an amateur bard the young poet was divided in his loyalties: he loved with equal fervor the rolling, rousing rhythms of Kipling and the artificial delicacies of the French forms. At eighteen the poet, knowing that man cannot live by rhyme alone, became a journalist. Since he was responsible for a regular column, some of his stanzas crept into the newspaper. A friend, who had set up shop as a printer, needed some examples of fancy text to show off his typographical skill, and the young poet dug into his desk for the required copy. He was twenty-two when his first book saw the critical light of an April day. It was candidly, and a trifle coyly, entitled *Ventures into Verse*. A copy recently sold for $140.

Meanwhile, the youthful author had been alternating between verse and prose. His worship of Kipling found expression not only in thumping ballads but in short stories. One of them, a more than tolerable imitation of *Soldiers Three*, was published in *Leslie's Popular Monthly*, a favorite magazine of the period.

That was in 1902. After that time the young author entered a variety of fields. He became an editor of a large daily, of a magazine falsely entitled *The Smart Set*, and of another, *The American Mercury*, which was adopted as a symbol of protest by the literary insurgents. He emerged as a fearsome dialectician with such books as *A Book of Prefaces*, six volumes of *Prejudices*, and *Treatise on the Gods*. He became internationally famous as a pioneering lexicographer; his monumental *The American Language* ran into several enlarged editions and a couple of supplements which were larger than the original work. His name was—and is—Henry Louis Mencken.

And here, with its obviously boyish admiration for Rudyard Kipling, is practically his first appearance as an author. Mencken was twenty-one when he wrote *The Crime of McSwane*, which was printed in *Leslie's Popular Monthly* in July, 1902. If for no other reason than its historic associations, it is definitely One for the Book.

—LOUIS UNTERMEYER

MCSWANE lost his rifle in crossing a river that was not marked upon the map and the lieutenant pointed out to him, in eloquent language, the evil of the crime of losing it.

"Five minutes ago," he said, "you were a soldier—though a bad one. Now you're a slew-faced, jabbering camp-follower, and useless."

"I couldn't help it, sir," said McSwane. "The log hit me and I went over. The current's faster—"

"To the deuce with the current!" said the lieutenant. "You ought to have held on. Now you can fall out and march with the bearers—and see to it that you don't lose your shirt."

At this the remaining members of A Company—there were forty-nine—laughed despite their wet rags and thistle scratches, and the captain, who came up at the moment, inquired the reason for McSwane's appearance without his Lee-Metford.

"He dropped it in crossing," said the lieutenant. "I've ordered him to march with the bearers."

The captain nodded in approval.

"Let him keep an eye on them," he said, "until——" The captain turned away.

"Until when, sir?" said the lieutenant.

"Well, until he gets another rifle," said the captain. "He won't have to wait long."

"No, it won't be long," assented the lieutenant, and so McSwane marched over to the place where the black bearers of burdens were jabbering and watched the black boss bearers count them and beat them into line. His fellow warriors of A Company laughed as he moved away, for it was funny to see a private in a British regiment of the line reduced to the level of a Hausa draft animal, and in the jungle the minor refinements and kindnesses of life are forgotten—particularly by gentlemen who knew little of them at home . . .

Few things of an amusing nature, in truth, had happened to the men of A Company for many a day. Summoned from Lagos to help keep the Queen's peace, they were now on their way through the jungle and the tropical forest to a certain town upcountry, which had an unpronounceable name beginning with N'B and a heathen king who had indulged some time before in the luxury of leisurely and artistically massacring a Presbyterian missionary and a dozen or two native converts. It would be the duty and pleasure of A Company to discover and surround, and later to capture and hang this monarch, and to kill as many of his soldiers as might come into rifle range and to burn as many of his villages as might appear, and so the men marched uncomplainingly through the sodden grasses and lay awake nights with chills and staggered along during the day beneath a big red sun that almost set their helmets afire.

In the lead marched the first lieutenant with half of the men and the machine gun, and then came the black bearers, with boxes of cartridges and canned beef and hard crackers and quinine, and after them the captain, in a hammock borne by four blacks, and then, last of all, the rest of the men, with the sick plodding along as best they could among them.

McSwane now marched in the rear of the last bearer—they were stumbling along the narrow jungle path in single file—and a few yards ahead of the first man of the rear guard. This first man, who had a reputation as a wit, was determined to relieve the pain and tedium of the journey by making McSwane entertain him. Accordingly he invented a number of humorous remarks about soldiers without guns and white bearer bosses and clumsy rookies, and voiced them in a tone calculated to allow those behind him to hear them and enjoy them. The latter, after each effort, passed the witticism along, and a wave of laughter traveled down the line to the last man dragging in the rear.

For half a day McSwane listened to all of this in silence, for a source of consolation was open to him of which his taunters seemed to be unaware. But finally the great red glare of the sun or something else prompted him to make a strike for peace, and he turned around and smiled grimly.

"Was you there when the captain come up?" he asked.

"That I was," answered the wit, "an' I heerd him call yer a slew-faced, jabberin' camp follower."

"No," said McSwane calmly. "The captain didn't say that, it was the lieutenant."

"Well, what did the captain say, then?" asked the wit, parrying for an opening.

"The captain sez," replied McSwane, " 'Wait till he gets another rifle. *It won't be long!*' "

"Well?" said the wit, more soberly.

"He meant that one of you wooden-headed clodhoppers is goin' to get a bullet through your little gizzard before long, and that I'll git the dead man's gun." McSwane paused a moment. "And by God," he continued fiercely, "*I hope that man'll be you!*"

There was a gradual cessation of laughter all along the line, and the wit tripped over a vine, and in stopping to swear at it allowed a score of other men to pass him. McSwane turned to the new leader of the rear guard and glanced at his rifle.

"You heerd what the captain said?" he demanded.

"Yes, I heerd it," replied the man, shuddering, and McSwane plodded on again in peace.

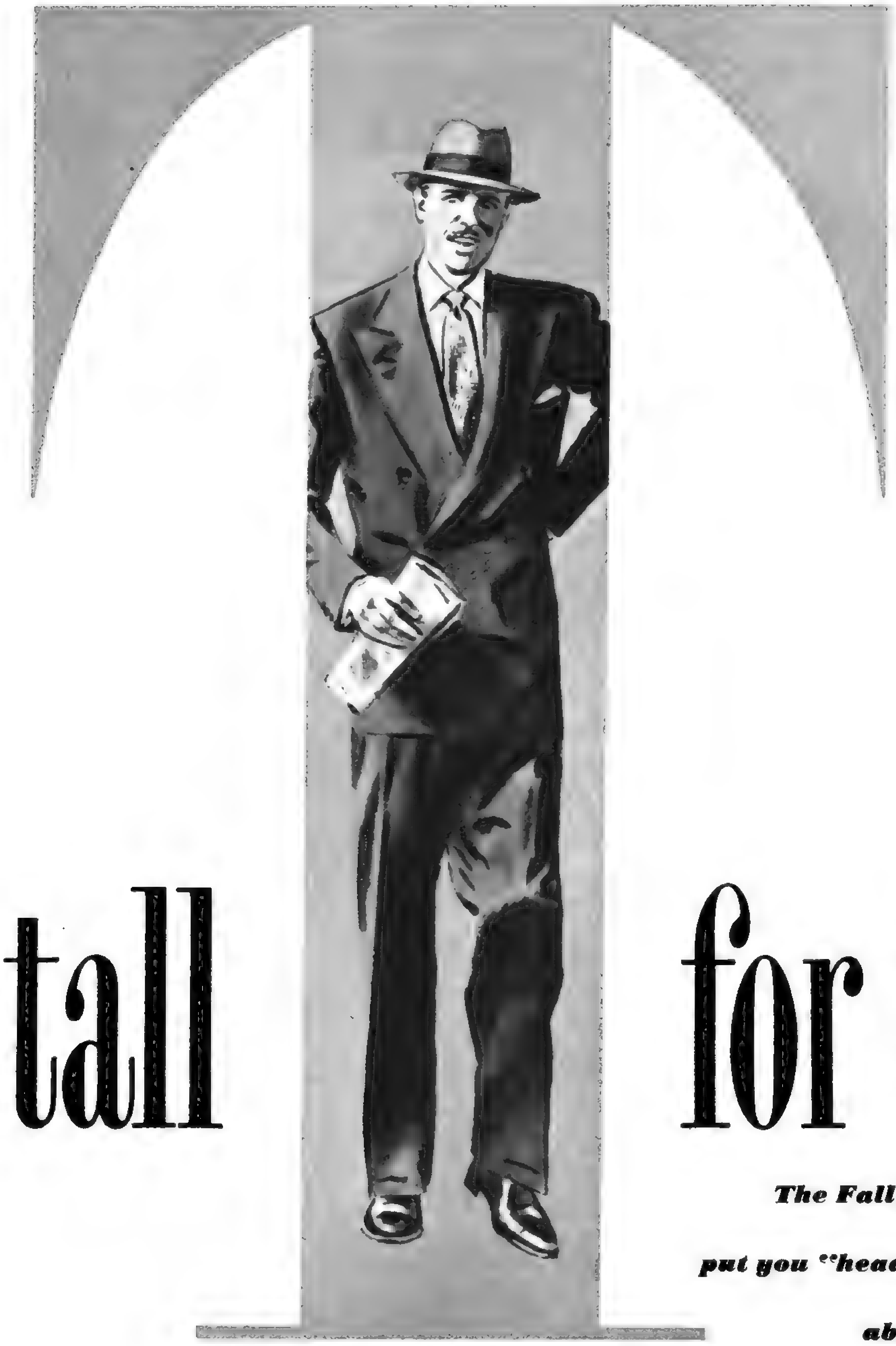
That night when A Company and the bearers halted in a clearing to eat and sleep the men of the rear guard told those who had been in the van of the dialogue between McSwane and the wit. Most of the men had heard the colloquy between the captain and the lieutenant, but few of them had thought of the real meaning of the captain's words. Now, however, they saw it all very clearly, and it did not make them very comfortable.

McSwane came over to mess with his fellows and they dealt him his share of canned beef and hard crackers and allowed him to fill his canteen. But few of them spoke a word to him, and all of them seemed bent upon keeping out of his range of vision. At times, before the dark closed in, he roamed about the camp and stared sullenly at the men. Whenever his gaze fell upon a rifle its possessor turned pale and felt nervous and ill at ease. As the sun went down a black runner came into camp and the officers and interpreter took him to one side and questioned him. Before long, as news filters down the ranks in a regiment or a company, the word was passed along that the runner was a spy and that he had reported that the blacks had built a big stockade across the road five miles ahead. This stockade, according to the report in its final form, was by far the largest and most formidable in all Africa. McSwane sat on a fallen log at the edge of the camp and listened as half a dozen of the men discussed it. Just as one of them was drawing, with great attention to detail, a picture of its strength, he rose, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and turned to walk away.

"There," he said, "is where I git my rifle."

And he laughed a

(*Continued on page 132*)



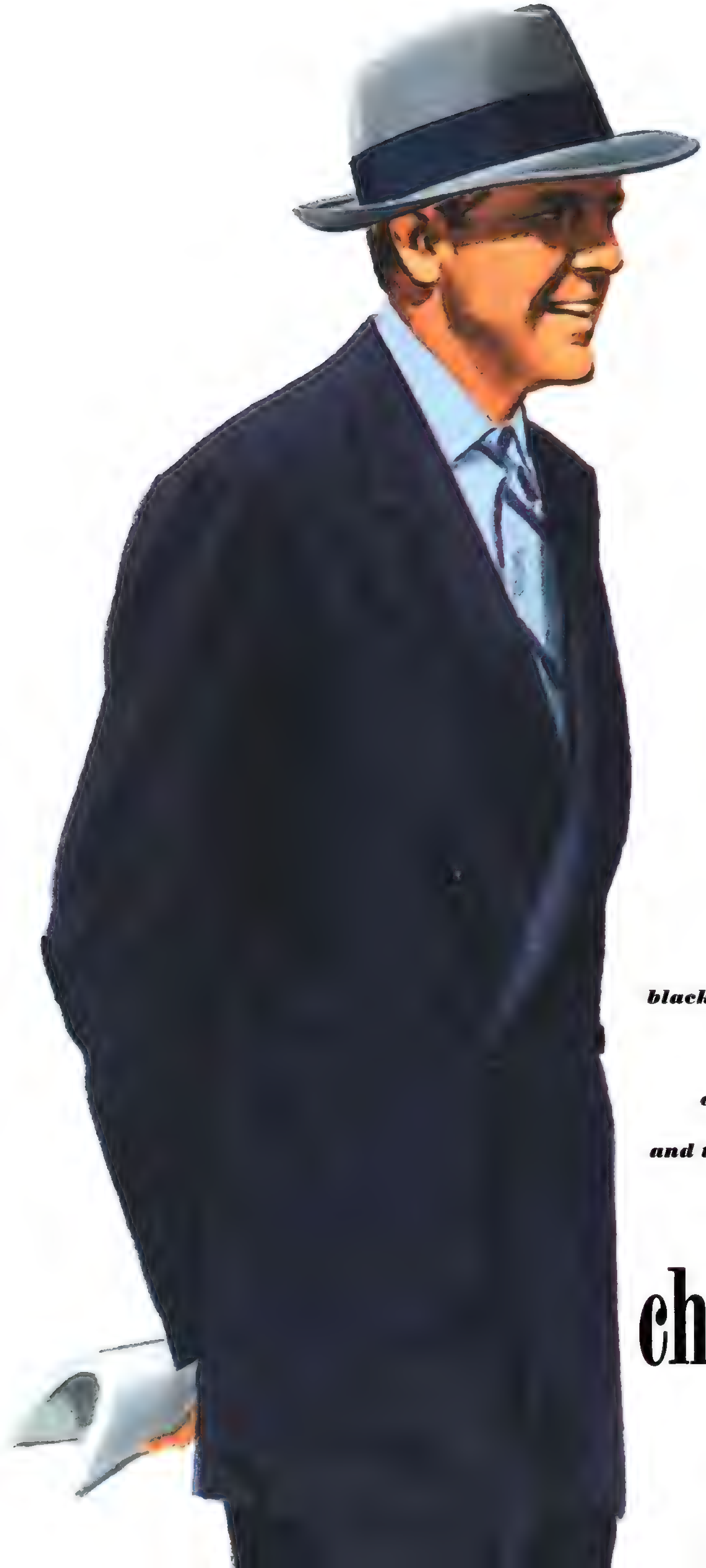
the tall T for fall

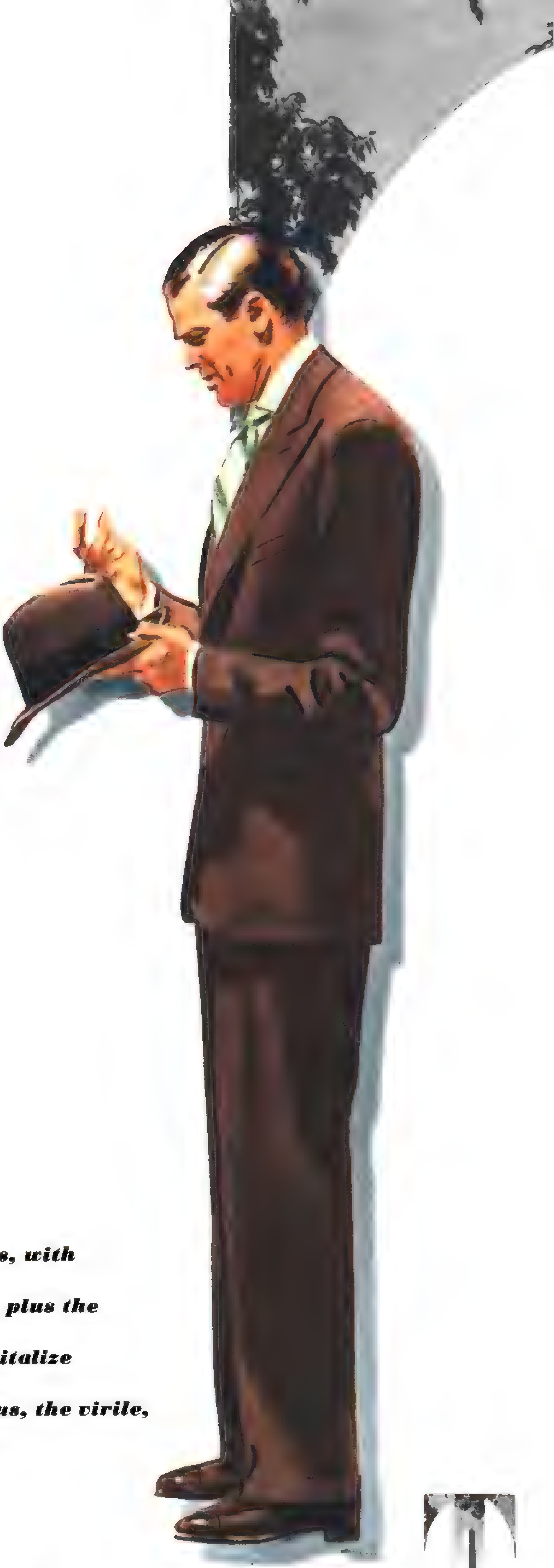
The Fall fashions suit you to a T—

put you "head and shoulders

above the crowd."

This fall, from Westchester to Beverly Hills, the men who keep the nation's wheels turning, and at the same time lead the way in fashion, are selecting T-square, co-ordinated outfits that set-up the average man and give added distinction to the big guy. Although he may compress all of his power and drive into a standard frame, there has always been something about a successful, top-notch American that gives a feeling of height—and it's only natural to express it with the proper clothes. The *tall-T*, fitting fashion to this feeling, is a BOLD LOOK style formula truly for the men on Top. Growing up physically as well as mentally with each succeeding generation, American men have a phrase—"head and shoulders above the crowd"—that describes best the new fashion. The sense of loft has long been in the language and now it's in the cut of your clothes. It's not done with mirrors, but rather with a series of subtle changes in tones and tailoring that accent the vertical and make you look longer. Briefly, the *tall-T* means high-peaked lapels, tapered hat crowns, higher jacket buttons, broad shoulders, and narrow neckwear. *Charcoal* colors, suit-weight topcoats in the new, dapper *Dangent* tweed, and shirts with a light stripe, all combine to make the most of what you've got. Except for a broker we know, who stands seven-feet-one in his argyles, just about everyone wants to look taller.
Therefore, gentlemen, we give you—the *tall-T*.





New Shades, with blackish overcast, plus the tall-T, capitalize on the vigorous, the virile, and the vertical!

charcoal colors to a T

DRAWINGS BY MARTIN BURNISTON

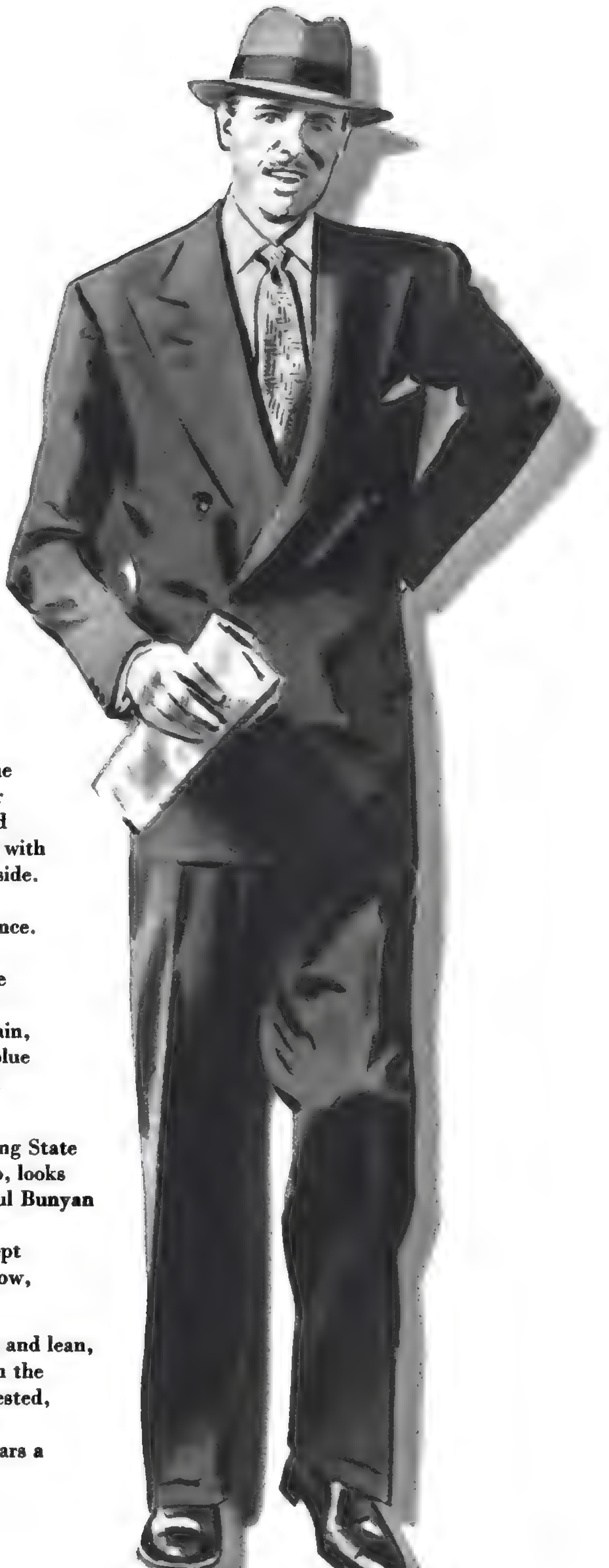
PHOTOGRAPH BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y.

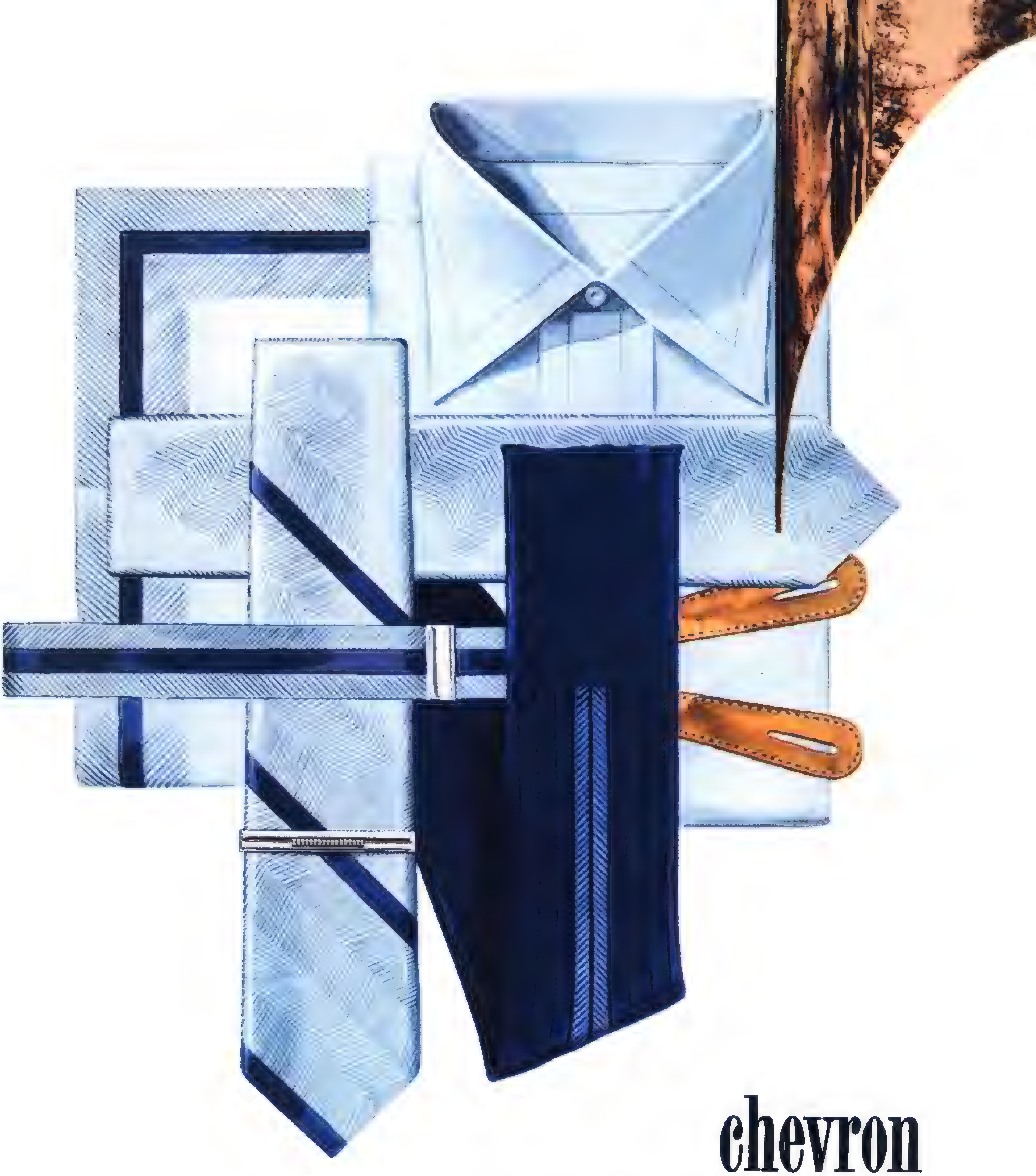
AUTUMN CHARCOAL COMFORT: Slightly over a silver dollar's toss away from the monument of the first president is the new Hotel Statler—a favored meeting place of the best-dressed men in the capital city. There you'll see them, in between conferences at the Pentagon or the Hill, celebrating the brisk shift in the weather by adopting new, dark colors in their suits—bold *Charcoal* brown, blue, and grey. Wearing clothes tailored on the *tall-T* principle, the big men in the nation's business are the same men who are leading the way in comfortable, coordinated ensembles that make a man look and feel his best. Rich and blackish, the Charcoal overcast in all three feature colors gives added restraint to distinctive clothes.

COCKTAILS IN CHARCOAL BLUE: Have a look at the substantial gent on the far left. Whether he's closing a big deal over lunch at the Occidental or a cocktail at the Mayflower, he is dressed in perfect taste. He's forty and proud of it; but his clothes, selected with meticulous care, betray the youthful spirit, the energy and push, inside. The high-breaking lapels make the most of his height and that double-chested Charcoal blue worsted takes 10 years off his appearance. Buttons are placed high so that the line from the bottom of the jacket up to the bottom button is long, again emphasizing the vertical. He gets an added boost from the tapered-crown hat with welt edge and snap brim. Narrow ties, like happy days, are here again, bringing out the long lines. It's a Palladium chevron tie with dark blue stripes, which is coordinated with the Palladium blue BOLD LOOK shirt and iridescent hatband with glints of Palladium tone.

CAPABLE IN CHARCOAL BROWN: This up and coming State Department aide (center) has on a Charcoal brown worsted. He, too, looks taller with the single-chested, high-peaked lapels. And he'll rival Paul Bunyan when he puts on that tapered-crown Charcoal brown hat with an iridescent band. Palladium, the jet-propelled color-tone that has swept the country since last May, sets the key of his green shirt. The narrow, three-inch tie is a matching Palladium green with dark stripes.

GOING PLACES IN CHARCOAL GREY: Looking long and lean, even after a planked steak at Harvey's, the Washington executive on the right wears the third feature Charcoal color—grey—in his double-chested, three-button worsted. From his straight-tipped shoes up to his grey tapered-crown hat, he personifies the T. Careful about details, he wears a narrow, Palladium grey chevron tie. It adds one more touch of *up*.

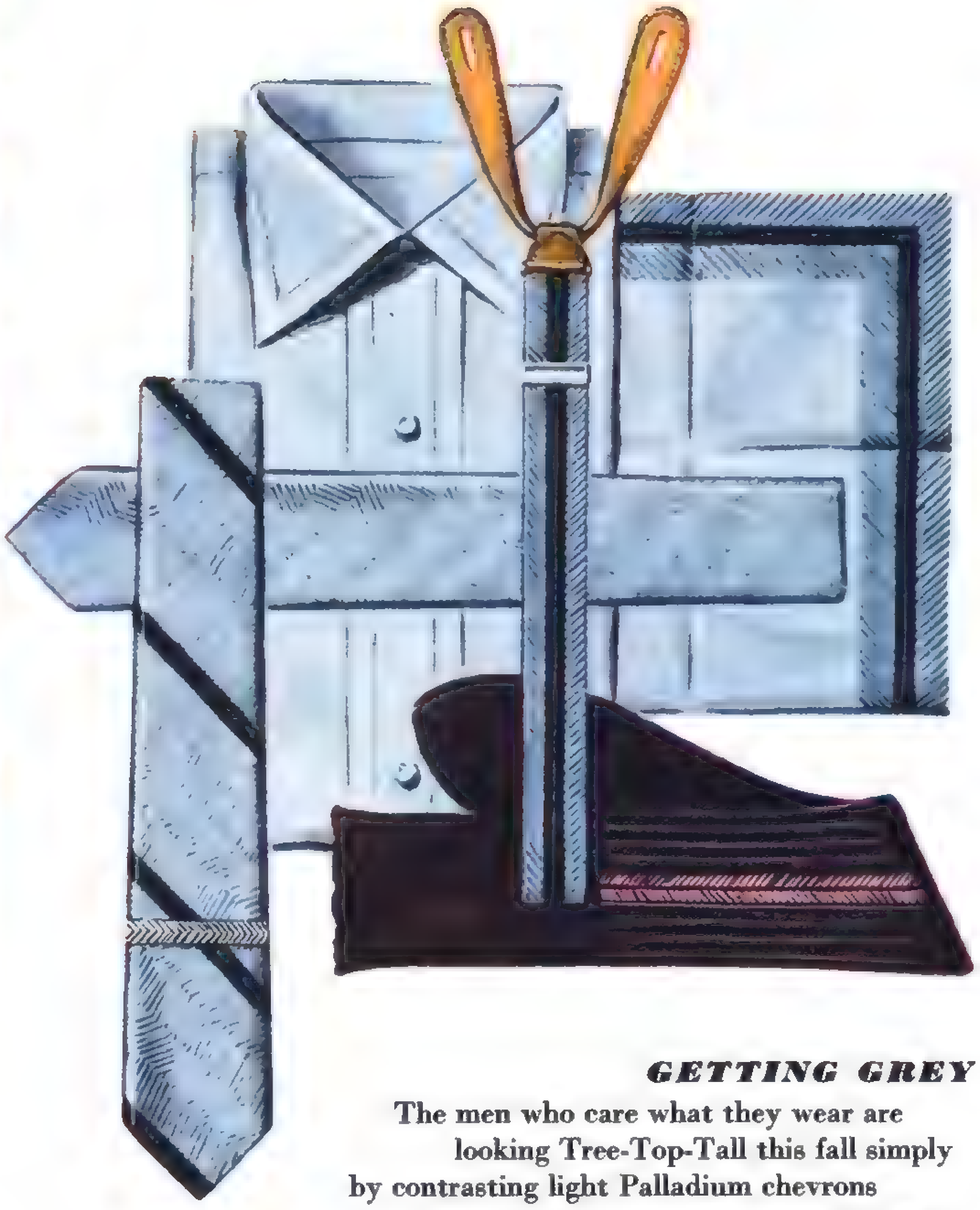




chevron

A great new coordinated design
the big build-up: put a V in your T

PALLADIUM CHEVRONS—a power-packed pair of words to insure the effectiveness of the new cut and color of your clothes. When you put on the Charcoal blue worsted, the group of accessories above will go together as easily as Abercrombie and Fitch. The tall-T gets additional lifting power from the metallic Palladium tones that accentuate the new chevron designs. They're as bright and acceptable as a stratoliner in the sun and point in the same direction—up. The ties, whether in plain chevron or with a blue spaced stripe, are in the new narrow shape. At the widest part, they measure a mere three inches and have only a slight taper. The stripe establishes the right relationship with the suit and is picked up again in the border of the handkerchief. It's all part of the plan to accent the vertical. Other details: dark blue socks with chevron panel, Palladium blue shirt with a wide-spread command collar, and Palladium chevrons on the braces.

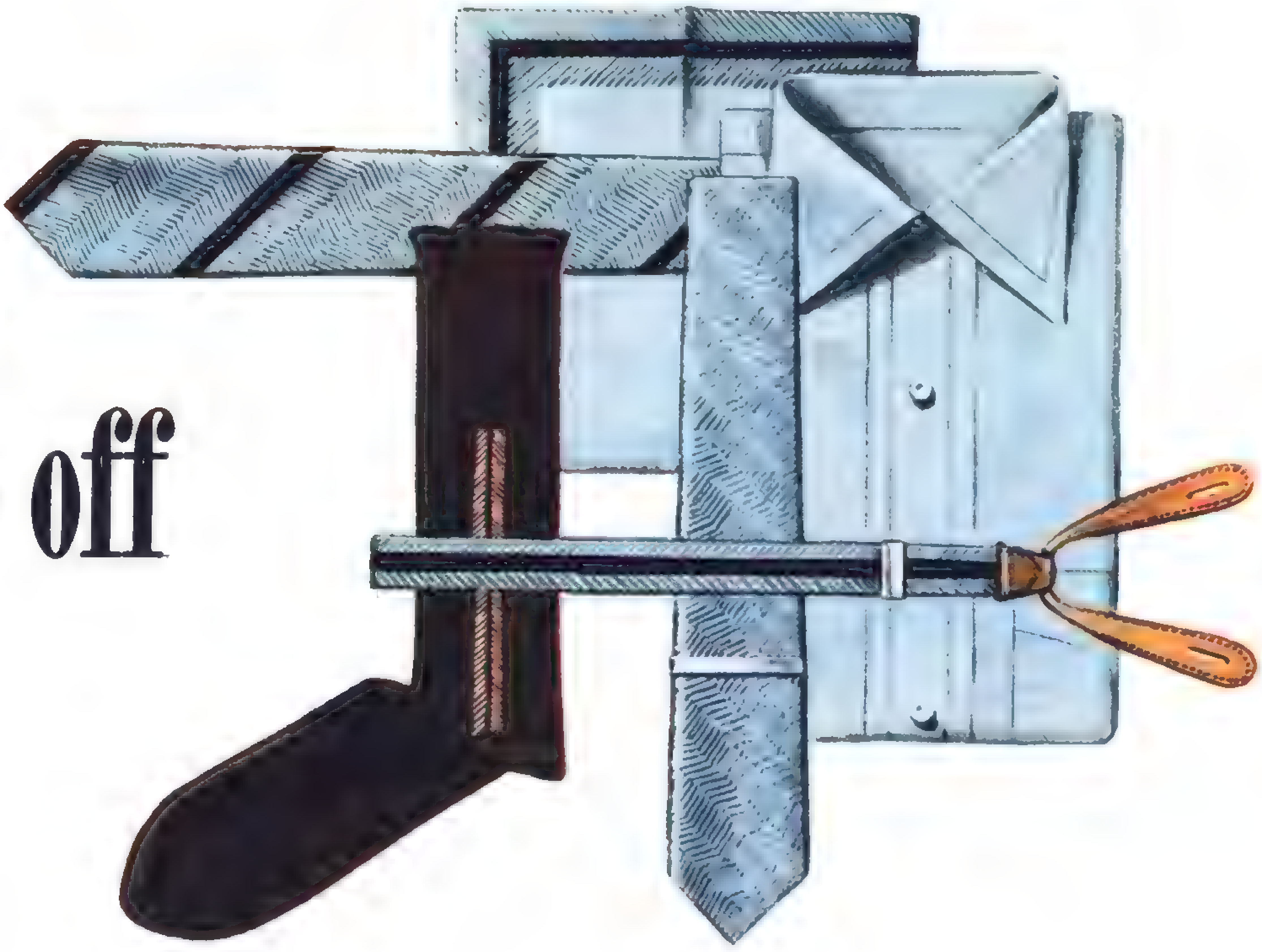


GETTING GREY

The men who care what they wear are looking Tree-Top-Tall this fall simply by contrasting light Palladium chevrons with solid blacks and the tall-T cut of their Charcoal grey suits. Chevrons in the narrow tie (above) are matched in the tie-clasp. Wine socks and that BOLD Palladium grey shirt make good harmony together.

TOWN BROWN: Indecisive fumbling around your tie-rack and in the shirt drawer is as out-dated as the Charleston and twice as tiring. When you wear Charcoal brown, Palladium green is the correct shade to bring out its masculine color. Therefore, the broadcloth shirt (below) is Palladium green and likewise the tie. This time the charcoal color is actually in the stripe of the narrow chevron tie and the border of handkerchief. Never having too much, but just the right amount of a good thing, the dark brown socks have a Palladium chevron panel.

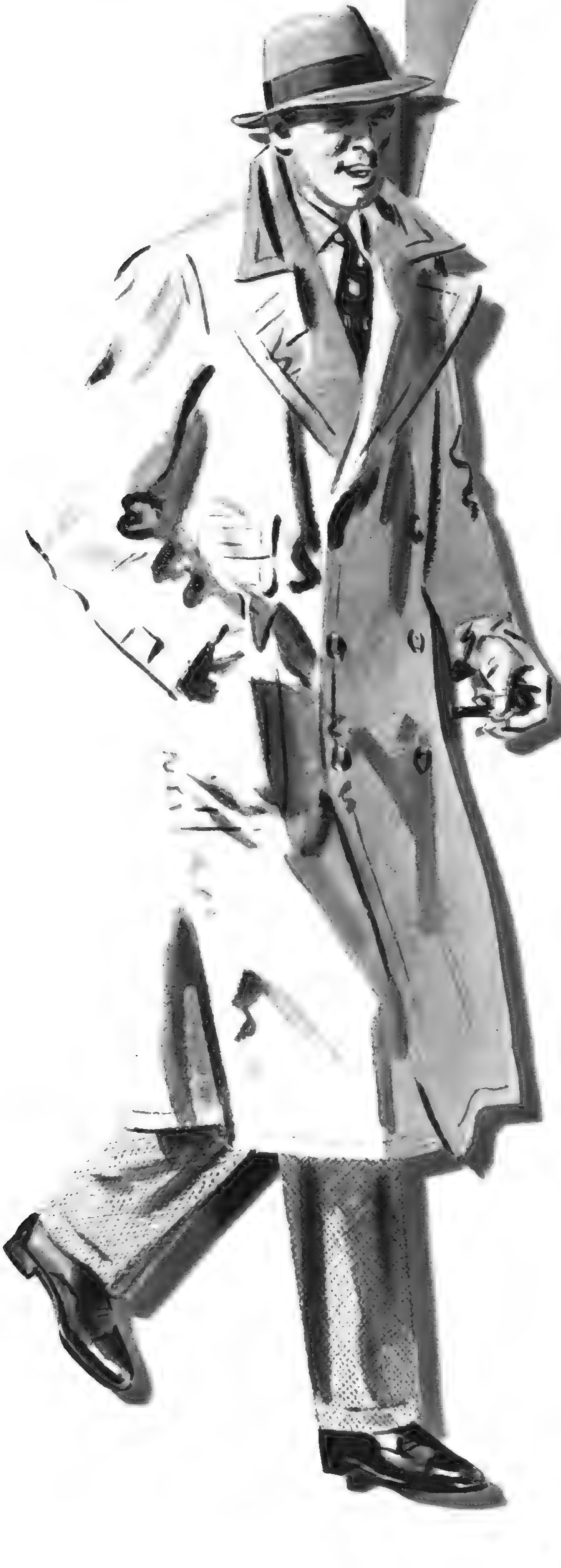
T-off



DRAWINGS BY MERRILL HARVEY

PHOTOGRAPH BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y.

THE VALIANT RAINCOAT: The color of a Palomino pony, direct from the roundup, is one of many bright features in this bold raincoat. It's *husky* all over—big pockets, big lapels, big buttons, and a wide sweep. Set-in sleeves and square shoulders make you look like an ex-fullback. And underneath it all are a brown tweed suit and heavy welt shoes.



Town

DRAWINGS BY MARTIN BURNISTON

PHOTOGRAPH BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y.

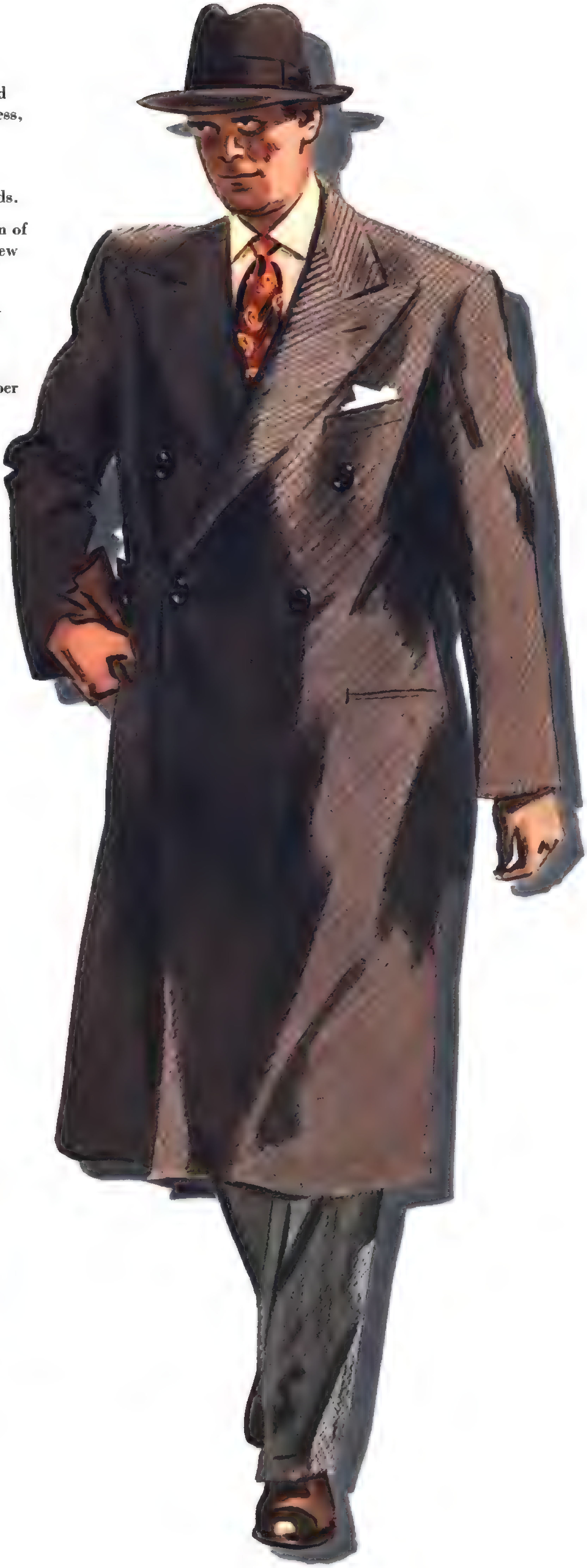
"T" *is for Topcoats, Too!*

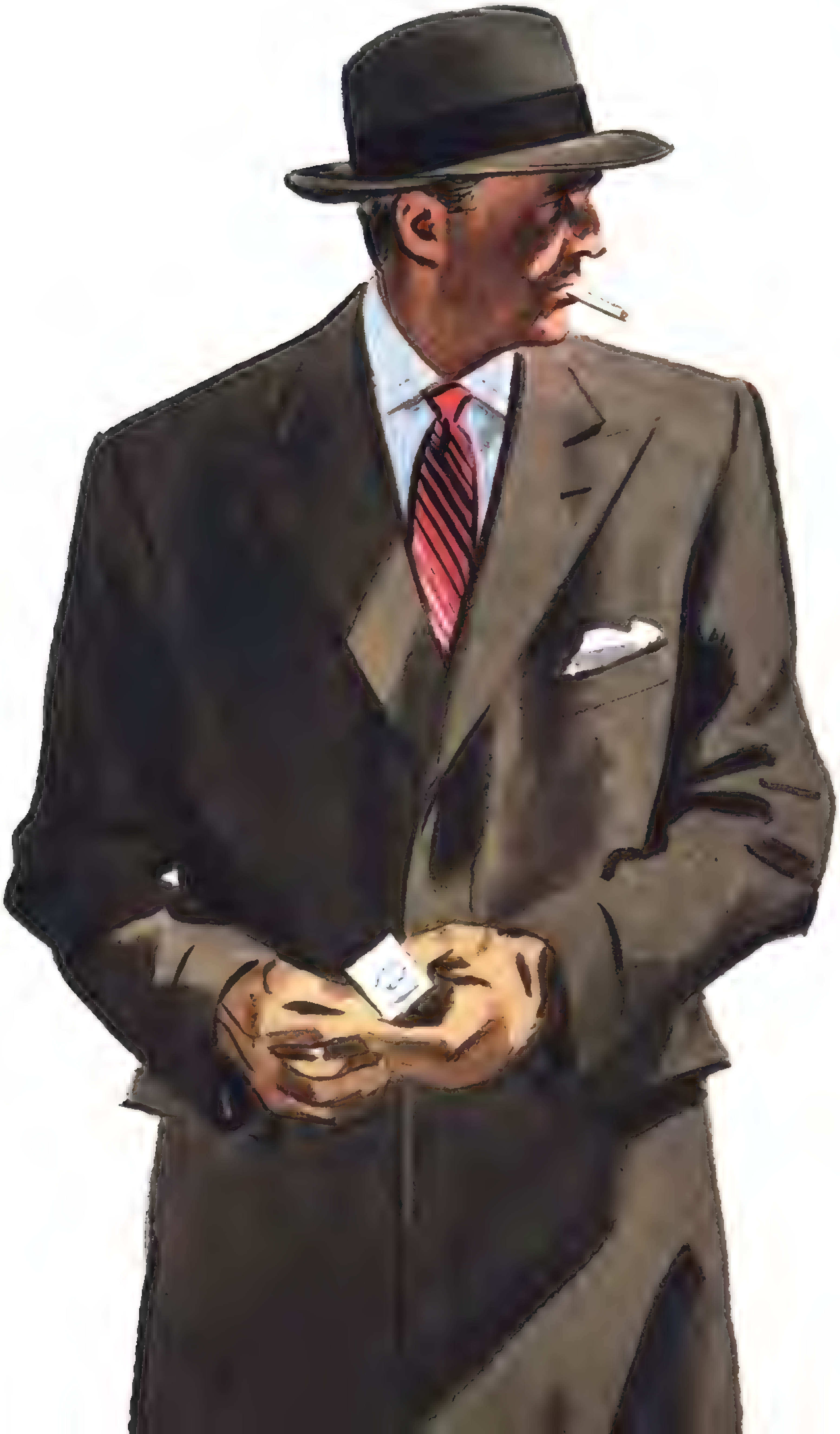
Contrary to common belief, there's more to the tallest building in the world than a 102nd floor observatory. The Empire State is a place of business, too, and numerous men of action pull the strings from here. Reserved, masculine, and modern, these first-stringers insist on their clothes being the same way. Carrying the tall-T trend to its logical conclusion, their topcoats are fitting companions for the new Charcoal worsteds.

DAPPER DANGENT: The trim gent on the right gets a strong suggestion of altitude from his brown, Dangent tweed topcoat. Although it's in the new lightweight division, it keeps him warm. A double-chested model, built for comfort, the buttons are placed higher and the lapels are peaked. Accented by russet capeskin gloves, the coat goes well with a brown overlay plaid or Charcoal brown. A tapered-crown, snap-brim hat and Midnight Moroc shoes are just right.

CITY COVERT: The fellow below, trying to strike a light in a high October wind, is carrying out the tall-T effect with the other topcoat favorite—covert cloth. Having just stepped out of a well-heated office, his coat is perfect for good looks and good health. Suit-weight and roomy, a part of the trend toward lighter clothes, a covert carries easily on a sudden warm day during Indian summer, willow-shade, the snap-brim Homburg has a contrasting brown band. In the gradual swing toward patterns in shirts, his has a nail-head stripe. The narrow tie makes a good Windsor knot, has a graduated stripe. Pigskin gloves are a nice, light contrast to covert.

tie-up

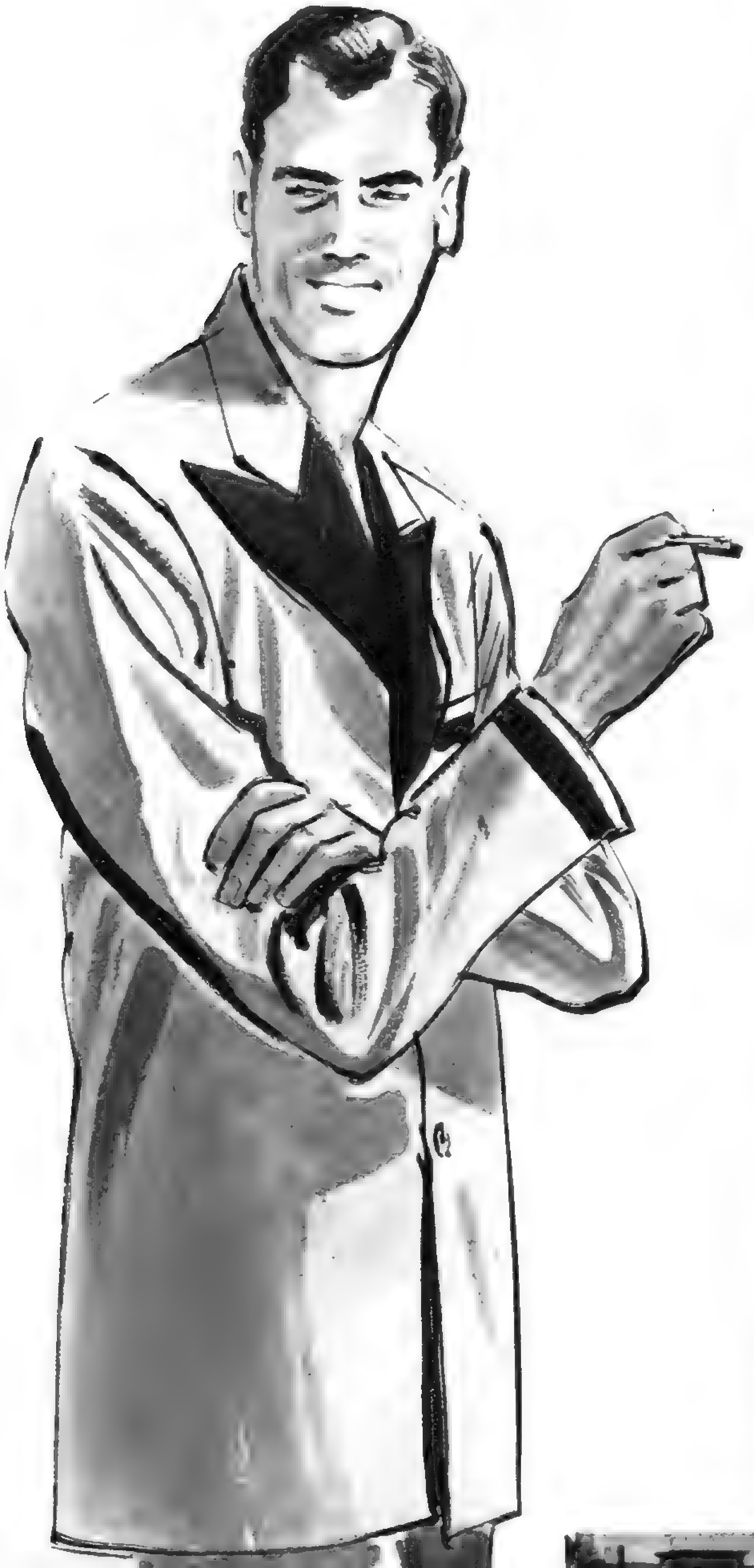




The Tailored Touch

Modern as a TV tower. the tall-T doesn't miss a trick. When lounging. the robe on the right with high-peaked lapels and dark-trimmed collar, sash, and cuffs, gives you that high-power look. Pajamas, too. have the high sign. Maroon. blue, or brown high-peaked lapels make a smart contrast on grey. yellow, or tan. Moccasin slippers are tops for comfort.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



DRAWINGS BY GUS PETERSON

PHOTOGRAPH BY BERNARD GOLDBERG

The Magnificent Marshall

The 52-year-old owner of the Washington Redskins is a wise, whooping brave who goes on the warpath when his team, his publicity, or his receipts taper off

An Article by

ROBERT J. SERLING

It was at a Bears-Redskins game some years ago that Mr. George Preston Marshall and Mr. George Halas held a brief discussion in front of Mr. Marshall's box.

Mr. Marshall was and is the owner of the Washington Redskins. Mr. Halas was and is the owner of the Chicago Bears. The subject under discussion was whether Mr. Halas' Bears had roughed up Mr. Marshall's star passer, one Samuel Adrian Baugh.

Inasmuch as the aforementioned Mr. Baugh is known as "Marshall's meal ticket," the gist of the conversation could not be printed on asbestos. Mr. Marshall, in a voice resembling that of an itinerant hog caller, allowed that Mr. Halas obviously had recruited his entire squad from an Al Capone gang. Mr. Halas replied in kind. The air smoked with profanity loud enough to be heard twenty rows back.

Marshall finally stormed back to his seat, his face the color of the burgundy of his team's jerseys. His wife was properly indignant. "The idea of that man!" she snapped. "All that awful language in front of ladies. He's positively revolting!"

"Now, just a minute," roared Marshall. "You can't talk that way about George Halas. He's my best friend!"

Football has seldom known a more colorful figure than George Preston Marshall. Many fans used to attend Redskin games in the hope of seeing Marshall in action as well as the players.

Come a moment when a referee would decide against the 'skins, a brief hush would descend over the stadium, then a gasp from the crowd: "*There he goes!*"

And there would be G.P., leaping out of his box and running to the sidelines to hurl invectives at the official. He drew quite a few penalties that way, but he also drew a lot of fans to the games.

Pro football is a bit more dignified now, and Marshall, who has mellowed with the years, seldom tries to get into the game along with his backfield. But he still loses his temper faster than a woman loses her gloves. His blood pressure still soars and dips like a runaway roller coaster.

George Preston Marshall is a fifty-two-year-old ex-laundry owner who made a civic institution out of a professional football team. This in itself is not an extraordinary feat. Curly Lambeau did it in Green Bay. But Green Bay is a small town with typical small-town loyalty and pride. Washington is a strangely blasé city, saturated with celebrities and indifferent to almost everything but political gossip. The voteless citizens of the nation's capital are notoriously lacking in what Chamber of Commerce booklets call "civic pride."

With one exception. The Redskins.

Each fall, the capital becomes a city of one million grandstand quarterbacks. Redskin games are usually sellouts weeks before they're played. Approximately 25,000 season tickets are sold long before the opening game. The Redskins have their own marching band—dressed in colorful Indian regalia—and their own fight song (the lyrics for which were written by Marshall's wife).

If the Redskins are a Washington institution, Marshall is a Washington legend. Not a particularly glorified legend, either. Because the team is one of the few things the capital gets bothered about, its owner bears the brunt of criticism when it loses. But Marshall never takes an insult lying down. He doesn't mind feuding with sportswriters; in fact, he enjoys it. The feeling is mutual. Marshall thinks nothing of calling up a newspaperman to tell him he's all wet on this or that. Last year, his chief critic was Shirley Povich of the Washington *Post*, who seldom let a day go by without taking a dig at the Redskins' owner. Marshall, in turn, refers to Povich as "that fifth columnist." Actually, he doesn't mind being needled in print, since he figures that almost any publicity is good publicity. But he occasionally gets riled at stories he thinks are untrue or unfair.

A few years ago, he traded halfback Andy Farkas to the Detroit Lions. Andy was a popular Redskin who had been handicapped that particular season by injuries. The press roasted Marshall for being a cold-blooded Legree who got the most out of loyal players and then peddled them without mercy. Not long afterward, at a game between the Lions and the 'skins, Farkas broke loose for a long touchdown run. A Washington sportswriter gleefully described the play by saying, "Farkas thumbed his nose at Marshall as he passed midfield."

Marshall saw the story. The next time he met the newspaperman, he hauled it out of his pocket.

"Now you know damned well," he protested, "that Andy didn't thumb his nose at anybody. And furthermore, I want you to read a letter I got from Farkas after he joined the Lions."

The letter was a note of thanks to Marshall for giving Farkas a chance to play regularly with another club—in view of the fact, wrote Andy, that his best playing days were over.

Marshall loves to tease reporters. One press-association man, courting a girl, asked G.P. to write the football-loving but unyielding damsel a letter to the effect that said reporter was a fine fellow, etc., etc. "It'll impress the hell out of her," he told Marshall. "She loves the Redskins."

The last phrase convinced Marshall and he wrote the letter as requested. "I can vouch for John as a splendid man," he advised the lady, "and I think you should marry him. In fact, why not hold the wedding on the 50-yard line in between the halves of our Pittsburgh game?"

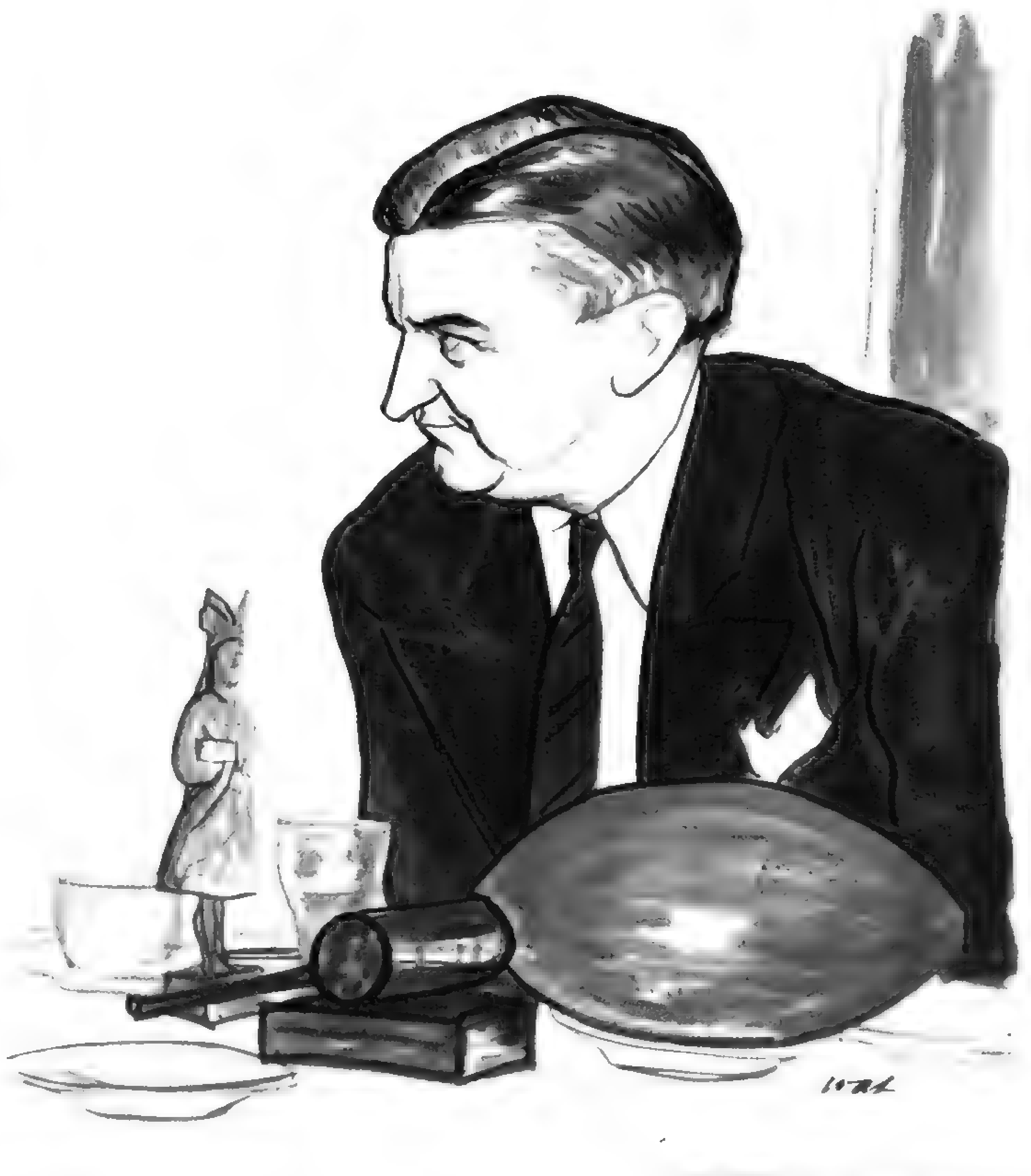
The horrified gentleman of the press had a hard time convincing his girl that Marshall's suggestion wasn't a serious one.

Redskin half-time shows, by the way, are unmatched by those of any other professional football club— and few colleges, for that matter. A full-dress wedding wouldn't have surprised the spectators. Marshall has staged pageants, abbreviated circuses, and ballets for his between-the-halves entertainment. He still thinks his best stunt was pulled for the last home game before Christmas during the 1945 season. He had Santa Claus land at midfield in a helicopter. The next year, when he tried to top this by having Santa parachute in, a strong wind landed Santa on the stadium roof and a second string St. Nick had to be rushed in by sled. Marshall was heartbroken.

Showmanship comes natural to Marshall. In his early years, he was in the theatre business, and he still retains countless friendships among show folk. Many of his football entertainment ideas come from his wife, the former screen star Corinne Griffith.

Marshall is a native of Washington. His father was a newspaper publisher in West Virginia who acquired a laundry in the nation's capital by way of a bad debt. It wasn't much of a laundry, but it paid more than the newspaper and Marshall's father moved to Washington.

The stage (*Continued on page 156*)



CARICATURE BY WM. AUERBACH-LEVY

Esquire
FINDS
FOR OCTOBER

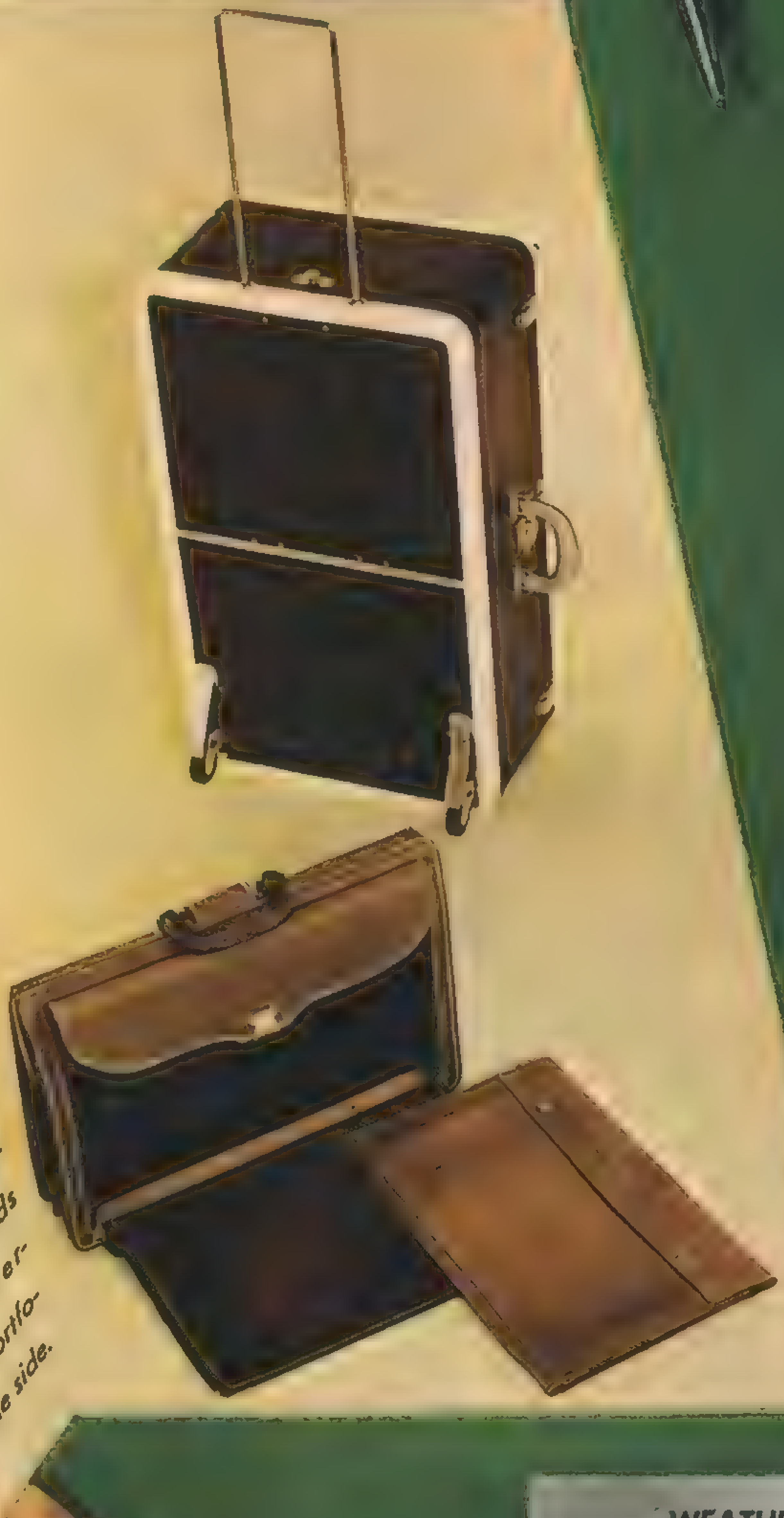
Travel, Food,
Weather, Aviation
Office Furnishings

A Deep Freeze for Pheasant

If you bag your quota while the season is open, you will want a place to cache your kill. This deep freeze will do it with its six-cubic-foot, 210-pound capacity.

THE LATEST IN LUGGAGE

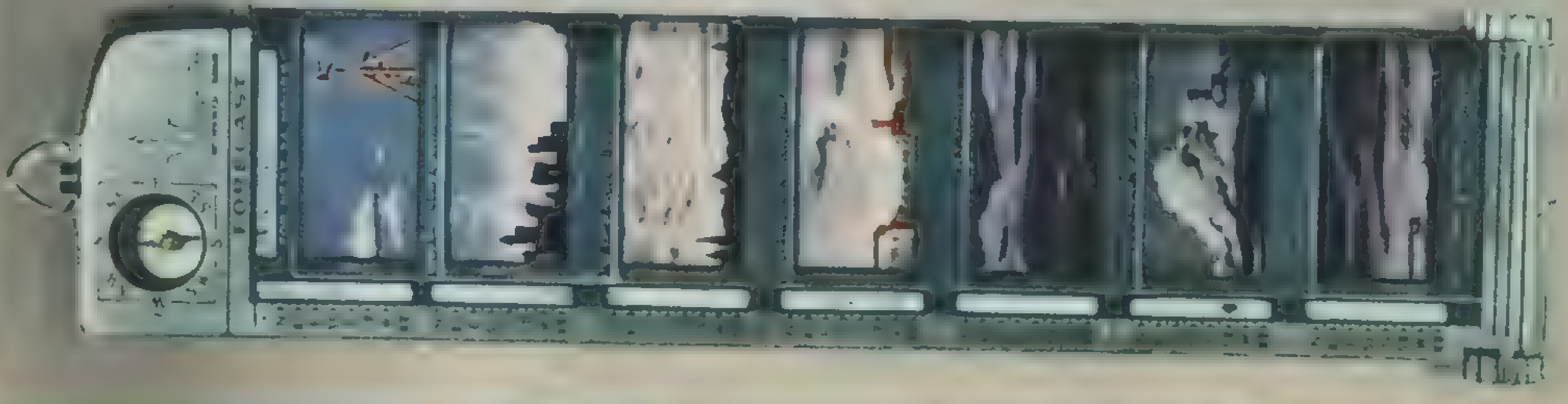
There will be no porter problem on your fall vacation if you take along this suitcase with the handle and rubber-tired wheels which snap to attention when you step off the train. For a business trip by air, the cowhide bag is ideal to carry in the compartment. It holds enough for overnight and the portfolio zips into the side.

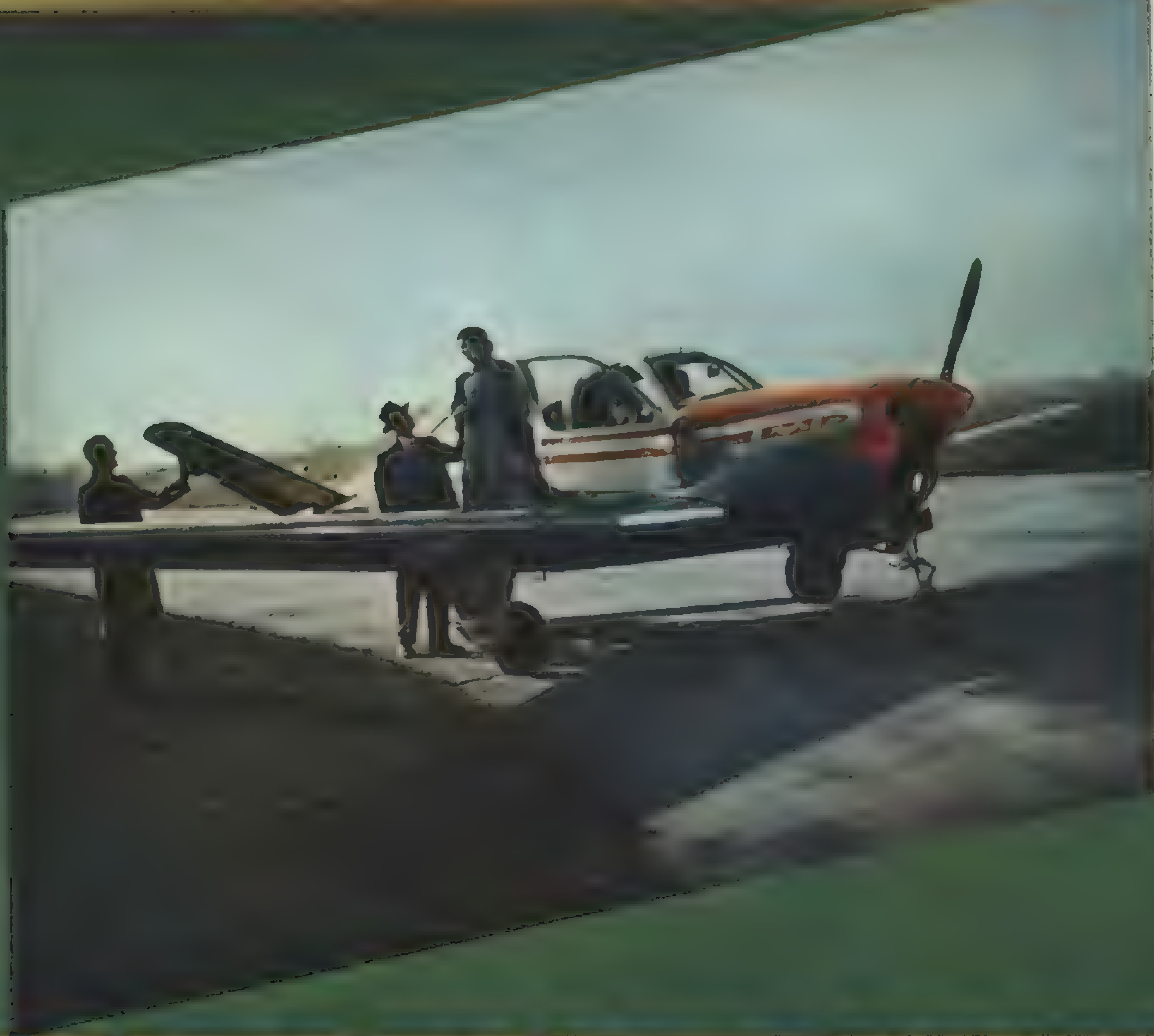


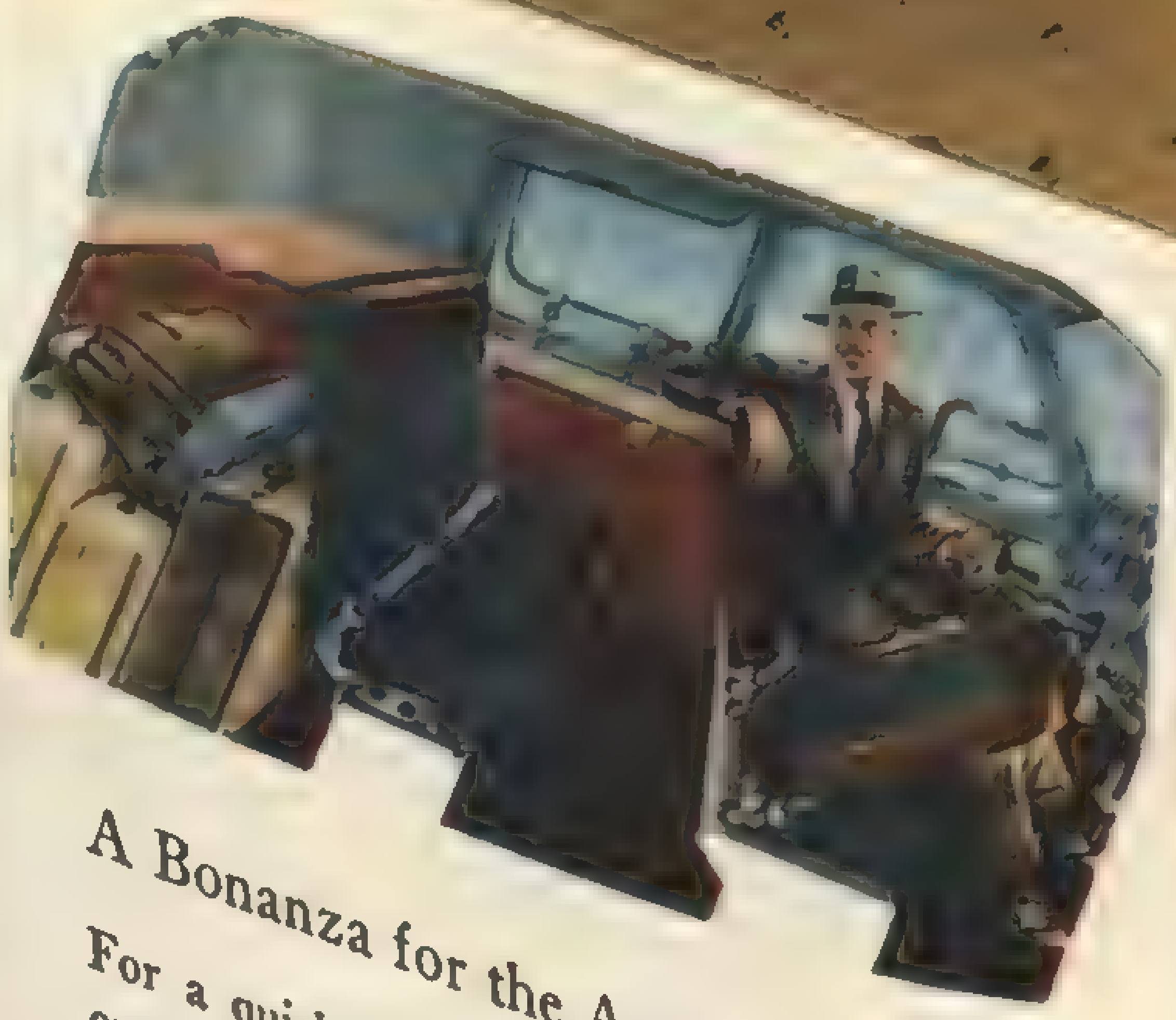
THE BEERBURGER

For the heartiest hamburger you'll ever eat, mix 1½ lbs. of top sirloin, ¾ cup cracker crumbs, ¾ cup flat beer, 1 egg well beaten, 1 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce, 2 tbsp. ketchup, and salt and pepper to taste. Shape into large cakes (about 1½" thick). Broil on one side, turn; then when almost done, cover with cheese sauce and broil until cheese is toasted. Serve on toasted roll with Barbecue Sauce below. **Cheese Sauce:** Melt ½ lb. of sharp cheese in double boiler. Add ¾ cup of flat beer. Mix 2 egg yolks with 2 tbsp. cream and stir slowly into cheese until the mixture is smooth. **Barbecue Sauce:** Mince 1 clove of garlic and 1 onion and saute in 1 tbsp. of butter and ½ cup of olive oil. Add 1 cup chili sauce, 1 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce, ½ tsp. chili powder, juice ½ lemon, salt and pepper. Simmer—the slower, the better.

WEATHER REPORT *This gadget keeps you posted when you've spotted cloud formations.*

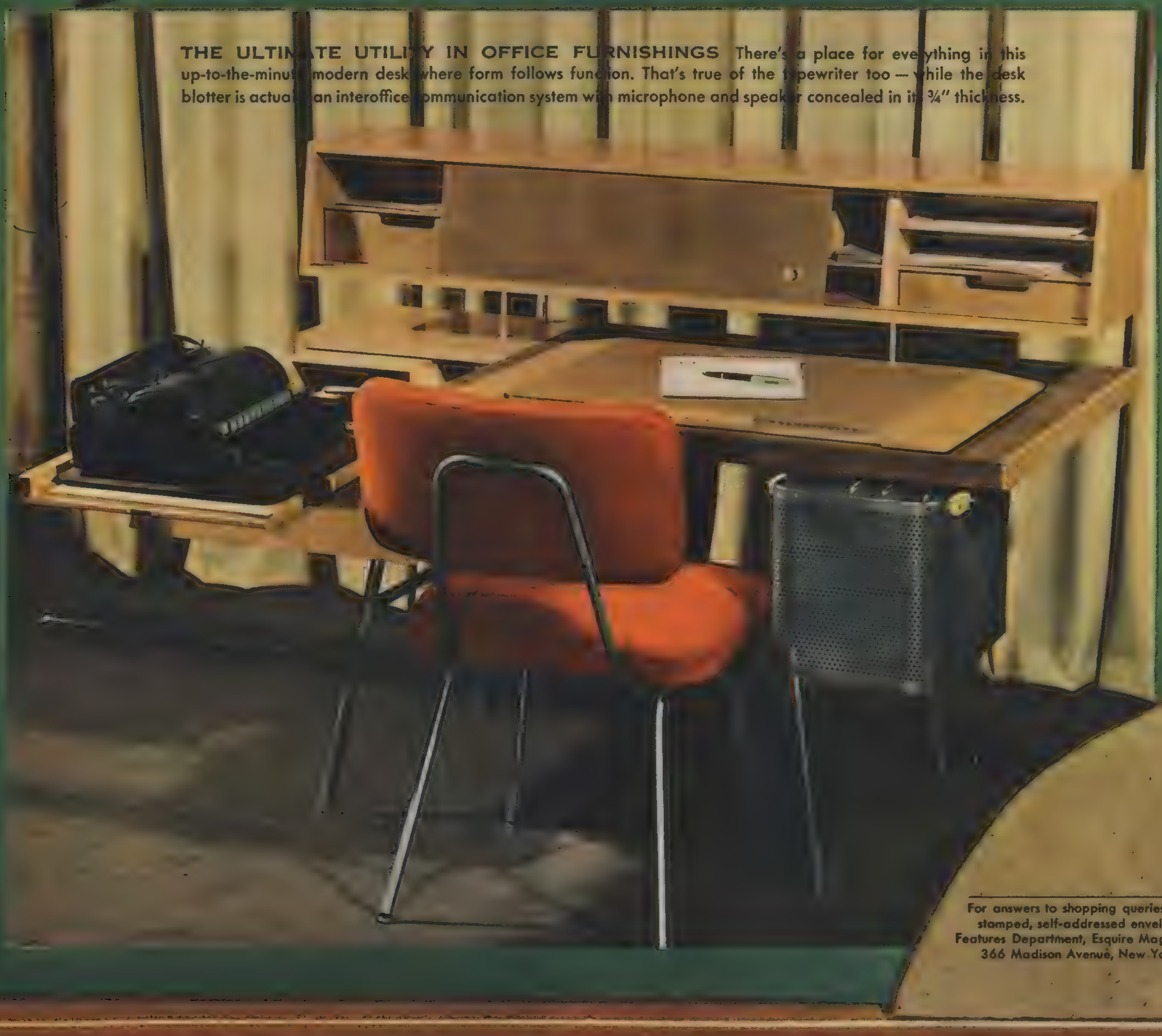






A Bonanza for the Amateur Pilot

For a quick vacation for a family of four, for carrying cargo or just because you like to fly, this station wagon plane is perfect. With two in the pilot's seat and the back seat removed it will carry a cargo of 440 pounds, has a range of 750 miles and will cruise along nicely at about 170 mph.



THE ULTIMATE UTILITY IN OFFICE FURNISHINGS There's a place for everything in this up-to-the-minute modern desk where form follows function. That's true of the typewriter too — while the desk blotter is actually an interoffice communication system with microphone and speaker concealed in its ¾" thickness.

For answers to shopping queries, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Features Department, Esquire Magazine, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17.

Compliments of a Friend

Her husband was a hoodlum, and so was Frankie, and she forgot one of them had taught the other everything he knew—including how to say it with flowers

A Story by

E. B. MARDEN

Every morning she had to watch him eat breakfast. She sat across from him, at a long table by the window that overlooked the park, and watched his arm move the food up to his mouth, the thin lips come open, the food disappear, the steady movement of his heavy jowls. At first she had made a determined effort to keep her eyes away from him, to look down at the park, or around the room. She had even made a game of counting the cars that rolled along the park's curving drive, but she could never keep her eyes away from him at these breakfasts for more than a few minutes, although he ate without talking, without looking at her, keeping his eyes fixed on the food.

He ate as he did everything, with a driving, watchful determination. There was a threat in it, a warning to keep out of his way, to think long and hard before you ventured to cross him. There was the same quality in his physical appearance, in the thick barrel chest on top of the short legs, in the hunching of the shoulders about the thick neck, in the heavy, impassive stare.

She sat there because he insisted on it. She suspected that he made her do it because he knew how much she hated having breakfast with him. Forcing her to submit to this humiliation was his way of balancing the physical hold she had over him—a weakness against which his nature violently rebelled, but one that he was unable to resist.

He had changed very little in the years she had known him. Under the camouflage of respectability, the conservative suit, the stiff white collar, the gleaming white tailored shirt, the black knitted tie, he was still the racketeer, the hoodlum.

It pleased her to think of him as a hoodlum; there was a satisfaction, however slight, in even such a concealed attack on his colossal self-satisfaction. She didn't care how many legitimate businesses he now controlled, how many powerful friends he had, how much massive dignity he took upon himself; to her, he was as much a racketeer as he had been twelve years ago when she was singing with a small band and an agent had booked them into a night club he owned.

She seldom thought of those days now; but occasionally, listening to a torch singer on the radio, she remembered them wistfully and told herself they had been exciting and gay and a lot of fun.

The idea of fun was one she dwelt on frequently. She felt deprived of it and sorry for herself. There was no fun in *him*. All he thought about was business and politics. He had, of course, become an important behind-the-scenes political figure. He was a real power in the city—in the state, for that matter—with contacts everywhere and influence that touched all sorts of people. That was why she and Frankie had to be so careful. You never knew where you might run into somebody who worked for him or who would be glad of the chance to do him a favor.

They were taking an awful chance playing around together. But it was a chance worth taking. Without Frankie, she might as well be dead. He was handsome, he was gay, he was fun. She always laughed a lot when she was with him. They both laughed a lot. The grandest joke was that Frankie worked for *him*. Frankie ran the numbers racket for him and was pretty important in his own right, but *he* was the boss. Even Frankie admitted that there was no one like *him* for handling the fantastic ramifications, the thousand and one details of an organized racket. You had to realize, Frankie said, that without him the whole business would blow apart into a dozen warring factions. As it was, with *him* to handle the political end, and with Frankie to run the office, everything was simple and smooth.

Frankie's main job was keeping tabs on the people who worked for the racket—the salesmen, the collectors, the pay-off men, the strong-arm men, the hundreds of agents that were mixed up in it in one way or another. You had to be specially careful that none of them stepped out of line. Let one of them get away with anything and they'd all begin edging in and before you knew it the whole structure would start to crumble. Frankie enjoyed his work and the power it gave him.

There was a certain style about Frankie that reminded you of the gangsters you used to see in the movies before the war made them outmoded heroes. He wore very fancy clothes, not at all like *his*, and drove around in a light blue convertible, which was a decided contrast to *his* black Cadillac custom-built sedan with the chauffeur in livery.

Frankie enjoyed the personal contacts of the business. Even when he acted tough and brutal, he had style. Who but Frankie, for example, would have figured out a stunt like sending a bunch of white lilies to a guy *before* they gave him the business so that the guy would be half dead of fright by the time they got around to handling his case?

It was not only the fun she had with Frankie that meant so much to her; it was also the pleasure of thinking, as *he* sat across from her at the breakfast table, of the fun she was going to have as soon as *he* got out of the way this morning. It was the pleasure of deliberately recalling certain incidents as *he* put his hands on her shoulders and kissed her good-by. It was the pleasure of feeling that in this too she had overreached him.

Frankie was having breakfast when she reached the hotel where he kept a suite under another name. They dared not, of course, be seen in public, but neither of them cared about going out so long as they could be together. And she was careful to go to the hotel by a complicated route so that every once in a while along the way she could stop and make sure that no one was following her.

There was something of a honeymoon quality about these meetings. In the privacy of the hotel room, they laughed and joked a lot, and Frankie was very thoughtful and considerate. Nearly always he had a gift for her, something small and not very expensive, but nice—an orchid, a box of her favorite candy, a cigarette holder, or other, more intimate, things. *He* never gave her gifts any more, even inexpensive ones, except at Christmastime and for her birthday. She and Frankie made quite a gag of this gift-giving ceremony, with Frankie sometimes pretending that he had forgotten all about it and then getting a big laugh when a bellboy would knock at the door and bring in the package.

This morning, Frankie pretended to have forgotten and it was fun refusing to believe him and trying to guess what the gift was. There were all sorts of forfeits that went with her wrong guesses and they were having such a wonderful time that she was sorry when she heard the expected knock at the door. Frankie went to answer it and she took the opportunity to repair some of the damage that had been done to her make-up.

She was busy with lipstick and mirror when a sharp cry from Frankie made her whirl around. His back was pressed against the door and his body sagged as if he were about to fall. She started towards him, oblivious for the moment of the fact that at his feet lay two slender boxes from each of which burst a bunch of dazzling white lilies. ⌗

TOMAHAWK
DIAPER
SERVICE

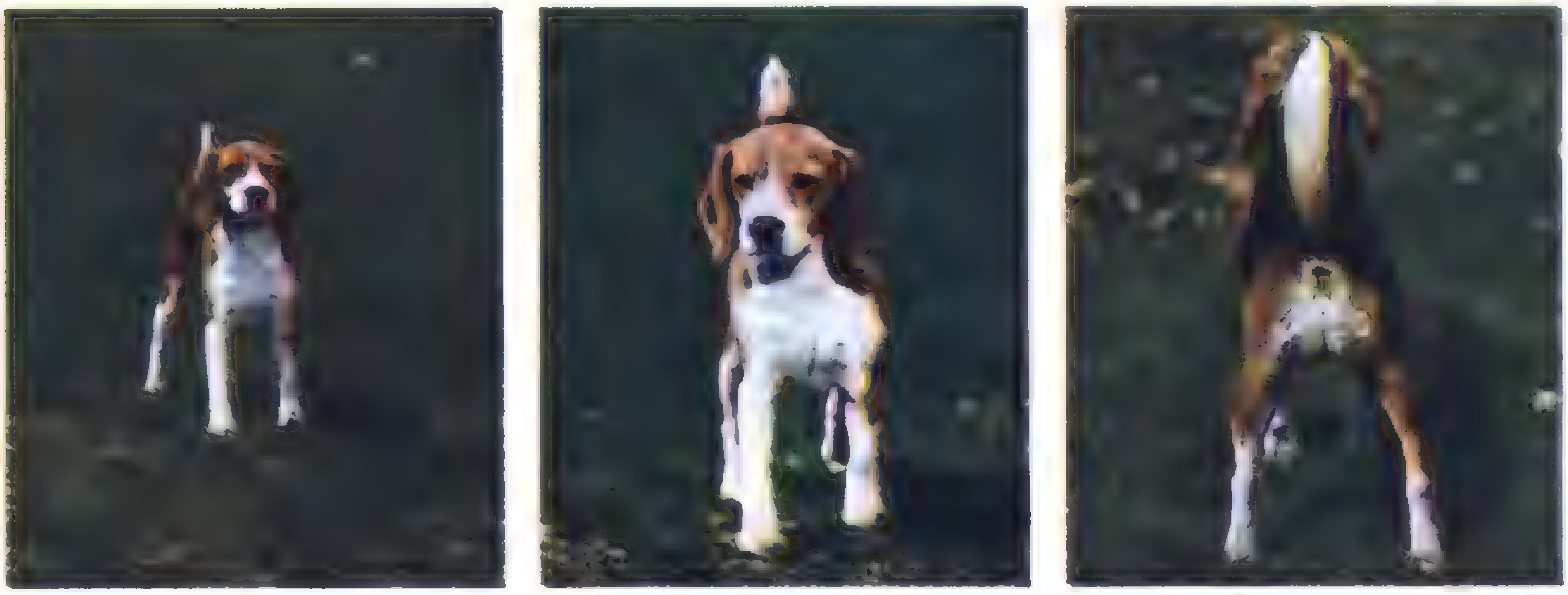
MAN'S DOG

An Esquire Special Supplement
on the Dogs Most Popular Among Men

HOW TO JUDGE YOUR DOG

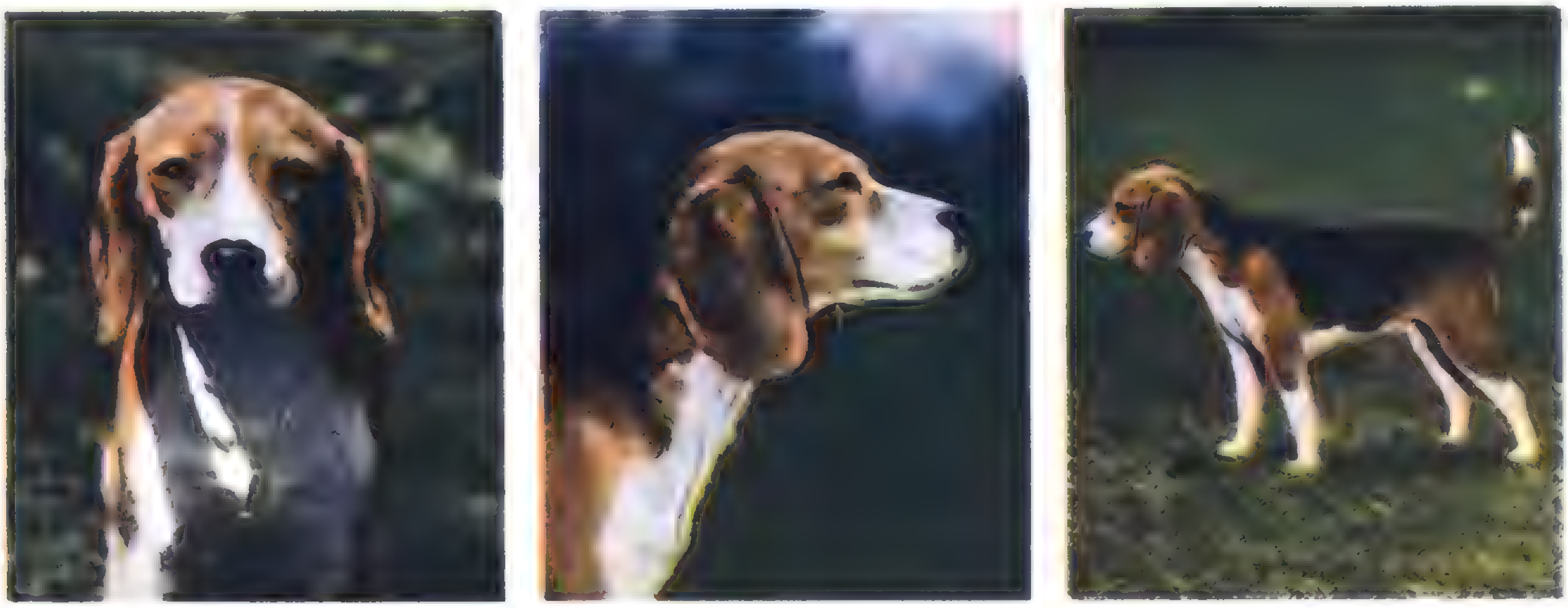
Ch. Rollen's Foxy Anna Belle with her trainer, Harold Correll, in perfect show position. Note that the head is carried high, the forelegs are perfectly straight, hind legs extended with brush up, back sloping and loins arched.

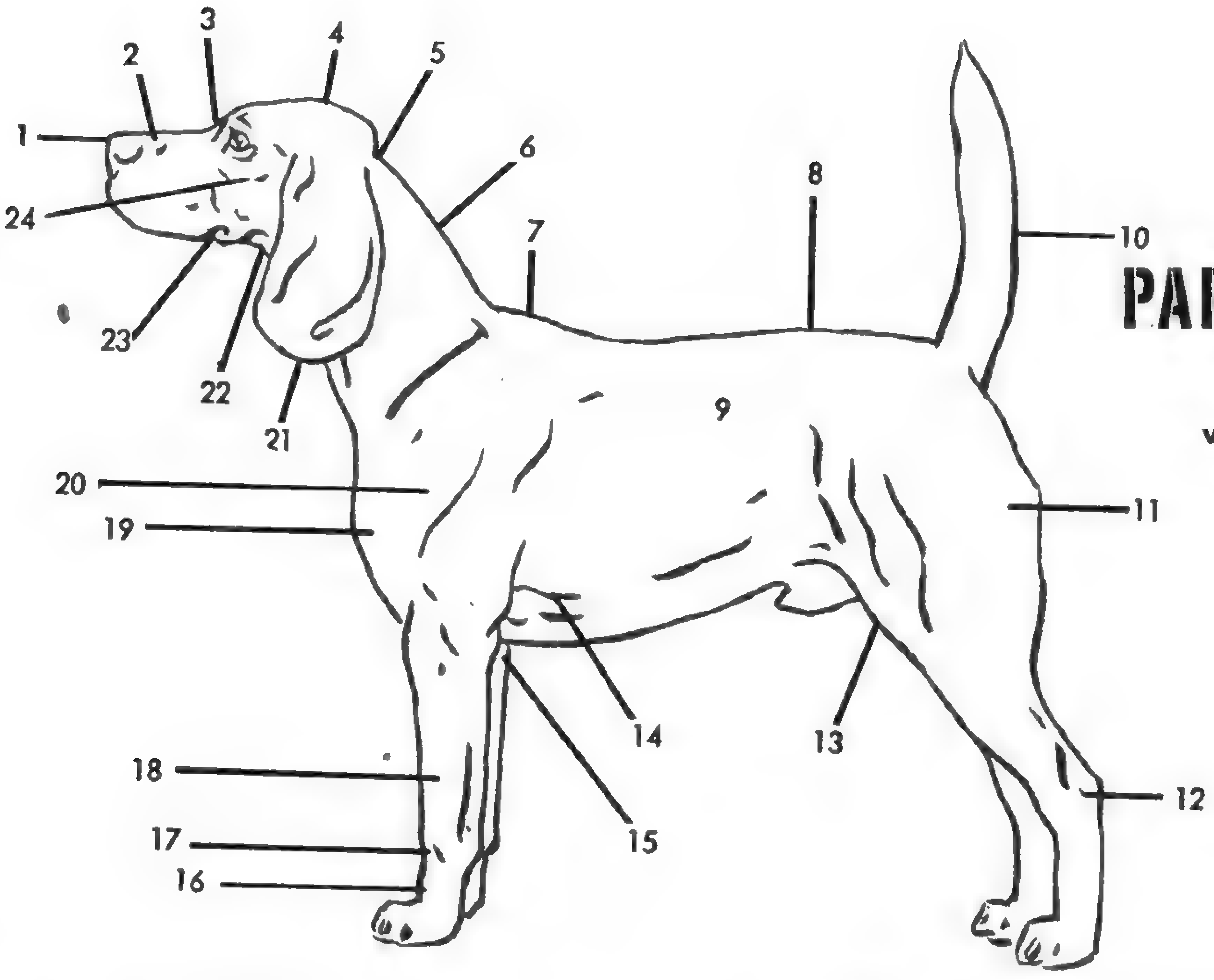
Although judging standards vary from breed to breed, there are certain standards of good form which are basic to all purebred dogs. To assist you in judging the conformational qualities of your own dog (whether you intend to show him or not), Esquire has analyzed the Beagle, one of the most popular of sporting dogs. In the photographs on this page, the standard points of the fine Beagle are shown while the diagrams on the opposite page chart the exterior anatomy and the more common defects of the dog. Remember that, in addition to the physical qualities, dogs are also judged on gait, expression and general ring performance which cannot be charted in any photographs or diagrams but which will become readily apparent to any good judge of great dogs.



A beagle should be close-coupled, its forelegs straight with plenty of bone, hind legs well-muscled, its stifles strong and well let down.

The ears are set moderately low, the forward edge turning in, the muzzle straight and square cut, the neck rising free from the shoulders.

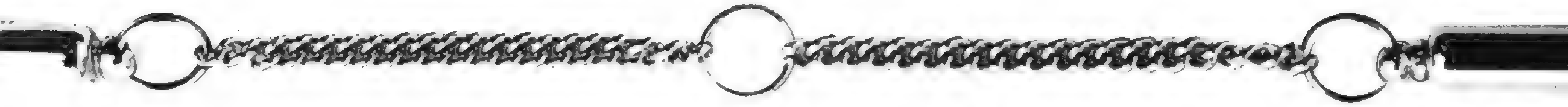


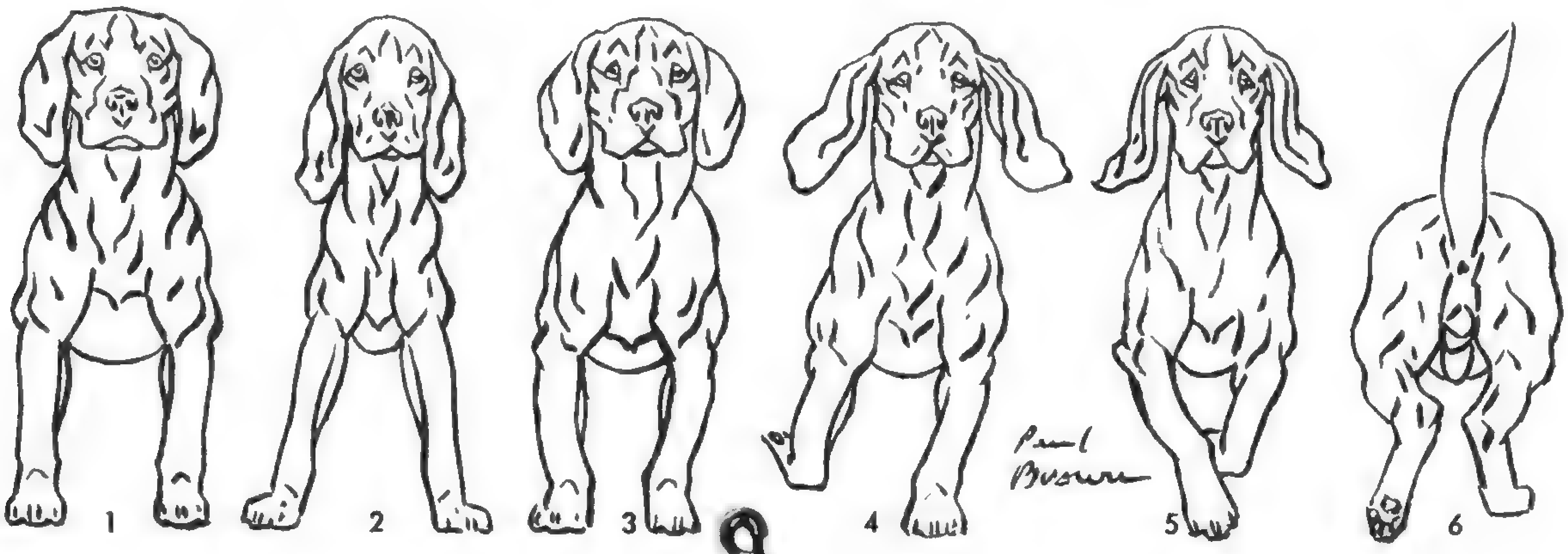


PARTS OF THE DOG

In judging your dog use the proper nomenclature when referring to his exterior anatomy

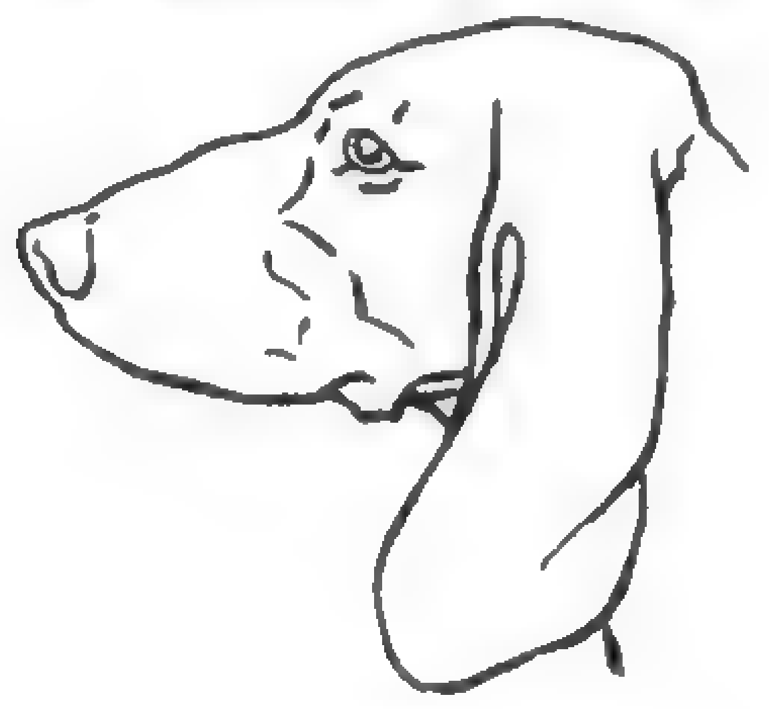
1. Nose
2. Muzzle
3. Stop
4. Skull
5. Occiput
6. Arch or crest
7. Withers
8. Hip
9. Loin
10. Brush or Flag
11. Point of rump
12. Hock
13. Stifle
14. Chest
15. Elbow
16. Pastern
17. Knee
18. Forearm
19. Point of shoulder
20. Shoulder
21. Ear or Leather
22. Dewlap
23. Lips or Flews
24. Cheek



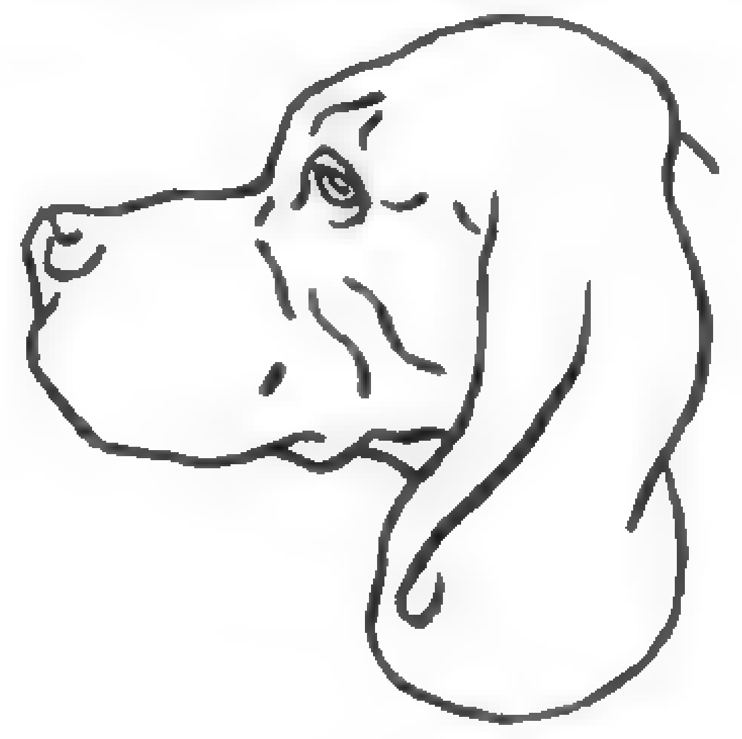


1. Wide front
2. Narrow and splayed
3. Bowed front
4. Poor mover—a roller
5. Poor mover—a paddler
6. Poor mover—cow hocked

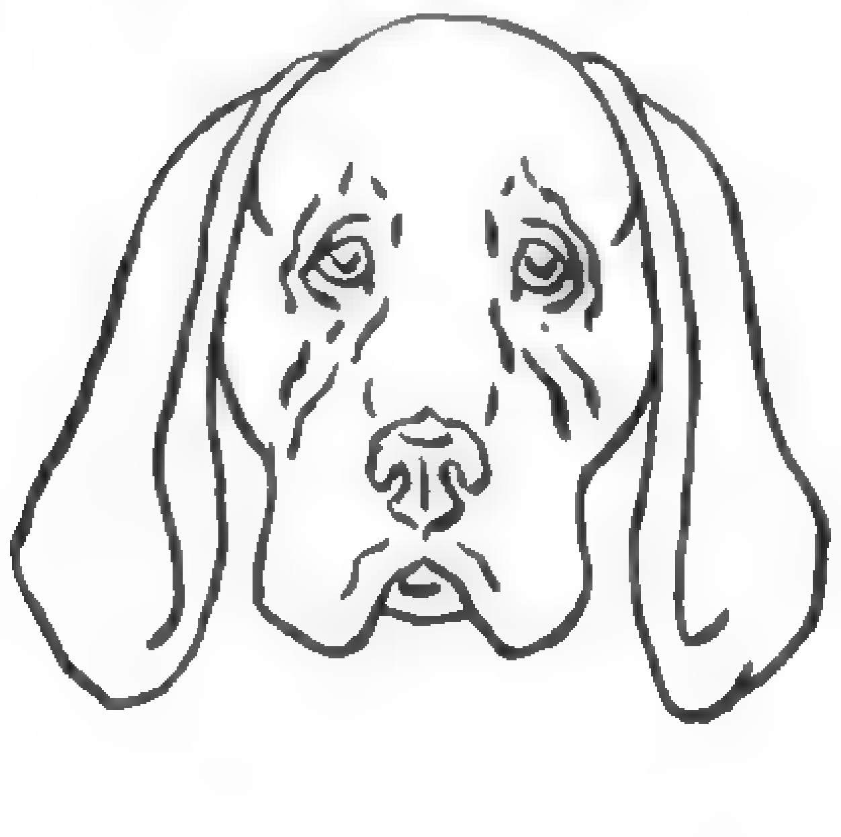
Poor head, snipey muzzle, little stop and flat skull.



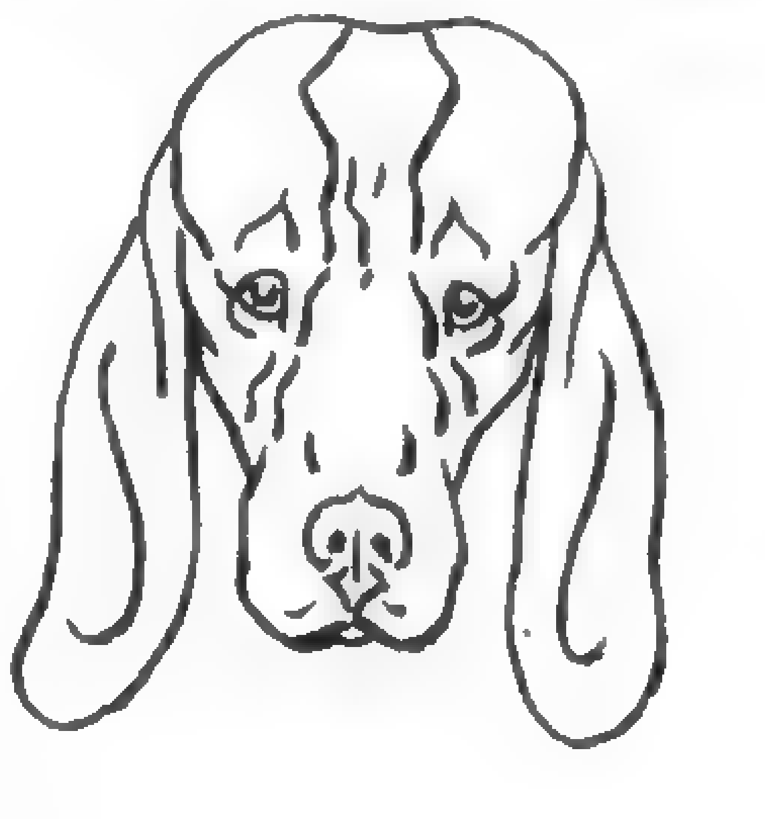
Coarse in muzzle, too much stop, apple-domed, short skull.



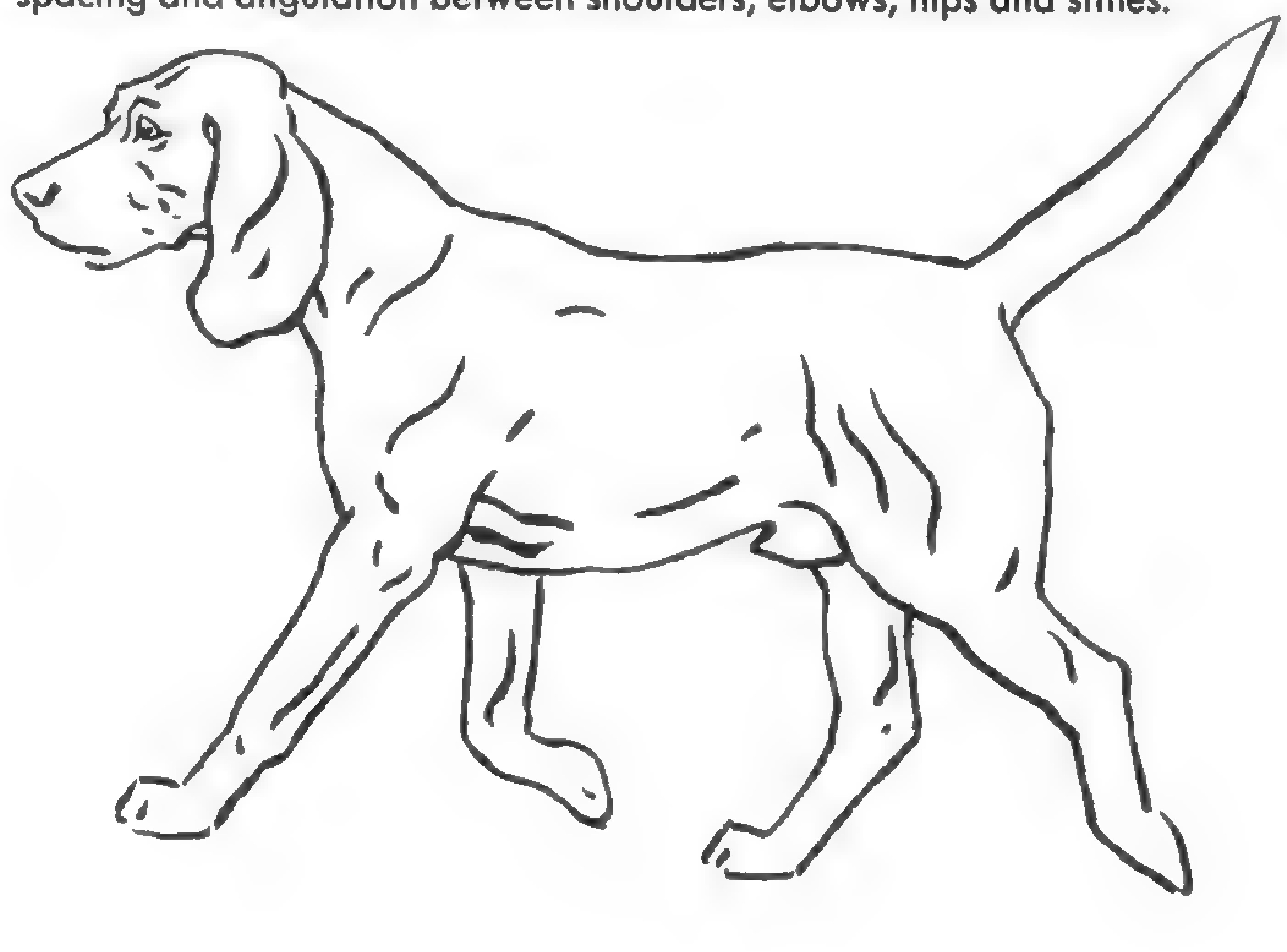
Ears set too high, skull is too narrow, too much lip.



Here the skull is too flat, and the muzzle too snipey.



The poor mover's action is short and choppy as a result of poor spacing and angulation between shoulders, elbows, hips and stifles.



THE TEN MOST POPULAR MEN'S DOGS

In an Esquire survey of 100 successful men,
the dogs shown on these two pages
were found to be the most frequently owned

OWNED BY MR. AND MRS. RICHARD C. KETTLES, JR.

1

The Boxer, which was brought to this country from Germany, is represented by Champion Warlord of Mazelaine, one of the greatest Boxers of all time.

OWNED BY MRS. HERTA SCHROEDER

2

The Great Dane, known as the King of Dogs, is famous for its nobility and courage, speed and endurance. Shown above is Champion Senta.

OWNED BY ELBOURNE KENNELS, REG.

3

The German Shepherd is represented by Ch. Dorian v. Beckgold who has won an International Championship with the title of Grand Victor.

OWNED BY MR. AND MRS. JOHN J. JACOBSEN

4

The Cocker Spaniel has been one of the most popular breeds for over fifty years. The one shown above is Ch. Try Cob's Success.

OWNED BY MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM H. LONG JR.

5

The Collie is represented by these identically marked dogs, Ch. Invader of Noranda and his son Ch. Noranda On The Beam (in front).

OWNED BY ED AND PEGEEN FITZGERALD

The Poodle (standard) is shown here with the unaffected retriever clip instead of the artificial pompon which is required at shows.

6

The popularity of purebred dogs changes greatly from year to year, according to the American Kennel Club records where pedigrees are registered. Although there are approximately 5 million purebred dogs, the A. K. C., by its registration, can tell which breed, at any one moment, is most popular, but it cannot tell which of them is really man's choice. To find this out Esquire has interviewed a panel of 100 successful men—in business, politics, and entertainment—to learn what dogs they owned. The 10 top dogs are shown on these two pages in the order of preference. The particular dogs shown are among the finest of their breeds and several of them have won the highest honors in the top American dog shows. The Boxer, the first choice, represented by Ch. Warlord of Mazelaine (one of the greatest dogs of all time) did not even appear among the first ten, a decade ago. The French Poodle, a rapid gainer in popularity with men, has had to overcome the obstacle of the foolish clips which are required if the dogs are to be shown. Although Esquire has photographed the other nine dogs as they would be seen at a show, out of consideration for the dignity of both man and dog, the French Poodle is shown in the shaggy retriever clip—not the pompon which makes it resemble a powder puff in front and a shorn sheep behind.

7

OWNED BY MRS. R. C. BONDY

The Wire Fox Terrier, one of the most beautifully profiled dogs is represented by Champion Radar of Wildoaks, a perfect specimen.

8

OWNED BY MRS. LANCASTER ANDREWS

The Dachshund, an ideal city dog, is rapidly gaining in popularity among men. Shown above is Ch. Aristo v. Marienlust, one of the Smooth variety.

The Irish Setter is one of the most lovely and lovable of all dogs. Represented below is Champion Lloyd's Saint Patrick.

OWNED BY MRS. J. K. LLOYD

9

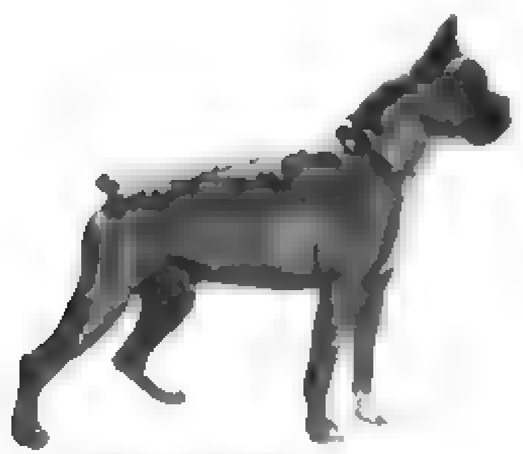
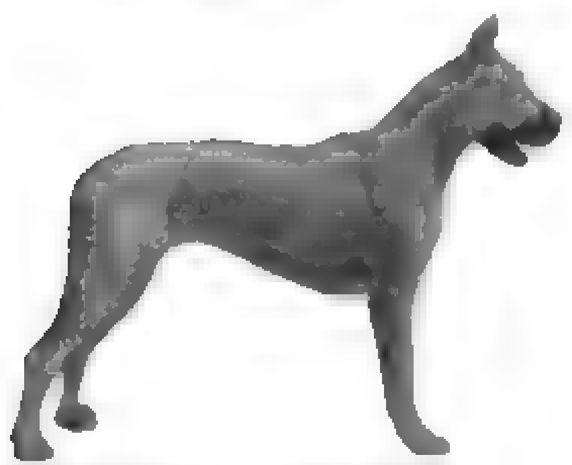
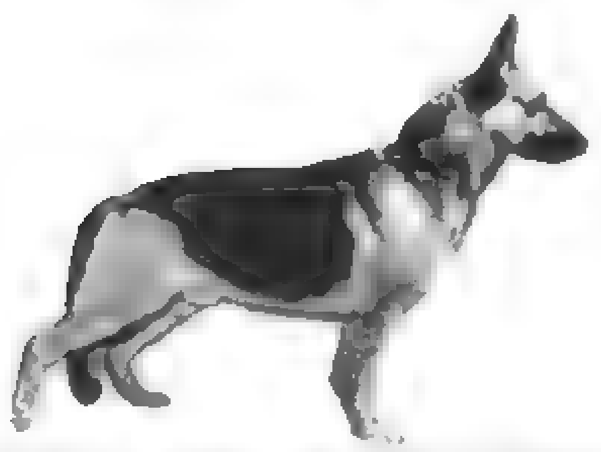
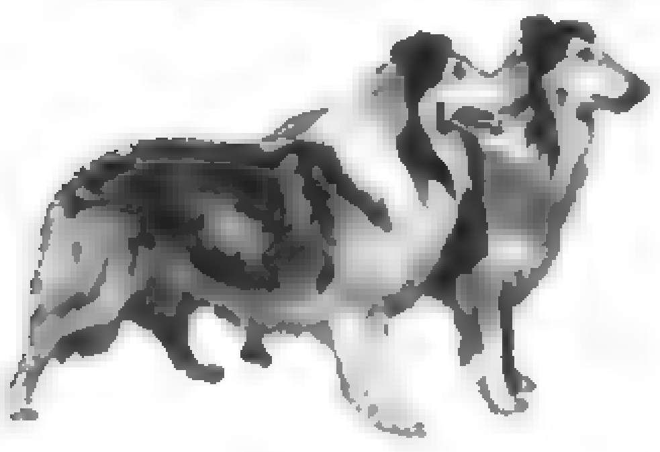
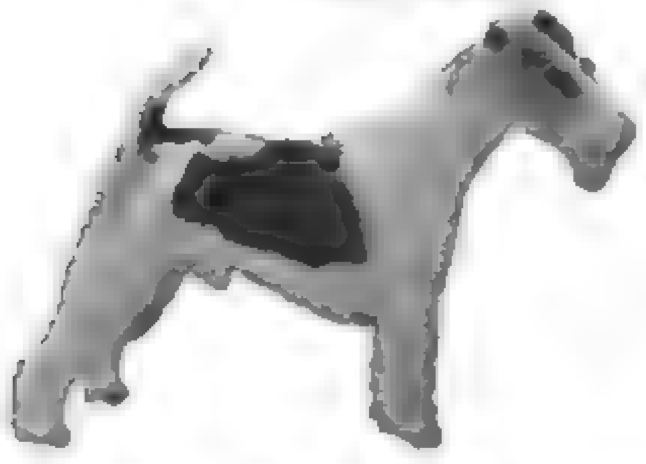
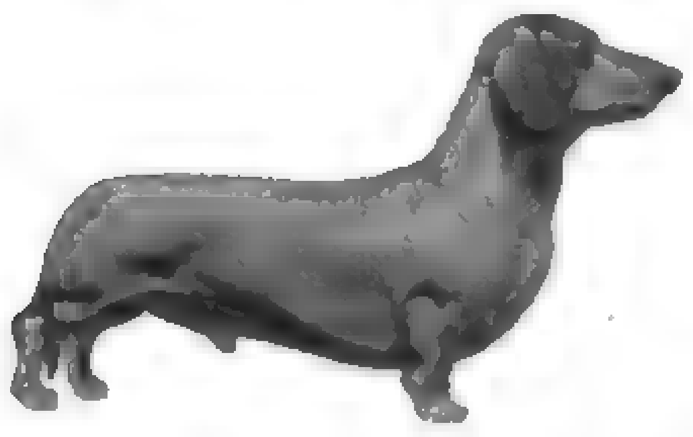
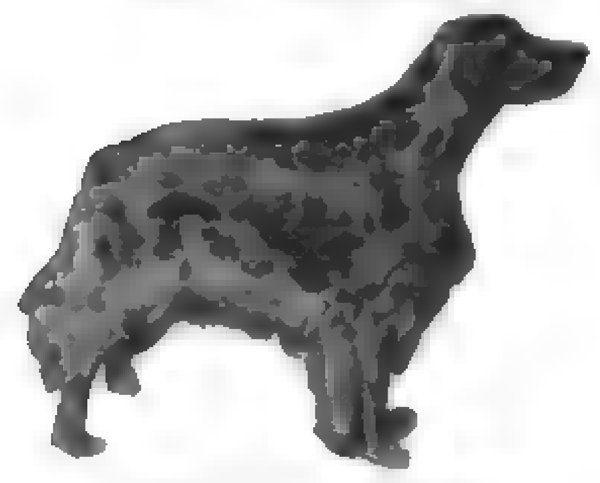
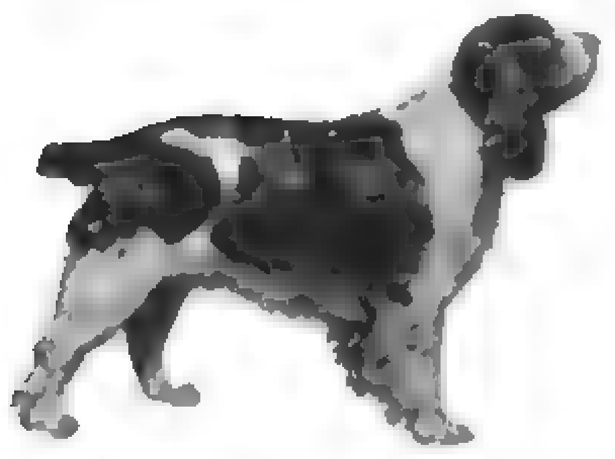
10

OWNED BY MR. AND MRS. J. C. QUIRK

The English Springer Spaniel is a hunting dog of great speed, agility and endurance. Shown above is Ch. Greenfair's Gamelad.

KODACHROMES BY ARNOLD GLANTZ

Charting The Ten Most Popular Men's Dogs

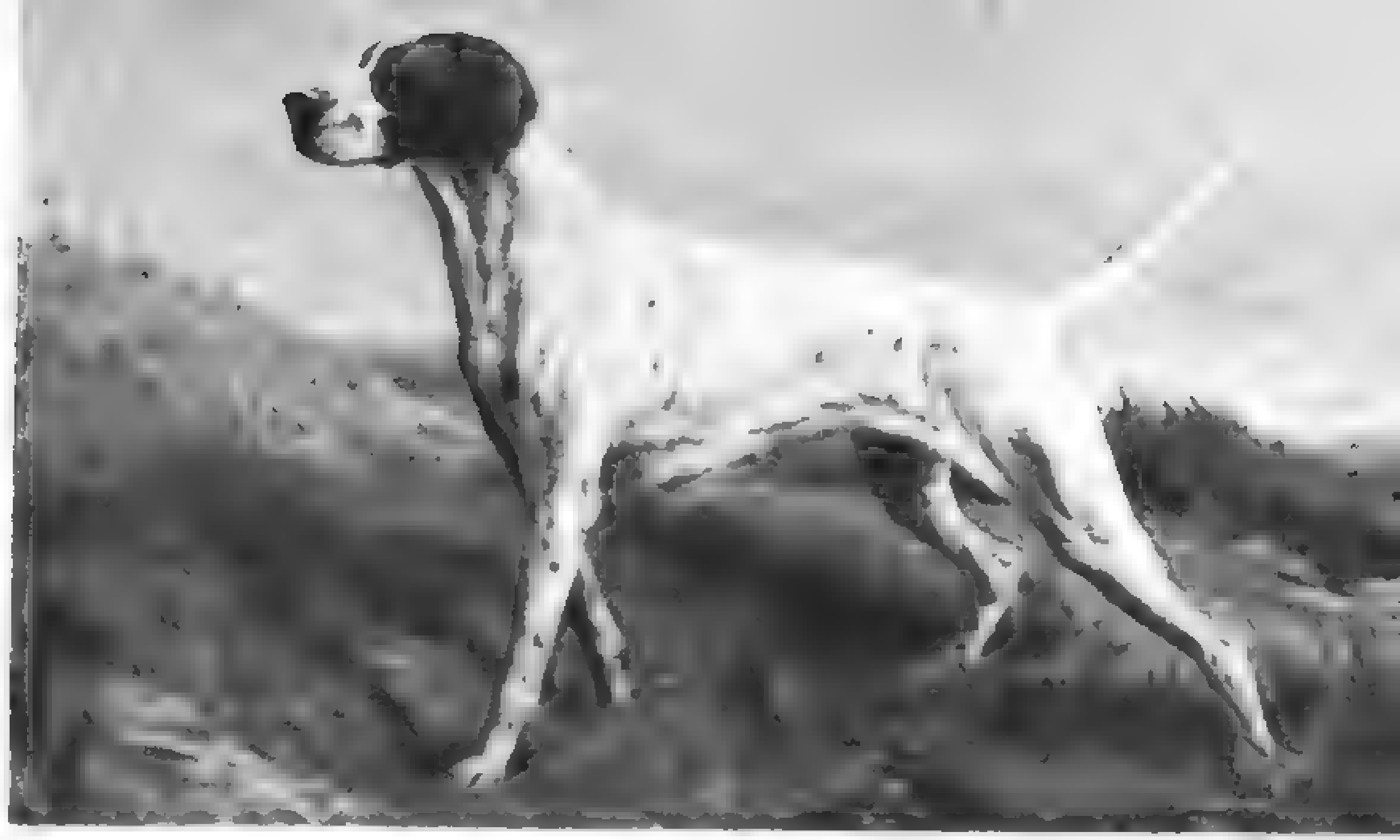
DOG	PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS	QUALITIES	PERSONALITY
 BOXER	Height: Dogs, 22-24" at withers; bitches, 21-23". Weight: Dogs (23"), 66 lbs. or over; bitches (22"), 62 lbs. Color: Fawn, light yellow to dark deer red, and brindle; black stripes on golden yellow or red-brown background with clearly defined stripes; black masks required; even distribution of head markings.	Alert, fearless, courageous as defender, firm, elastic stride, energetic, aggressive when necessary	Loyal to master, distrustful of strangers, modest, cheerful companion, elegance of attitude
 GREAT DANE	Height: Dogs, 30-32" or more at withers; bitches, 28-30" or more. Weight: Dogs, 120 lbs. minimum; bitches, 100 lbs. minimum. Color: Brindle, fawn, blue, black, harlequin (pure white with black torn patches irregularly and well distributed over whole body)	Spirited, courageous, fast with great endurance and majesty, referred to as King of Dogs, dogs should be more masculine and massive than bitches. Graceful, handles size well	Faithful, dependable, good-natured for its size, majestic spirit, can adjust to surroundings very well
 GERMAN SHEPHERD	Height: Dogs, 25" at withers; bitches, 23". Weight: Dogs, 75-85 lbs.; bitches, 60-70 lbs. Color: Strong color preferred, usually black and tan, brindle, iron grey with sable markings	Loyal, courageous, assimilates training as herder, guardian, leader of blind, keen sense of smell, bold fighter, noted for stamina and intelligent exercise of judgment. Outdoor dog	Faithful, alert protector, firm friend, poised, well-controlled nerves, slow to make friends but reliable companion, one-man dog (if so developed) but tolerant toward everyone
 COCKER SPANIEL	Height: Dogs, 15½-16½"; bitches, 15-15½". Weight: 22-28 lbs. Color: Black, black and tan, red, buff, liver, roan, parti-color	Versatile in field as hunter and retriever but needs strict training; fast, sturdy, keen inclination to work; noted for its great endurance	Trustworthy with children, companionable, merry, even-tempered, easily adaptable to mood of master or mistress
 COLLIE	Height: Dogs about 24" at withers; bitches about 22". Weight: Dogs, 60 lbs.; bitches, about 50 lbs. Color: Black and tan with white frill and collar; more showy sable with perfect white markings preferred	Active, lively, fast, highly intelligent, with show of strength. Inherited sense of herding, can be trained for everything, exuberant spirit, keen sense of hearing, alert expression	Calm, thoroughly good-natured, extraordinary homing instinct
 POODLE	Height: Standard, 15" or more at withers; miniature, under 15" but over 10"; toy, 10" or under. Weight: Average—standard, dogs, (14"), 55-60 lbs.; bitches, 50 lbs.; miniature, 18-20 lbs.; toy, 8-10 lbs. Color: Solid brown, black, apricot, white, or grey	Highly intelligent, hardy, stylish, but with strength and stamina of sporting dog; easy to rear, obedient. Standards make good retrievers. Good nose, very loyal, sagacious when trained, reliable watch-dog, courageous	Sweet-tempered, highly companionable, possesses great dignity, vitality and sense of sportsmanship, expressive face, good with children, common sense
 WIRE FOX TERRIER	Height: Dogs, 15½" maximum at withers; bitches, somewhat smaller. Weight: Dogs, 18 lbs.; bitches, 15-17 lbs. Color: White should predominate with markings of black, tan or both. No brindle, red or liver markings	Strong, brave beyond size, active, fast, with outstanding endurance and power. Scrappy when occasion calls for it, quick to learn, very alert	Spunky, vivacious, affectionate nature, well-mannered, stylish
 DACHSHUND	Height: 7-9". Weight: Standard, dogs, 15.4 minimum to 22 lbs.; bitches, 18 lbs.; miniature, under 9 lbs. Color: One-colored, two-colored or dappled in combinations of rusts, tans, browns, blacks, greys and whites	Lively, courageous to point of rashness, persevering in work, clever, good hunter, high-spirited, easy to care for, hardy, vigorous, tireless with great capacity to learn, alert watch-dog	Affectionate, responsive, companionable in restful mood, hilarious in play, noted for sense of humor
 IRISH SETTER	Height: Dogs, about 23-25"; bitches, 22-24". Weight: Dogs, 55-70 lbs.; bitches, 50-65 lbs. Color: Golden chestnut or mahogany red with no trace of black; white markings undesirable but will not disqualify	Hardy, vigorous, long-lived, slow to train but permanently trained, good running feet in the field, tough, easy to handle in the brush, courageous	Easy-going, gentle, loyal, lovable, even-tempered under strain
 SPRINGER SPANIEL	Height: Dogs, 18-19" at withers; bitches, 17½-18½". Weight: Dogs, 45-50 lbs.; bitches, 42-47 lbs. Color: Liver and white, black and white, liver, black, roan, etc. Any color acceptable except red and white or lemon and white	Good hunter, fast, agile, active, strong, with great endurance for field trials or hunting, obedient to any command when well trained, ideal for all-round work, bold, persevering in field	Thoroughly sporting, rugged by nature, adaptable to outdoor work, happy, good-natured

Arranged above is a blue ribbon collection of canine contrivances. Included are sturdy leads and leashes (note the 4-dog job at left and the chain choke collar with a leather buckle) and the latest in gadgets for grooming, clipping and combing your pet once he's firmly secured to the chrome trimming post at center. The silent whistle will bring him running as will the assortment of toys, at lower left, and the figure-8 tug-of-war toy, at center. To get him in shape for a show or to take him on a trip, consider the carrying crate, or, for a puppy, the small canvas case. And if you give him a bed or a blanket, it will keep *you* out of the dog house.

A GALLERY OF DOGDOM GREATS

The history of American dogdom, which officially began when the American Kennel Club was founded in the 1880's, is filled with many great dogs. The six dogs shown here are equally famous, but each for a different reason. The Bloodhound, *Nick Carter* (1), was the greatest that ever lived. His trailing resulted in over 600 convictions and he held a record for a 105-hour old trail. *Mary Montrose* (2), a Pointer, the epitome of classic performance in the field, was the first to win the National Championship field trials three times. *Goldwood Michael* (3), a Golden Retriever, is rated as the top performer in Obedience throughout the country, holding 13 perfect scores. Champion *My Own Brucie* (4) is considered by most breeders to be the standard of perfection among Cocker Spaniels and was, undoubtedly, largely responsible for the great popularity of Cockers. His greatest triumphs were the winning of Best in Show at Westminster in 1940 and 1941 and he was the first dog to win Best in Show at both Westminster and Morris and Essex, the two top shows in the country. *Flashy Sir* (5) is undoubtedly the outstanding American Racing Greyhound of all time. He set many track records and out of 80 starts had 60 firsts, and placed in all but six. In two years of racing he earned more than $50,000. Champion *Nornay Saddler* (6), a Smooth Fox Terrier, by his winning record, rekindled public interest in the Smooth variety and, at stud, practically rejuvenated the breed. But his greatest distinction is that he has amassed more show wins than any other dog of this era.

1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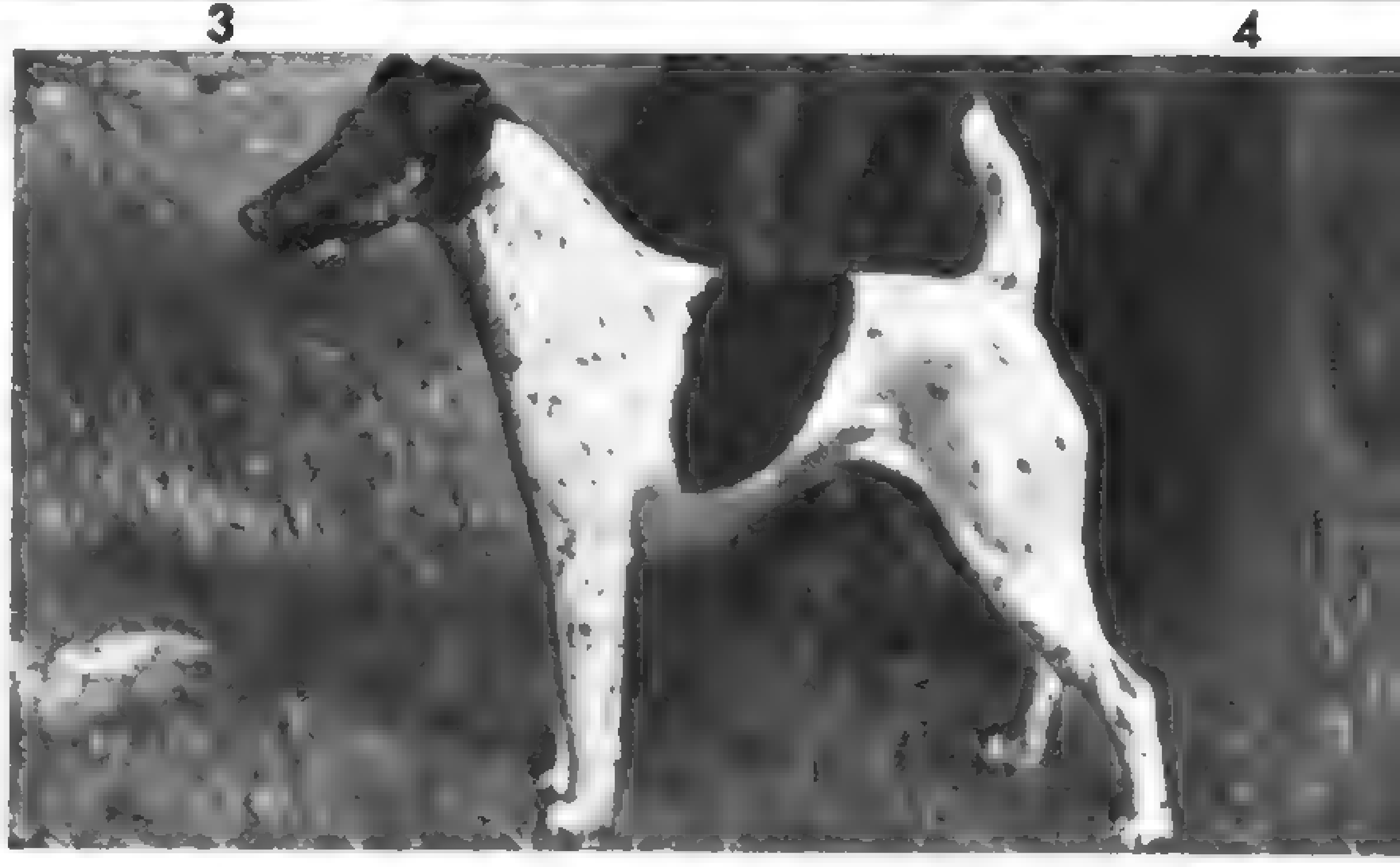
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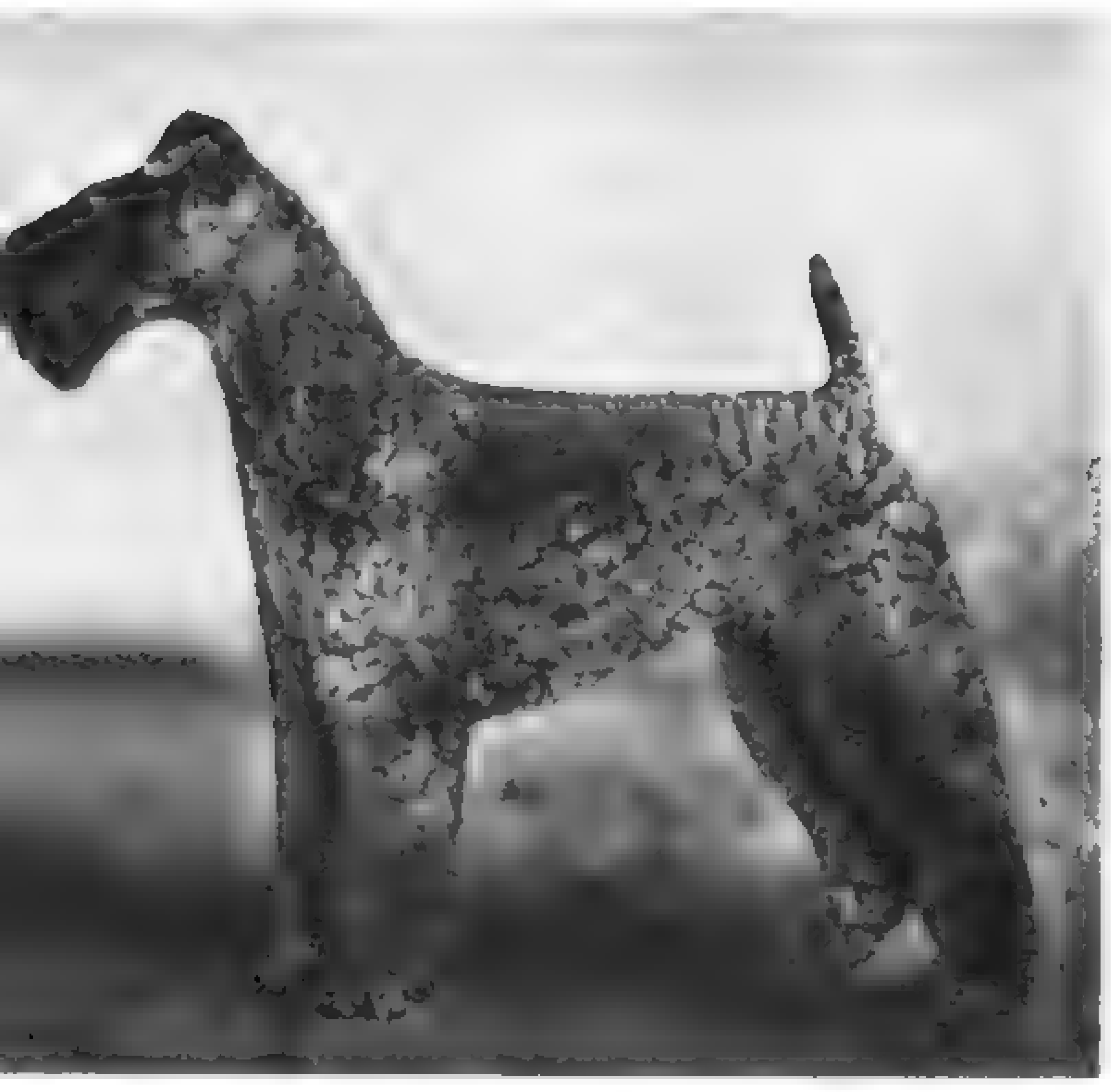
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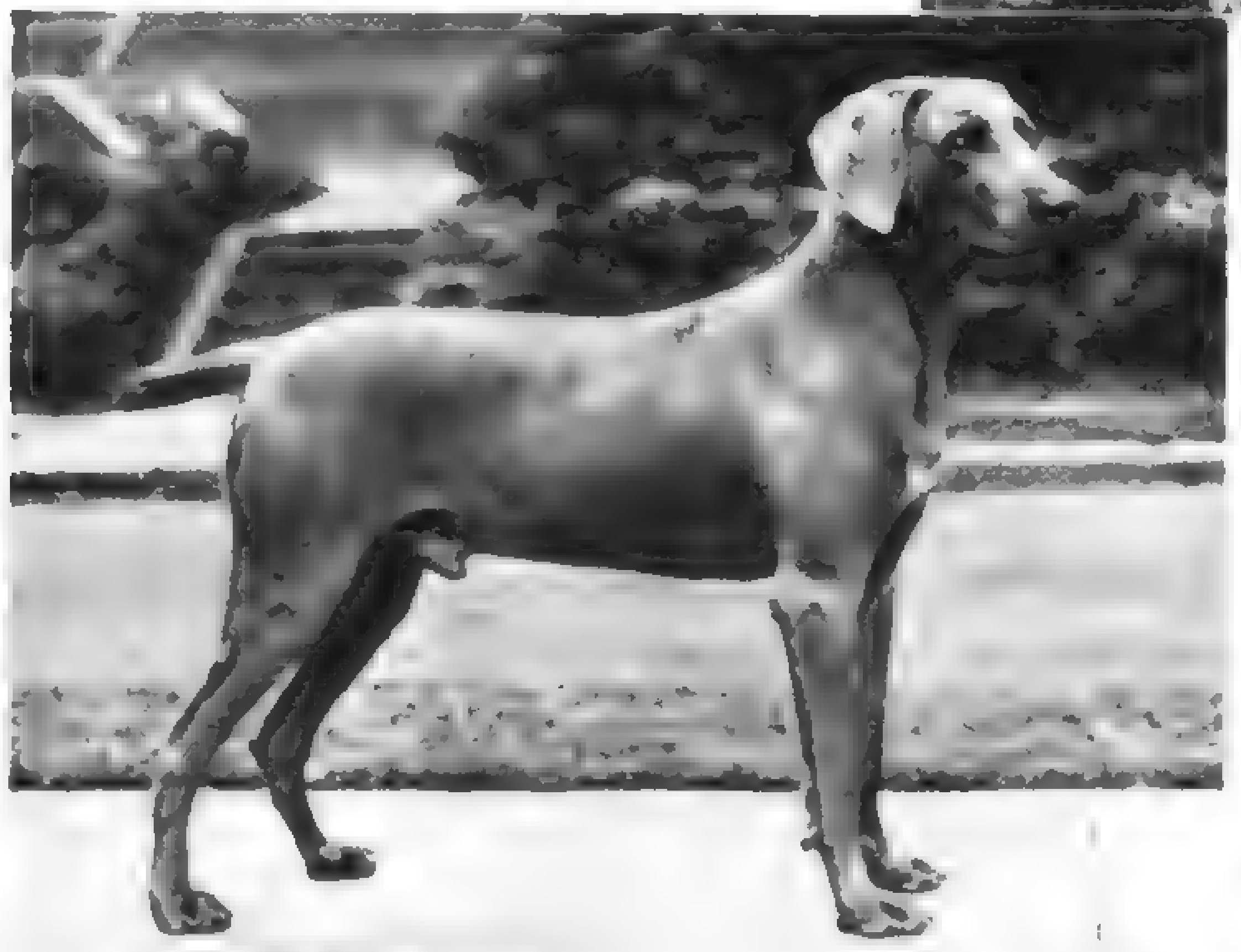
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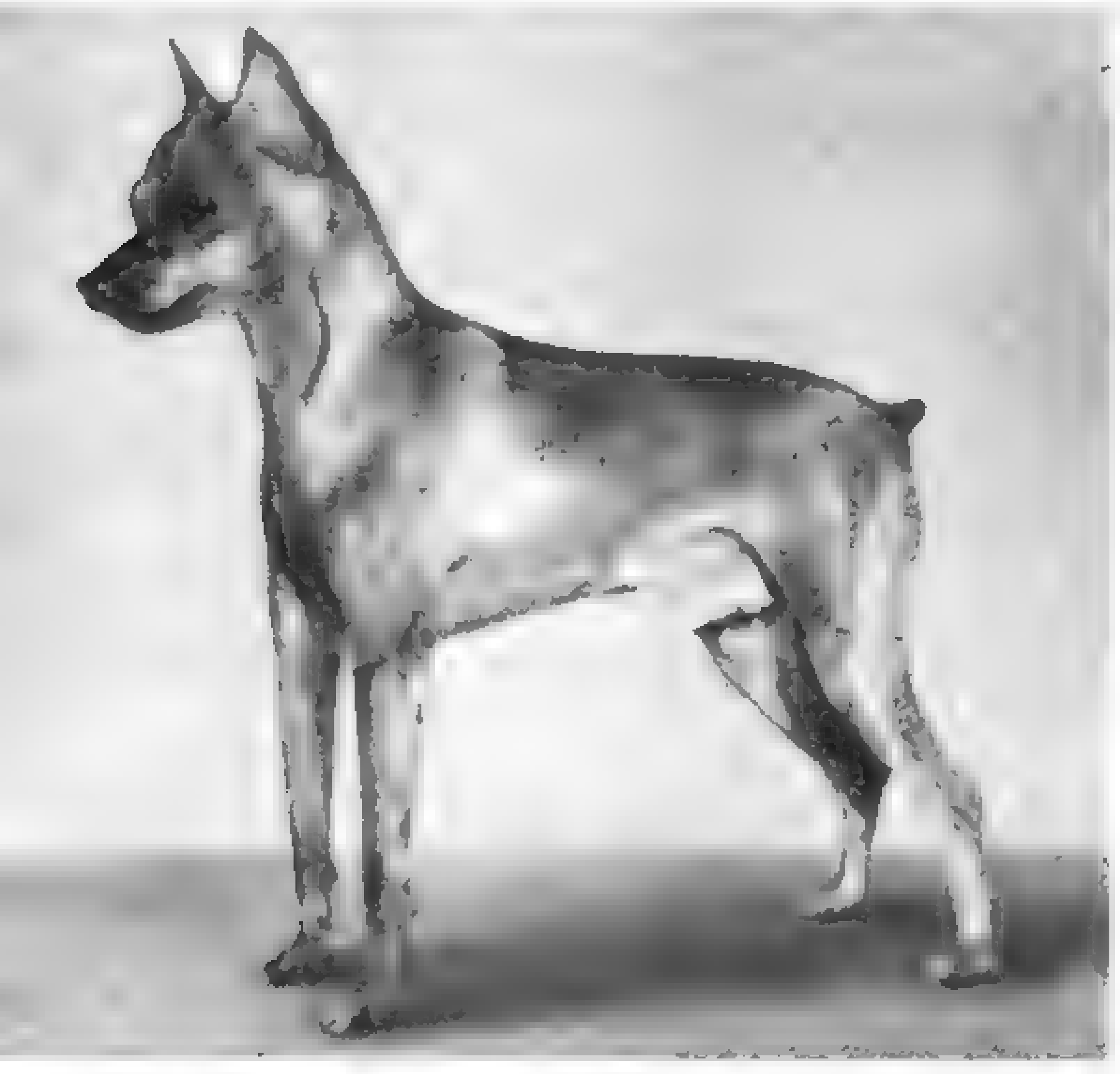
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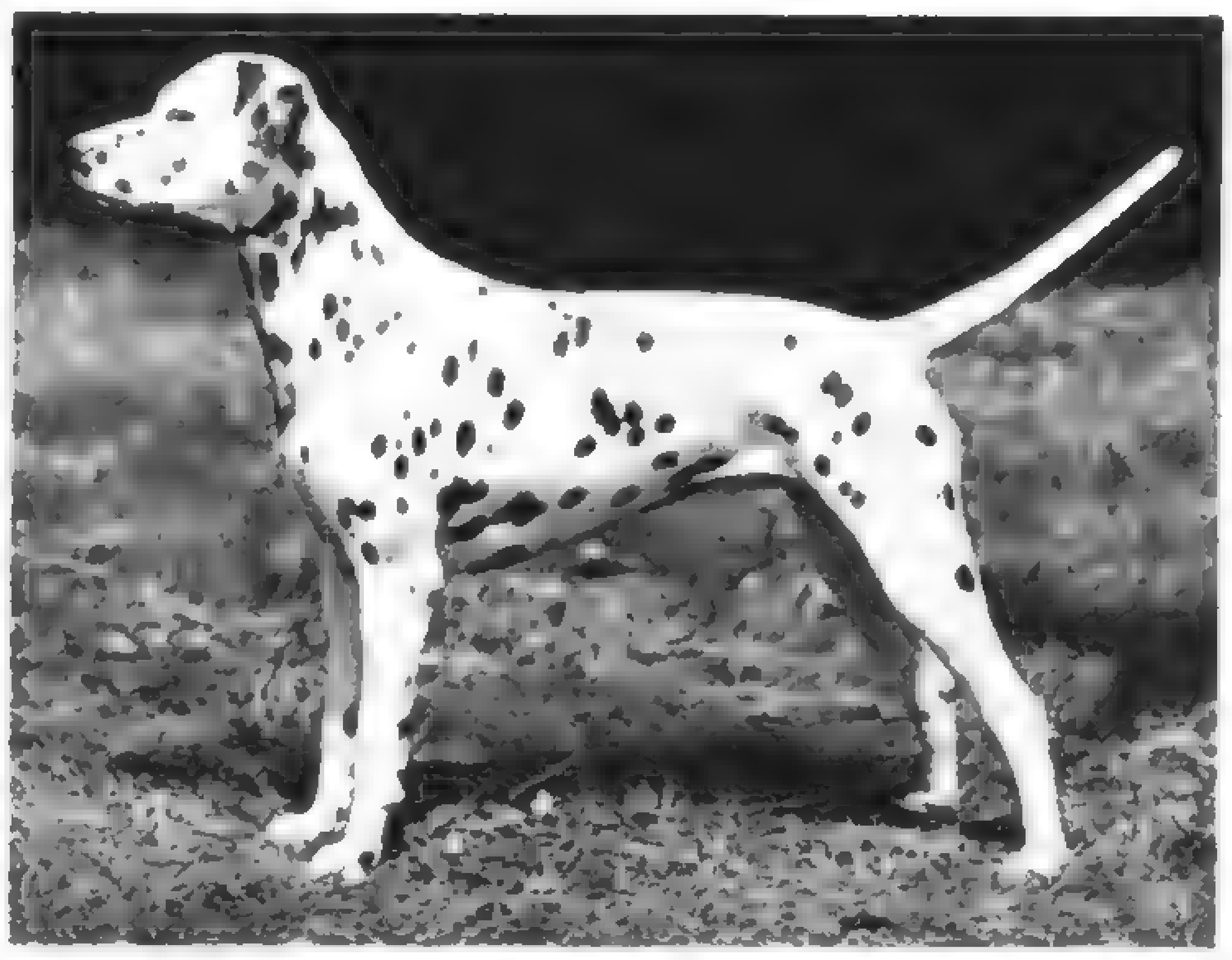
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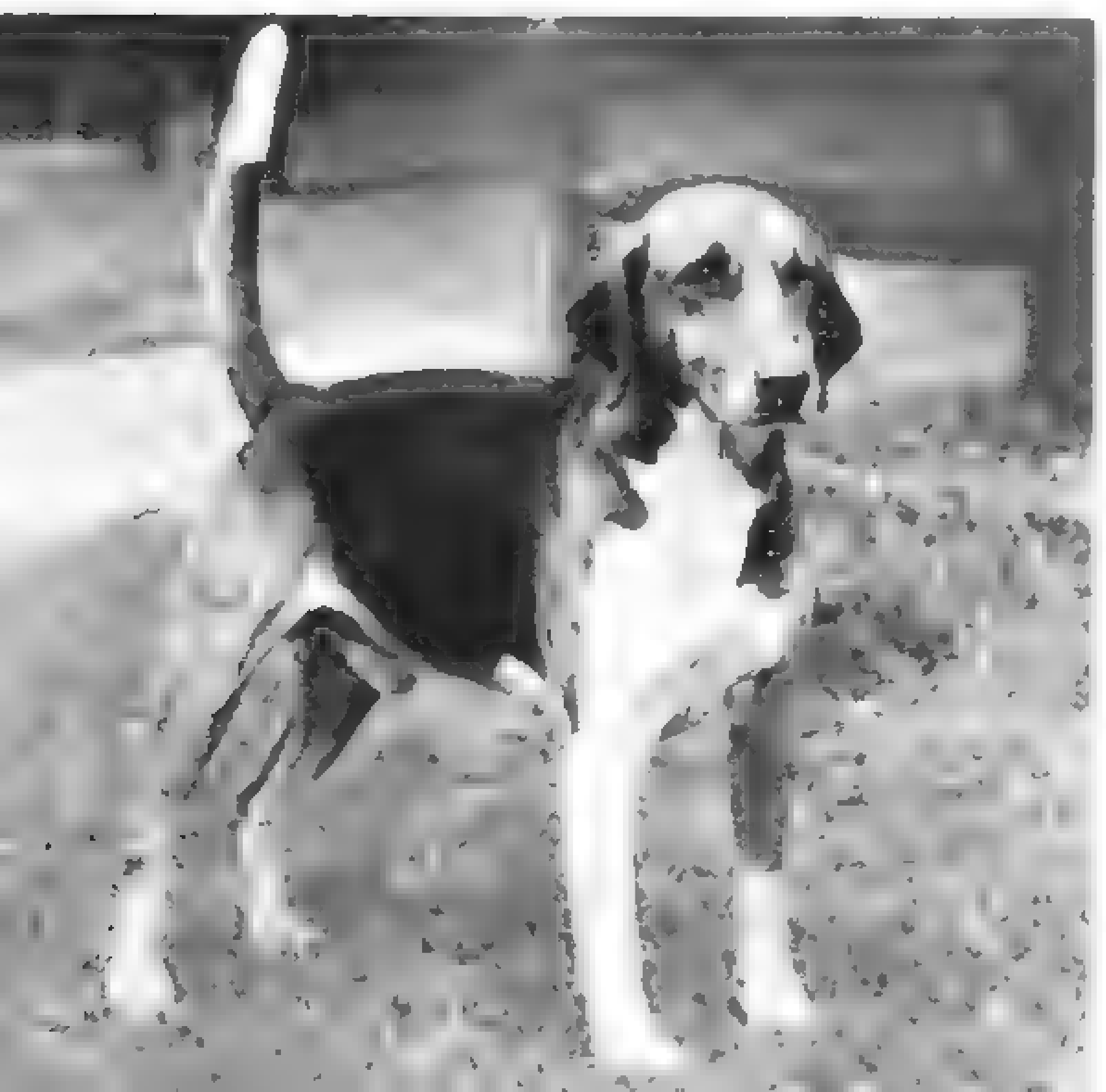
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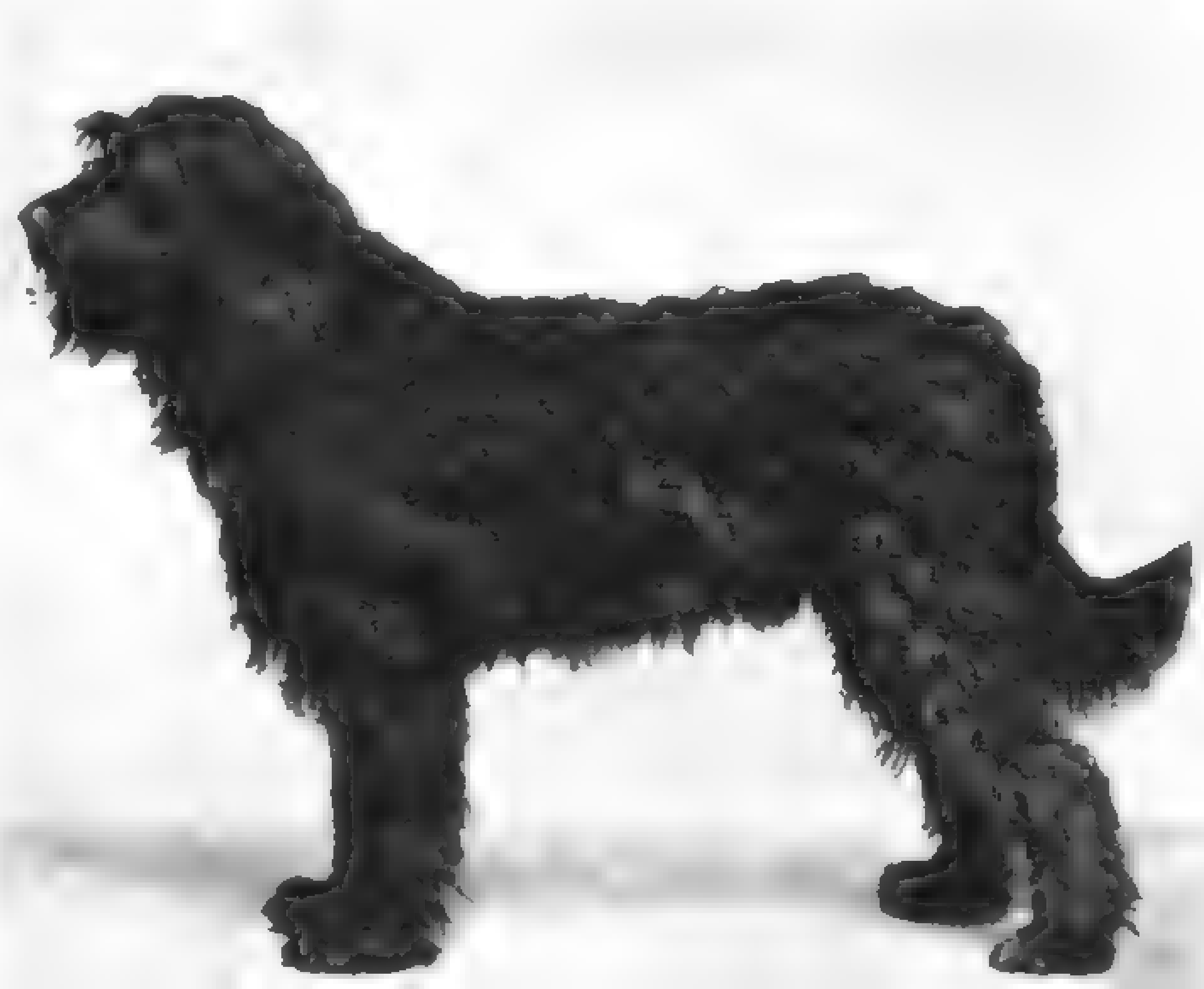
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ESQUIRE RECOMMENDS

Although the popularity of the different breeds of dogs varies from year to year, some of them have never achieved the recognition which their breeds deserved. Esquire recommends these six, one from each of the groups of dogs listed by the American Kennel Club. The plucky Kerry Blue Terrier (1) was primarily bred as a working, sporting member of the Terrier Group. He is a good family dog and has a great love for children. The Weimaraner (2), (whose portrait appears on the cover), the "grey ghost" of the Sporting Dog Group, is probably the most exclusive dog in the world. There are no more than 1000 today in Germany, where they were originally bred under the most rigorous control, and there are even fewer in the United States. They move rapidly and quietly in the field and are greatly admired as gun dogs. A pointing breed, they work close to the gun. The Miniature Pinscher (3) from the Toy Group resembles the Doberman but his size recommends him to city dwellers who want an alert and lively little animal full of spunk and grit. He's intelligent and a good watch dog. The Dalmation (4) from the Non-Sporting Group is a creature of noble bearing, aloof in manner except to his master. He has unbounded energy and an instinctive love for horses. He is equally adaptable to city-living, content with a sedentary life. The Harrier (5) of the Hound Group is ideal for hunting hilly, rough country, on prey not given to straight running. They are particularly good in the tight country of the grey fox and the hare. The Briard (6) is a Working Dog for a rugged individualist. Companionable with children, they are playful, make good watch dogs, in fact, are ideal dogs for the gentleman farmer.

Esquire wishes to thank the following for assistance in the preparation of this supplement: **Harry Miller** and the **Gaines Dog Research Center**, New York City, for technical counsel; **Abercrombie & Fitch Co.**, equipment on seventh page; **H. Terry Correll**, owner of Rollen's Foxy Anna Belle; **Orange Judd Publishing Co.** for permission to reproduce picture of Nick Carter; **Evelyn Shafer**, photographs for "Esquire Recommends".

Mayhem in Midair

An acrobat knows the importance of split-second timing: miss a cue just once and there's nothing that can't happen—including an unscheduled 3-ring murder

A Story by

JULIUS FAST

THE platform was a tiny refuge in a vast sea of emptiness. Hans balanced himself on it, feet planted firmly on the canvas-covered boards, body erect and graceful, the blue jersey molded to legs and chest.

The band rose to a climax and broke dramatically. For a moment there was complete silence, and then the giant tent was filled with the meaningless drone of sound that came between acts: the shrill cries of peanut and popcorn vendors, the shouts of children, the shrill yapping of the clowns' dogs as they followed their masters around the rings, the trumpeting of the elephants, the impatient stamping of the horses, the coughing of the big cats, and sometimes even snatches of conversation.

A bird's-eye view, he thought. He and Karl were like two birds at opposite ends of the tent. Below them were the red and yellow rings, the sawdust, the gaudy, painted clowns and their costumed dogs.

He watched the trapezes being lowered into the enormous murkiness of the tent, and he touched his palms to his thighs nervously. Could he go through with it? It would be easy if the hate alone were with him always, blind and unreasoning. But there was more than that. There was the insatiable need for Karl's affection. He could feel his arm tremble, and he clasped the pole behind him for support. In the end it was always the fear that mastered him—the complete inability to fight Karl, the almost desperate need to yield.

He mustn't think. Thought would weaken and destroy him. He traced the path he would take from the moment the drums started to roll. Down and up. Over the first bar and down again. Past Karl and up, then double back to Karl's bar while Karl doubled back to his. He would meet Karl then, clasp his hands, and swing him in a long arc; and Karl would turn over and over, pretend to miss one bar, and then catch the next and swing to safety.

But tonight it could be different. If he were to hold the bar back a fraction of a second, upset the timing, there would be no bar when Karl swung, and the horrified shriek of the audience would beat about his ears in disbelief while Karl plummeted downward. *If* he were able to! He shut his eyes and tensed his arms against the thin pole behind him. That fall had been a part of his dreams for so long that he could feel and sense every terrible second of it. If he dared to do it, it would be over and done with; he would be rid of Karl and of the need to play like this with death.

The Brothers Brenner! Karl and Hans, Aerial Aladdins! Incredible Feats on the Gossamer Trapeze! The band and the rings and the gay lights, the roll of the drums and the tent like a fairy castle . . .

They couldn't possibly sense the darkness and terror that lay over him day and night like a choking blanket. They couldn't sense the hate that had turned him bitter and hard inside. They didn't know about the years that had passed since the night of their first rehearsal, when Hans had remained glued to his tiny platform, huddled there in terror and fear.

Afterward, behind the stables, Karl—three years older, three years stronger—had beaten him mercilessly. The warm, sickening blood had filled Hans' mouth and throat, and still there had been no end—only the endless, smashing impact of Karl's fists against his nose and his jaw.

There had been something inhuman in the way Karl had beaten him—a senseless, sadistic joy of physical violence. Hans could recall the sick, sweet odor of the stables, the half-light from the tent beyond, and finally the coolness of the ground as he lay on it face down, whimpering. And Karl had stood there above him, his fists clenched, his arms bowed, his great chest drinking in the air hungrily. "You'll be a coward?" he had said as he waited for him to get up. "You'll *dare* to be a coward."

Hans had never hesitated again. The fear had been turned inward, the hate reserved for his dreams. In the tent he was cool and collected, a precision tool that operated flawlessly. Only inside, the hatred had grown and spread, and Karl had sensed the hatred that burned within Hans and returned it.

Could you add these things up? Could you balance the hatred by the unquestioned fact that every day they depended on each other's flawless precision for their own lives?

Karl knew about, and was contemptuous of, the inherent weakness that kept his brother constantly in line. He had used his knowledge as a weapon. He had pretended approval of each performance.

"You were fine today, Hans," he would tell him.

Just words. And though Hans had fought against the pleasure those words gave him, there was still the need to win that pleasure, the pressure of Karl's firm hand on his back, the arm around his shoulders.

He shivered and stared across the tent, through the maze of wires and trapezes, to the other tall and thin tent pole with its platform and smudge of scarlet that was Karl.

The drums would start now. He caught the white trapeze that swung toward him and he held it, his blue, jersey-clad body unconsciously graceful. He wondered if Leni were watching. Probably not. More likely she was still in the dressing room, her hair over her bare, powdered shoulders—that unbelievably bright yellow hair that had lain like a caress over Karl's arm last night.

She had been furious when he came in, and he had stood there like a humiliated fool, while Karl turned to face him, his massive body moving gracefully and easily, an amused smile on his heavy face as he asked, "What's wrong, Hans?"

What's wrong? What's wrong? God give me the strength to do it now, he thought. *Let me destroy him before I'm completely destroyed myself. There's little enough left in me besides bitterness and hate and fear!*

The drums swept up, up, and up, and he held the white trapeze and drifted out over the vast, violet emptiness in a graceful arc, while across the tent the scarlet figure of his brother moved to meet him. Blue and scarlet; the searchlights picked them out as they passed each other, light and effortless as birds, then doubled back.

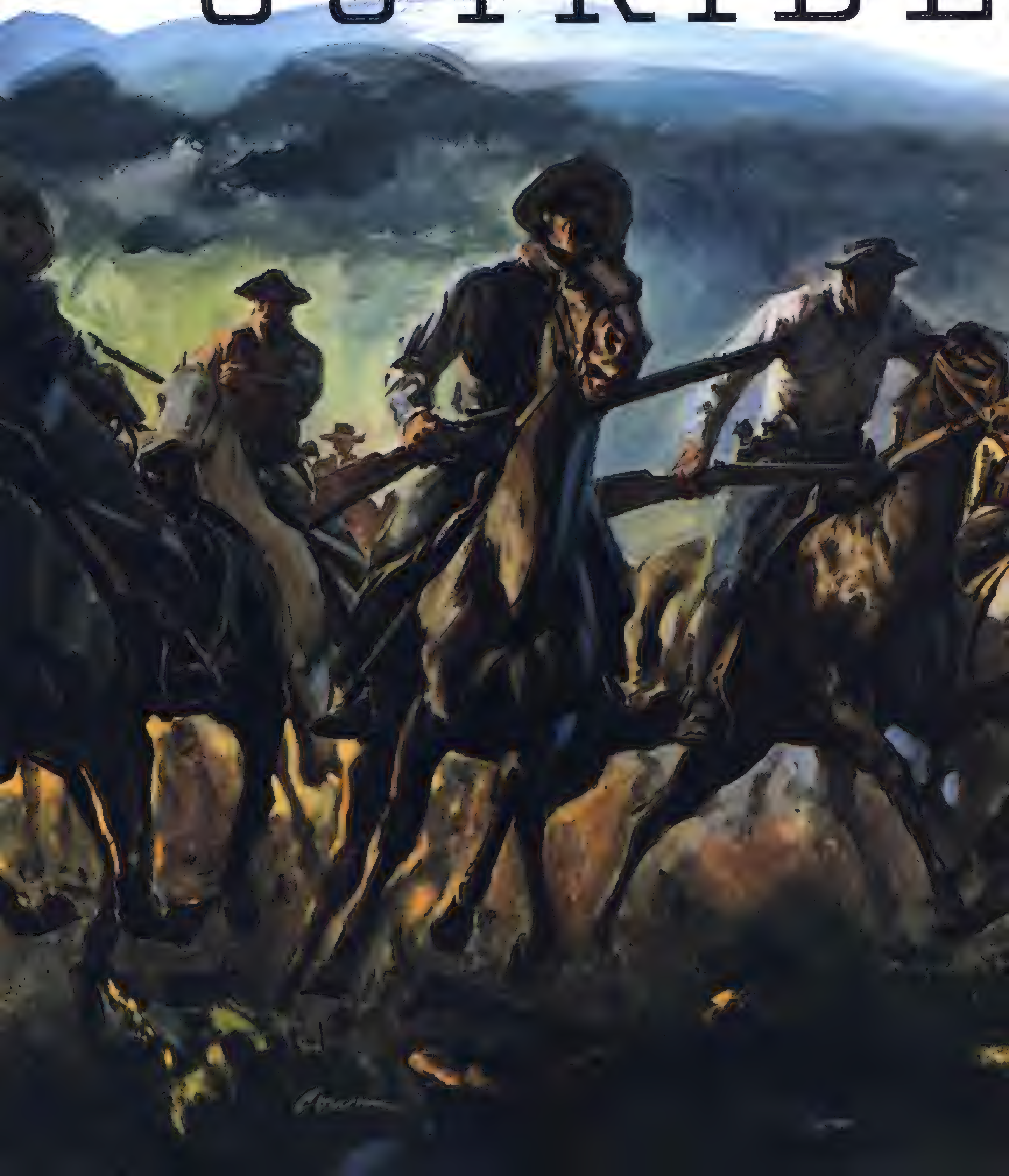
Now was the moment. Hold the bar a fraction of a second longer than was necessary, and it would be done. When Karl swung back to grasp it, it would be just beyond his finger tips. Karl would know, but no one else would think it anything but an accident. In the moment before he fell, Karl would know . . .

He cried out in the agony of realization that he could never do it, never tear himself loose from the bonds that Karl had forged so long ago.

He saw his brother rush toward him, saw the hatred mirrored in his face; and he tensed his body automatically, accurately, knees down. He leaped forward to the bar that Karl had just released. But he leaped forward to a bar six inches short of his fingers.

He knew, then, that Karl had planned it this way. In that awful moment as he plunged downward and the horrified gasp of the audience passed him and whispered against the tent top, he knew even at the end that Karl had been the stronger. ⧻

THE OUTRIDE



RS

The wagon train had three strikes on it before it moved: Indians, white marauders, and a trail boss who didn't know what side he was on till the shooting started

by IRVING RAVETCH

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is Part One of a book-length Esquire Western, to be completed in November.

ONE day goes like another in a prisoner-of-war stockade, but the thing that made this day so different was the news that we were going to get ourselves a bath. Early in the morning, the bluebellies tacked up notices on the walls of our huts, signed by the chaplain and declaring in pious language that cleanliness was next to godliness. That in itself didn't mean anything; he was always delivering himself of these little leftovers from his Sunday sermons—his own personal reminders that, though prisoners, we were still Christians. We didn't mind; the paper these notices were written on was of good quality, and soft.

But on this day, at ten o'clock, when they passed out the maggoty broth and the hardtack, Captain MacKinnon had a speech to make: "Southern gentlemen, officers and troopers—the pox has broken out next door and the people are worried."

"Next door" was the town of Benton, Missouri, a sleepy little place with several hundred people, just across the valley from our camp. We'd seen enough of it through the barbed wire to know it as well as our own homes in Virginia and Tennessee and Carolina; and lately, too, we'd seen the death wagons moving through the streets, and heard the church bells ringing, slow and sweet, and seen the barrels of tar burning on street corners—and wondered what it was.

". . . To use plain talk, it's the plague. People in Benton say it comes from here. They say this camp is a pesthole, and that the Southern gentlemen have brought the disease with them from Dixie. Some of their kids have died, and they're talking of coming up the hill one night and setting fire to the stockade. So the C. O. says we're to clean you up. Have your bedding and all your clothes and be ready to march by squads at noon."

We went in formation, and on the sides the bayonets of the guard glinted in the strong sunshine, but it was like a holiday. It was the first time outside the wires in almost a year for me; the same for Jesse Wallace, stepping along beside me, because they'd taken us together; and it was almost two years for the man on my other side, old Clint Priest, who was a grandfather three times before he even joined up. I noticed Priest was singing, and none of the bluebellies minded.

They took us down the hill in the other direction from Benton, through tall, springy yellow grass, and the sun came down hot on our backs. It seemed like an early spring this year. After a while, Clint Priest quit singing and we marched in silence. You could feel what each of us was thinking; I know the guards could, anyway, because not one of them was smiling, and they were gripping their rifles hard.

We came at last to a clear, winding stream and the order was given to halt. Captain MacKinnon held us at attention and had a few more words to say. "Men, this is my first detail as a wet nurse, and by God I'm going to make it a good one. Get in that water and scrub. When you're through with your clothes, go to work on yourselves. If the water won't take the dirt off you, then scratch it off—and if that doesn't work we'll see what a cutting edge'll do."

We went in, splashing and yelling, like truant schoolboys rather than soldiers of the Great Rebellion. It was the time of our lives. Clint and Jesse Wallace were in the water near me and there was twenty minutes of horseplay before we fell to cleaning out our clothes. That was more like work, and it quieted us down a bit. Then we began to look around.

We'd gone in at a little bend in the stream and got separated from the others. We could hear them around the bend, but we couldn't see them. All there was to see was the bank we'd dived from, and the stream itself, about fifteen yards wide, and the reeds lapping against the opposite bank. That's when we remembered again that we were prisoners of the Union Army—because a guard stood there sweating in his blue wool, watching us.

Jesse laughed at him. "Come on in, Yank. There's plenty of room."

The guard just shook his head. "Some other time," he said, and he hefted his gun a bit.

We went back to wringing out our clothes, but our hands moved slowly, and we'd look up every minute or so into each others' faces and then look away again. I caught Jesse's eye, and he shrugged, and I answered his shrug with a nod, and that's probably as far as it would have gone if old Priest hadn't bent forward and smiled with his yellow teeth and whispered in our ears, "You boys want to go home?"

I just stared at him, but Jesse was in no mood for repartee and he snarled back, "Yeah! You going to fix it for me?"

"Sure," Clint Priest whispered. "Sure thing."

He was grinning while he said it, and he was still grinning when his head went down slowly and disappeared under the water.

He didn't even leave a ripple behind him. I turned and looked at the guard—he was wiping his red face—and I looked away again, back to the spot where the old man had gone under. Beside me I heard Jesse let out his breath. It was a jagged, rasping noise.

Neither of us so much as made a motion to the other, but we both turned at the same time and began wading across the stream, straight toward the Yank.

He straightened quickly and stepped forward to the edge of the bank, the butt under his arm and his hand moving forward, one finger reaching out to touch the trigger.

"Get back," he said. "Like you told me—there's plenty of room."

I shook my head, right in the muzzle of that gun, and the blood was pounding like a sledge hammer right behind my eyes, and still Jesse and I moved closer to him. They say that a man about to shoot narrows his eyes, but the bluebelly did just the opposite, and I was close enough to see. His eyes went wide, as if in bewilderment, though the finger crooked itself around the trigger certainly enough.

"Where's the other one?" he asked, though he asked it of nobody in (*Continued on next page*)

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK COWAN

particular. "Where did the old man go?"

That was when Clint Priest finally broke the surface, his head bobbing up almost between the guard's legs, his thin, dripping arms shooting straight up like claws from the water. They caught the man tight around the back of his knees, and they jerked hard, and Jesse and I stepped aside a little to make room between us for the spinning body in blue that came splashing into the stream. It was almost with one complete movement that Jesse caught the rifle, swung it around, and brought the bayonet sweeping down through the air and into the water.

Old Priest sat on his haunches on the bank, dripping water and grinning like a maniac. "Don't forget my clothes, boys. I ain't going home naked!"

We lay in a thicket in the moonlight, breathing hard, stretched out on the moss where we had thrown ourselves, listening to the baying of the hounds. For twelve hours we had stumbled through the Missouri countryside and for twelve hours that wailing noise had pursued us. I remembered the cool water of the stream and how quickly it had reddened around my thighs.

"You didn't have to kill him," I said to Jesse.

Jesse didn't answer and the old man's voice rasped in the silence. "You could have stunned him. You didn't have to kill him."

Jesse rolled over on his side and looked at us contemptuously. "You boys make me a little sick."

We didn't say anything to that. We were beginning to breathe more easily, and we saved it. In another minute or two we'd be up and running again.

"I'm thinking of Antietam and Gettysburg," Jesse went on. "I don't remember your crying for Yanks then."

"That was different. That was—fighting . . ."

"And what's this? They still wear the same uniform, don't they?"

"I saw your face, Jesse," I said. "I saw you liked what you were doing."

Jesse was smiling. "That's right, Will."

All of a sudden I forgot what we were talking about. I sat up suddenly. "Listen!"

Priest cocked his head and then shook it slowly. "I don't hear anything."

"That's just it! I don't either!"

The wailing had stopped; the night was still. And you can't quiet hounds when they're fresh on a scent.

"They've lost us," Jesse said, getting to his feet. "We can slow down to a fast walk." He paused a little. "And I'll keep taking me dead Yankees till Lee walks down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D. C."

We came from the same place in Virginia, Jesse and I. We'd fought in the same platoon, and ducked down together when minnie balls came whistling around our heads, and rolled up in the same blanket on dozens of muddy fields. And I'd watched him change. It had been a long time in coming, but now that it was here he had killed unnecessarily and put a posse on our tails that wouldn't dismount until blood had been wiped out with blood.

We listened to the silence a while and then Jesse stepped out of the thicket. I followed him, and Priest brought up the rear. Now that the hounds had stopped baying, it felt like freedom for the first time, and watching Jesse's back I thought, *Well, the man was a Yank at that.* We'd left home together and we'd go back the same way.

There was a long way to go by foot through enemy lines, but we had our direction: west until we threw them off, then southeast. We traveled all that night and slept in the woods the next day. And when we awoke we saw the old man sitting against a tree and massaging his swollen feet.

He caught us watching him and grinned. "I'll never walk again, boys. When I'm home, and the war's won, and I want to go across the street to the post office, I'll call a darky and have him saddle me up a mare. Then it'll be a brisk trot to the other side. And what'll people say? Clint Priest is cracked? Clint Priest has gone soft? No, boys—they'll talk soft and say, 'Clint Priest—he's the man who walked home from Missouri. Set up a round for Clint.'"

But he must have known what was in our minds, because the grin lay forced on his lips.

I nodded at him. "I'm going to do a little resting myself."

"When the war's over?"

"Yeah."

"Meanwhile—what?"

"Meanwhile—work our way back to our own lines, try to find the regiment, join them again . . ."

Clint nodded and looked at Jesse. "That go for you, too?"

Jesse answered slowly. "I've had about enough. There ought to be a whole new generation grown up to take my place. I'll forage for myself from now on."

Clint was silent, still rubbing his feet, and Jesse spoke again. "It's getting dark. We ought to be starting." He got up.

"Another minute, Jesse." The tone of pleading in the old man's voice made me look away.

Jesse stood staring down at him. "All right, Clint," he said slowly. "Another minute."

Jesse remained standing. I watched the shadows filling the woods, and for some reason found myself counting slowly under my breath. When I reached sixty Jesse turned on his heel abruptly.

"Let's go."

We'd been watching the little farmhouse all afternoon, and now, as dusk fell, smoke began lapping out of the chimney. We could see the dim shapes of the horses cropping out near the stable, and already we could feel the thrust of their muscles under our legs.

First, we wanted a meal.

"Now remember," Clint said, "I'm your paw—your own daddy—so show respect and pass the plates to me first."

The farmer said no, he didn't need any hired hands, but he reckoned we could eat before we pushed on again. And having said that he stopped talking, scraped up to the table, and fell to. His wife looked at her plate through the whole meal, and their young kid chewed slowly and watched us. Then the woman set thick mugs in front of us and brought the coffee, and the farmer looked around at the three of us and sucked on his tooth.

"Bad news from Lawrence in Kansas," he said, and we glanced quickly at one another and then looked back to him.

He had paused a little. "Ain't you heard about it?" he asked slowly. "The whole state is whipped up."

"We've been in the West," Clint said. "Mining."

"Oh. You didn't tell me that."

"No, I didn't."

"It was a raid," the man went on. "Quantrill and his guerrillas. Must have been hundreds of them. They came over the bluff in the morning, and they spent the day shooting, burning, and looting. Every man in town dead. They didn't spare one."

"The filthy rebel butcher!" It was the woman who spoke. It was the first time we'd heard her voice, and it rasped with hatred.

The farmer paused, as if to let that sink in, and then he nodded. "You can't call it an act of war. It wasn't a military town. Didn't have a garrison of more than fifteen men. So that makes it murder."

"I guess it does," Clint said. "They're rebellious fiends, all of them—and they fight as if they wanted to win."

"I got two boys with Grant who say they won't. And if it goes on long enough—" the farmer nodded toward the boy beside him—"it'll be three."

Then he looked at Clint reflectively. "How come your sons ain't in uniform?"

Clint smiled a little. "Tell him, Will," he said to me.

"I took a minnie ball at Gettysburg," I said. "They can't use me any more."

The farmer shifted his eyes to Jesse, and Jesse looked at him deliberately. "I was shot, too. But I can't talk about it with a lady present."

"Well, you done what you could," the farmer said.

"That's right," Clint said cheerfully. "The boys did their part." He paused. "What else are people talking about these days?"

"The escape at Benton."

"Benton?" Clint said, and stopped, waiting for the rest of it.

"Oh, you wouldn't know about that, either, coming from the West."

"No, it's news."

"Three rebels broke out of the stockade and killed a guard. I heard in town this afternoon that a posse had tracked them down to this neighborhood."

Clint shook his head and spoke slowly. "They shouldn't have killed the guard."

"It's not that so much. The men are dangerous because they're carrying the plague. They're going to spread it over the whole countryside and do more damage than Grant before they're caught." Then the farmer said casually, "Orders are to shoot on sight if you run across three men who can't account for themselves."

The three of us reached for our mugs at the same time and sipped coffee in silence.

The farmer leaned toward me again. "You got one at Gettysburg, eh?"

"That's right."

"See much action before that?"

"Right from the beginning," I said. "Right from Pittsburg Landing."

I could see the muscles in the man's mouth clamping shut, and I put down my mug. "Anything wrong with that?" I asked him.

"No. Nothing at all . . ." He sat heavily a moment and then he pushed back from the table.

Jesse watched him. "Leaving us?" he asked pleasantly.

"Got to feed the hawgs." The man walked out the back door and slammed it behind him.

We finished our coffee and the woman made some fresh for us and we sat over that, waiting for him to come back in so Jesse could throw his gun on him and hold him while we saddled up the mounts. But he was still out there in the darkness, and his wife was smiling at me very broadly. I smiled back at her and then looked away, and then looked back. She hadn't stopped yet, and now I saw that it wasn't a friendly smile.

It's funny how good food and lots of it can lull men who have trained every sense they have to look alive for danger. But now there was danger, there was no mistaking it in this woman's calm and smiling malevolence—and we came to our feet.

Jesse's hand was nervous on the gun. "What's so funny?"

She said nothing, and Jesse rammed the muzzle up against her breast. "And what's keeping him?"

She wasn't smiling any more. Her body shivered. "Frank's halfway to town now." Then she nodded at me. "Only rebels would call it Pittsburg Landing. We use another name—Shiloh."

I remember how fast we moved. I remember Jesse and me standing out in the dark by the stable, saddling three horses, while Clint's shadow moved through the farmhouse, stuffing food into a large sack and collecting guns. We had the mounts ready and went up in the saddle, and I called for the old man.

"Hurry, Clint! Come on!"

"In a minute!"

Then Jesse's hand was on my arm, and he was leaning out of the saddle toward me, his voice low and earnest in the darkness. "Let's go, Will."

"I'm all ready. What's Clint doing?"

"No, Will—without Clint. Just us."

I guess I stared at him.

"You heard what he said about the posse. It'll be a squeak, Will, even for us. With an o man, they've got the noose around us already. Use your spurs, Will."

"Go to hell, Jesse."

His voice went up. "You want to hang for an old fool?"

Then he stopped, because we both saw Clint standing there with his arms loaded down, looking small from where we were sitting, standing stiffly. After a minute he moved forward and handed two pistols up to me—he turned around and gave two of them to Jesse—and then he climbed on his mount with the sack of food cradled in his lap.

"Which way, boys?" he asked, in that croak of his.

Jesse was staring at me and I showed him my back. "This way, Clint!"

We clattered out onto (*Continued on page 103*)

"T-I-M-BERR!"

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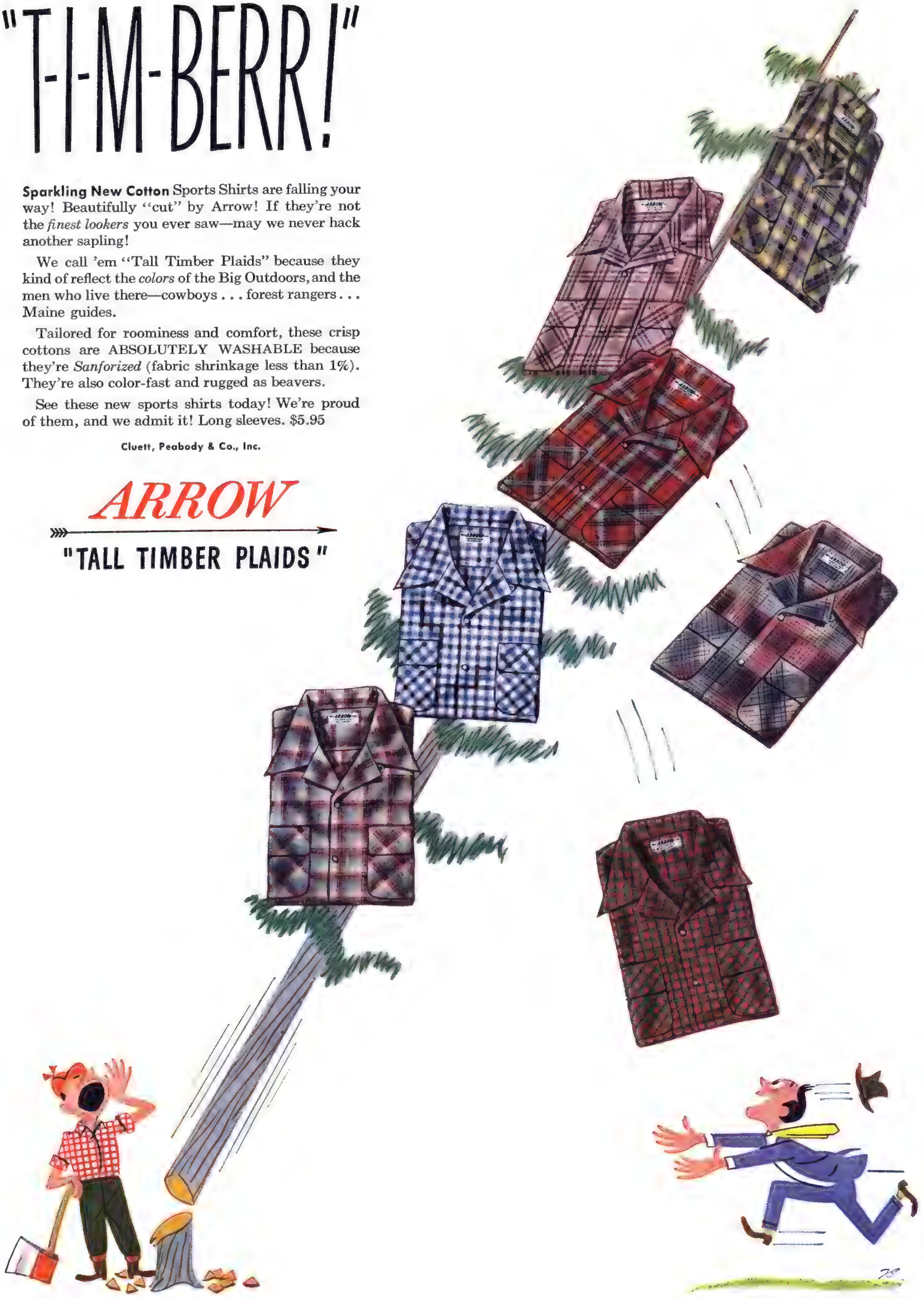
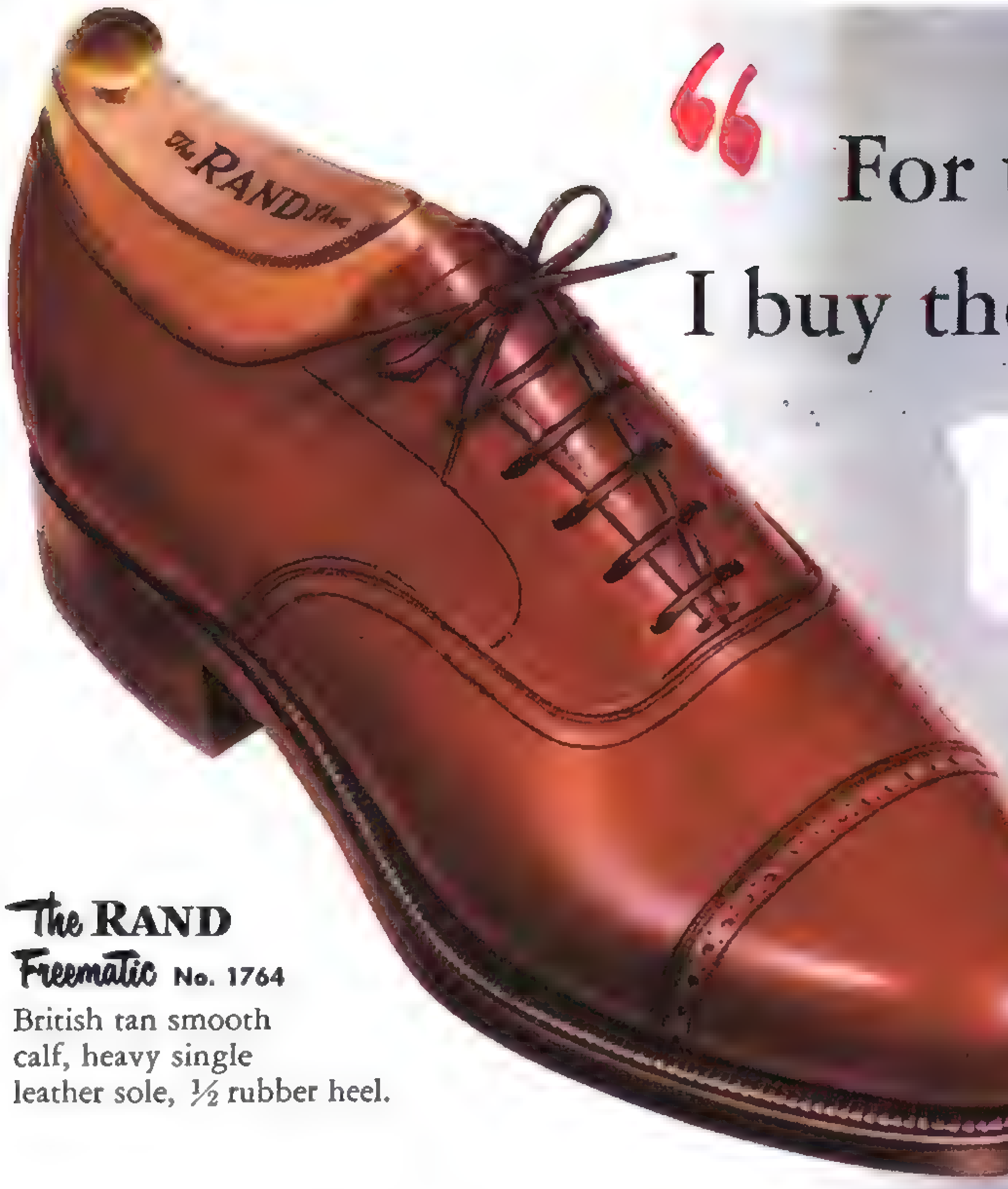
ARROW

"TALL TIMBER PLAIDS"



"For unequaled comfort I buy the shoe with the special Freematic Principle"



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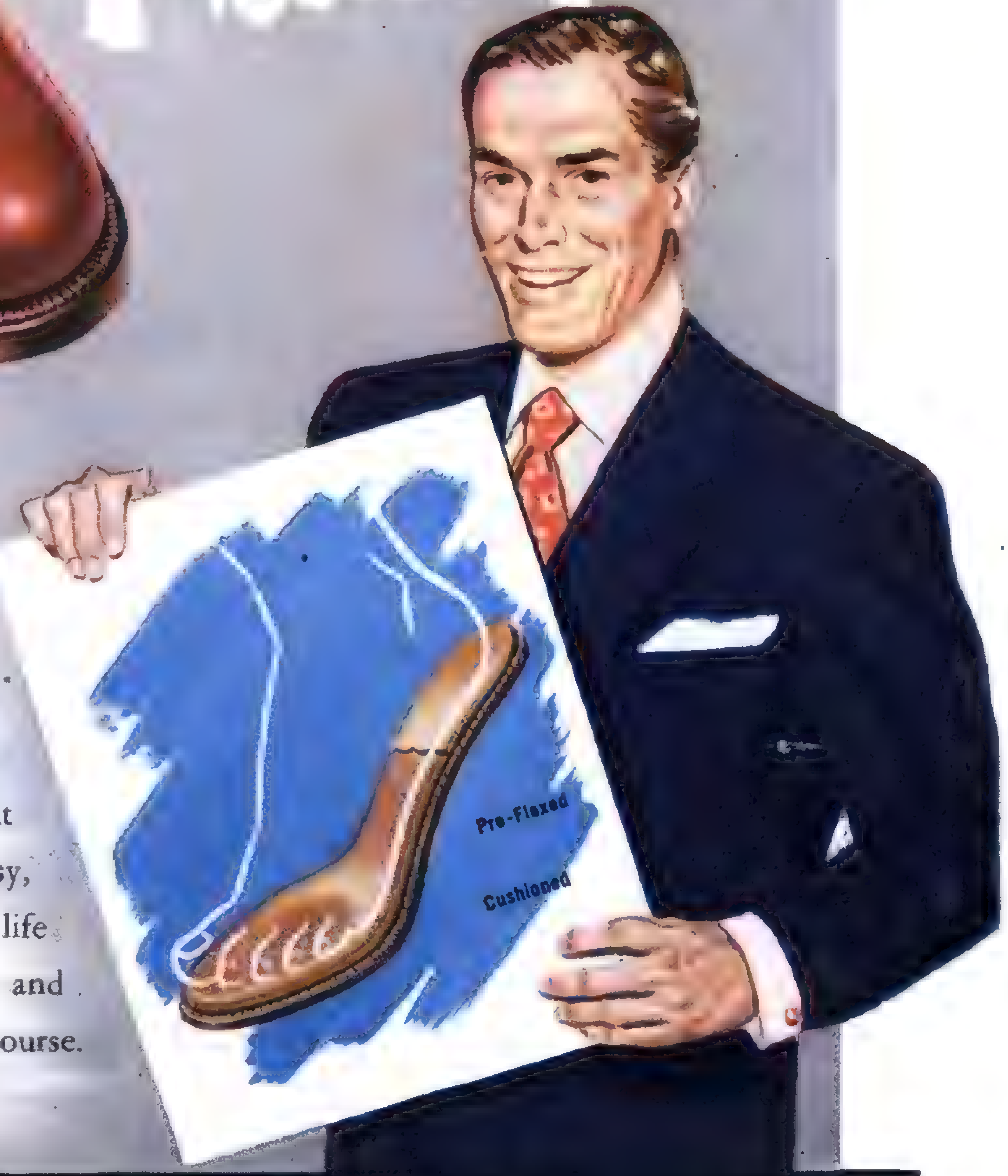

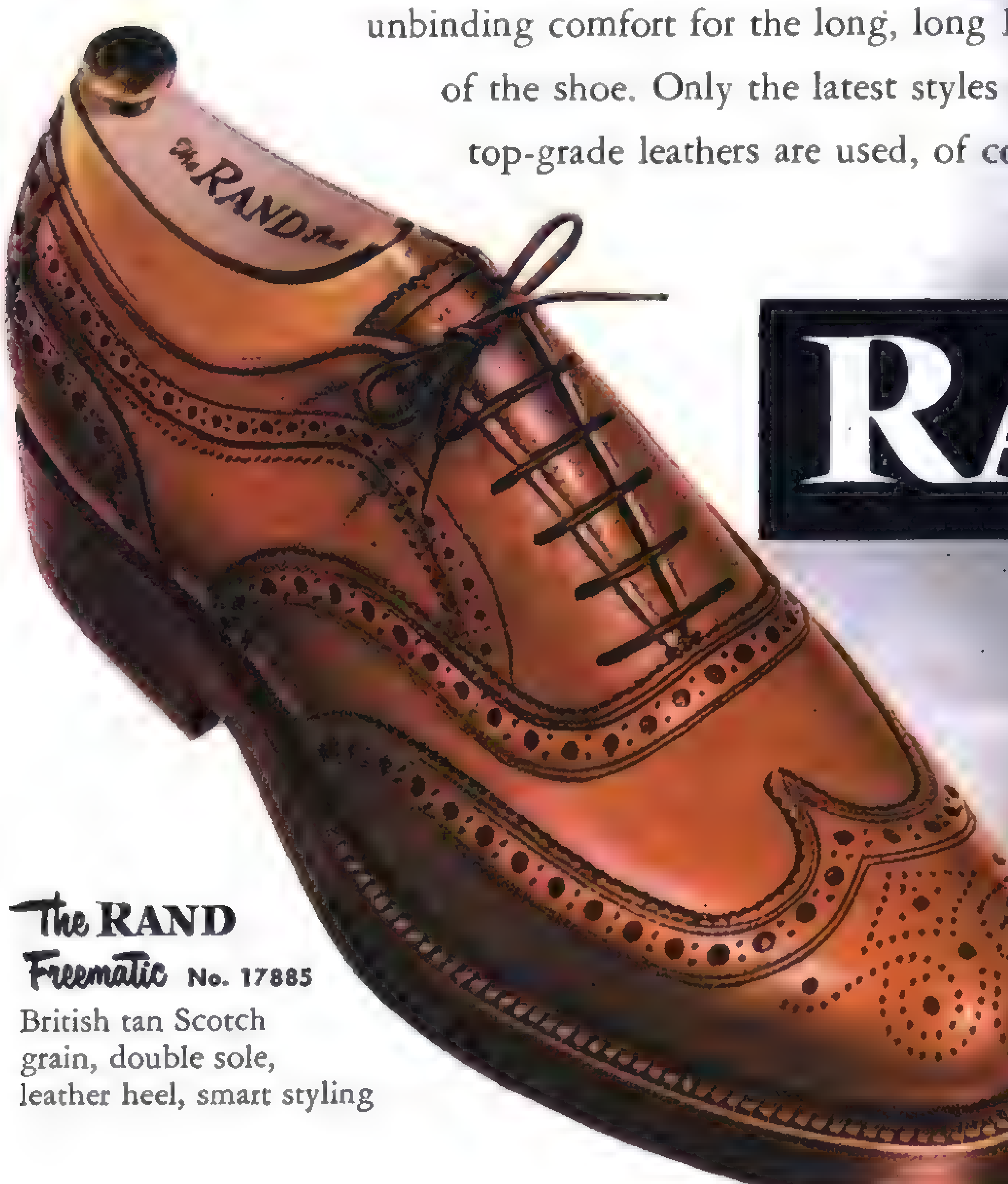

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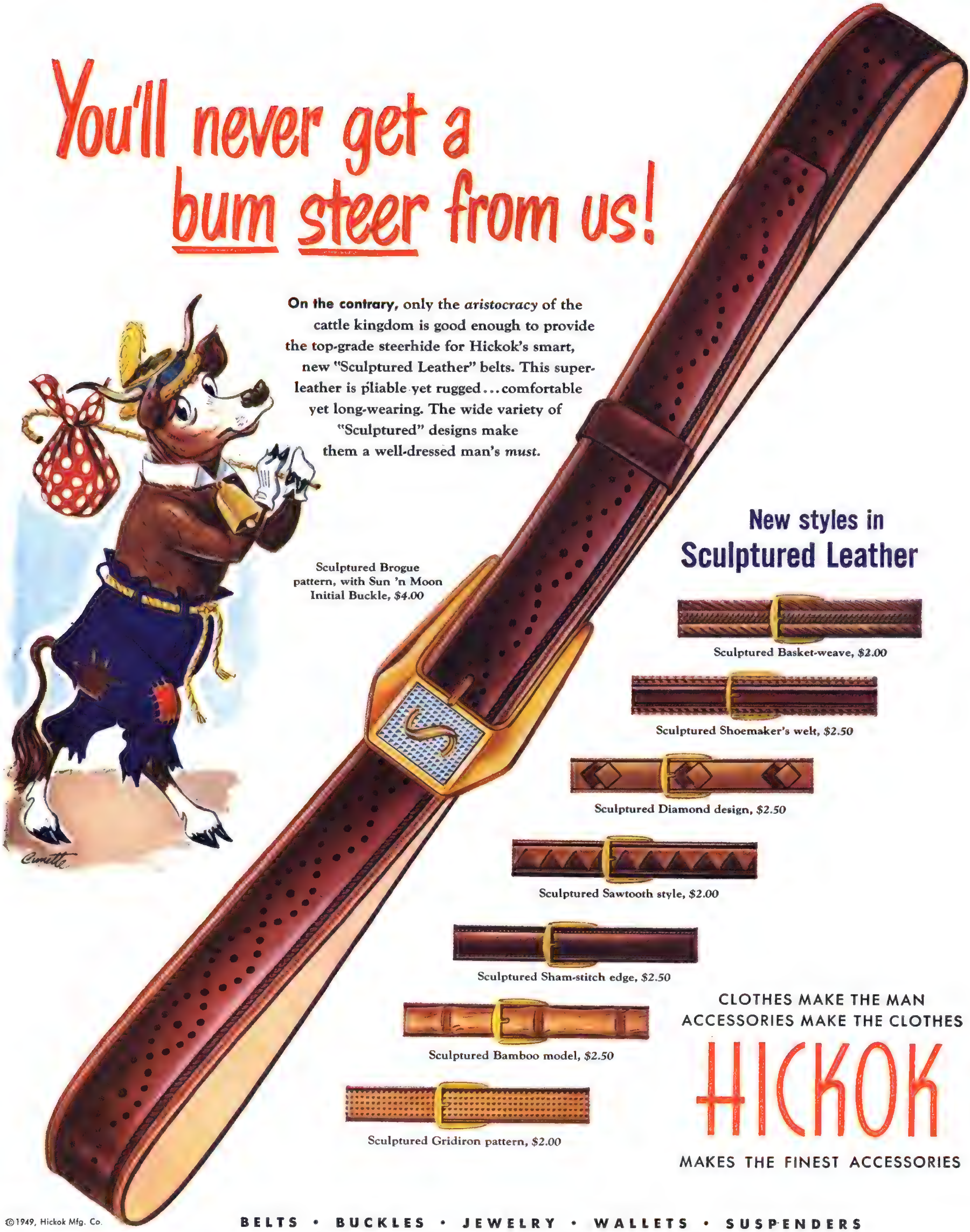

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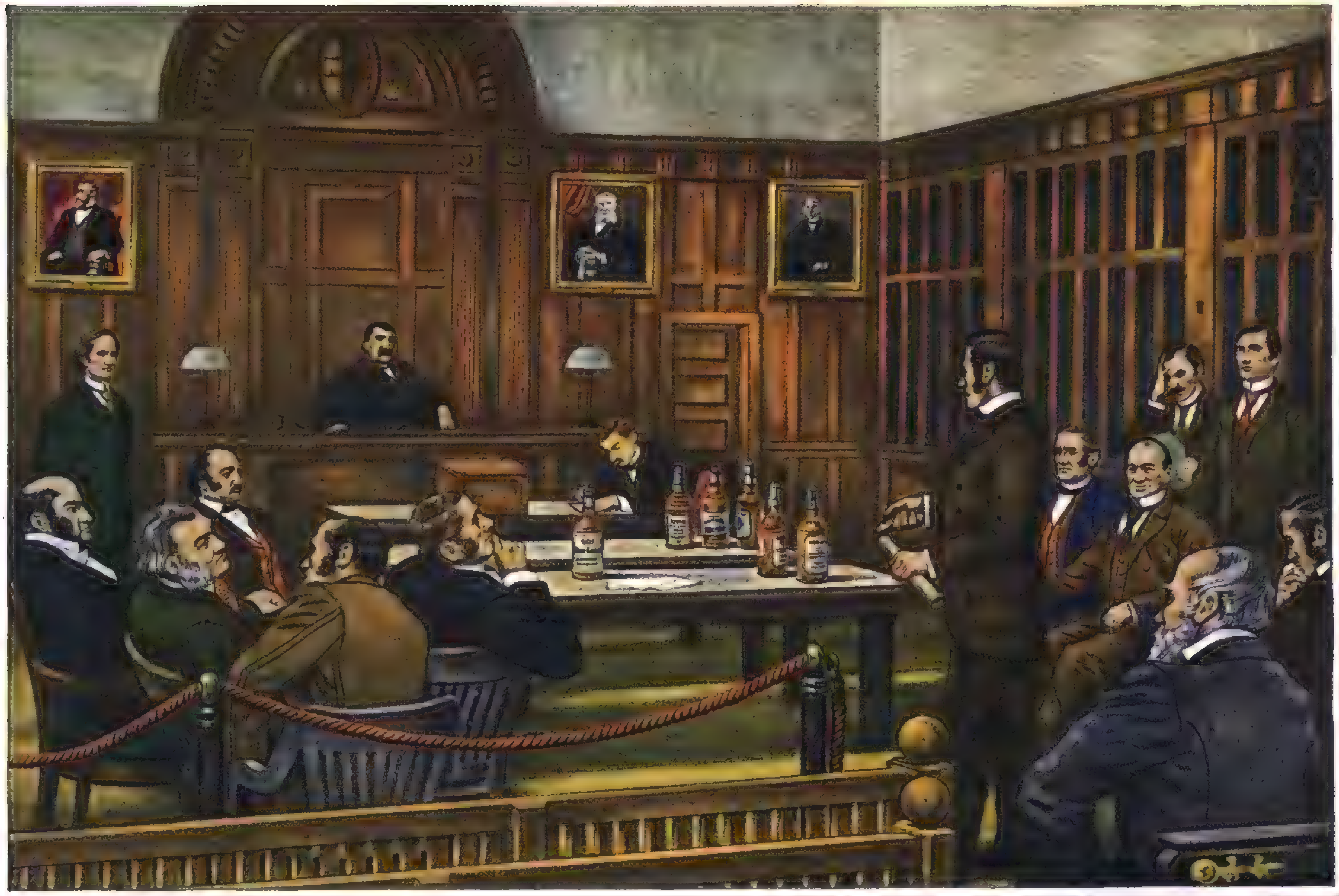

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The Outriders

Continued from page 98

the road in single file, and there were still three of us riding.

The sun was directly overhead, our mouths were full of dust, and the heavy work horses had given us all they had. Then Jesse's horse lumbered into mine, swerved away again, and sprawled into the road. Clint and I pulled up and went back. Jesse was standing unsteadily, watching his horse as it struggled back to its feet and stood shaking, long ropes of saliva streaming from its mouth.

There were two noises there near the fork in the road: the rattling of our breaths as we sucked air into our throats—and something else: an irregular hum that seemed to sound just along the surface of the ground. Nobody had to be told that was the posse.

"Looks like the end of the line," Clint said.

Jesse snapped around to him. "Not for you two. Go on! Move!"

Clint shifted the guns strapped to his scrawny body and looked around. "We can go up the side of the hill and take cover."

There was an Apache trick I'd seen one time in the Southwest. It was an old trick, but it had fooled the Mexicans I'd ridden with, and I wondered if a posse of Yanks were any smarter.

"Dismount, Clint, and cut me some saplings!"

"What?"

"Saplings! Young saplings!" And to Jesse, "You strip them!"

We worked fast. I tied them to the back of my mount so they trailed on the ground, and we were ready.

"What are you doing, Will?" Clint asked. "For God's sake . . ."

"Dust, Grandpa! Watch it!" And I whacked the horse on the softest part of her tail.

The trouble was it was too good—there was *too* much dust. In a very few minutes there was a cloud on the horizon that a brigade couldn't kick up. But this was a posse with something on its mind. They wanted some Johnnies and they would have chased the will-o'-the-wisp if it had run before them. We waited in a small draw a little way down the fork in the road, and we saw a blur of blue go by and heard the racket of hoofs. Then, in a little while, that lazy day was still again, and Clint was wheezing his chortle in my ear, and Jesse was showing white teeth in his first grin since our escape.

On top of that we all spun around because a voice behind us was saying, "A funny trick."

Three of them were still silhouetted against the top of the hill, and four others had come down behind us. They were showing us the size of their guns, and we had no cover. So we raised our hands.

Jesse was silent and grim, Clint looked at the ground with his shoulders hunched and was suddenly a very old man indeed, and I looked at the men who were going to be heroes that night.

They were out of uniform, possibly a home guard or a militia outfit. But unlike most militias they seemed to be men who knew what they were doing—an unfriendly, bristle-bearded lot who rode as though grown to the saddle and didn't say a word.

We rode about eight miles, maybe ten, and then we passed a sentry and came down into their camp. Clint sat down on a log, very disdainful, as if he were washing his hands of the whole affair, and Jesse and I stood next to him facing the company. The camp was a small one—I didn't count more than fifteen men—but those fifteen were the most heavily armed I'd seen in all my time of military service. They carried guns, knives, rifles, and ammunition belts that would have staggered a burro—one of them even had a small ax shoved into his holster, and I would have bet a month's pay on the spot that he could toss it straighter than I could shoot.

Jesse asked for some water and got it, and I finally sat down beside Clint because it appeared that we were waiting for someone.

After a while the men in front of us stepped aside a little to make room, and we looked up again.

If you'd measured him, you would have been surprised to find that he was a small man. His face had a black beard that glinted silver, and his eyes were small and black as an Indian's. He had the thickest chest on any man I've seen, and it ranged down to a hollow where his stomach should have been. But it was his face you looked at when he was around—the swarthy, unlined face, and the constant play of his eyes.

Right now they were sweeping over each of us, just once, and then he was talking.

"My name's Keighley," he said, and he paused, smiling, like an actor waiting for applause.

We just looked at him and I guess he expected more than that, because the smile went.

"Keighley," he said again. "The name generally means something unless you're plain damn fools."

Jesse turned his head a little, hawked, and spat.

"All right," the man said, "I'll try another. Quantrill. Is that better?"

They must have thought us crazy. Clint was on his feet and dancing, and then hugging and choking me at the same time, and Jesse had thrown his head back and was letting out the high-pitched rebel scream till it came ringing back from the hills. Me, I just kept opening and closing my mouth till I could talk, and when I could I said, "Will Owen, Second Virginia Cavalry."

Jesse said, "Jesse Wallace, same outfit."

Clint said, "Clinton Priest, Fifteenth South Carolina Rifles," and he saluted right smartly.

In a way, it was like coming home.

We sat on the ground, feeling how good the pines smelled, and eating hearty. Keighley sucked on his pipe opposite us and asked questions, with Jesse doing most of the answering. The guerrilla looked over to Clint and nodded once when he heard about our escape from Benton, and when Jesse told of the business with the posse he looked to me.

"Where did you learn a trick like that?"

"In Mexico."

I wondered why that trick should im-

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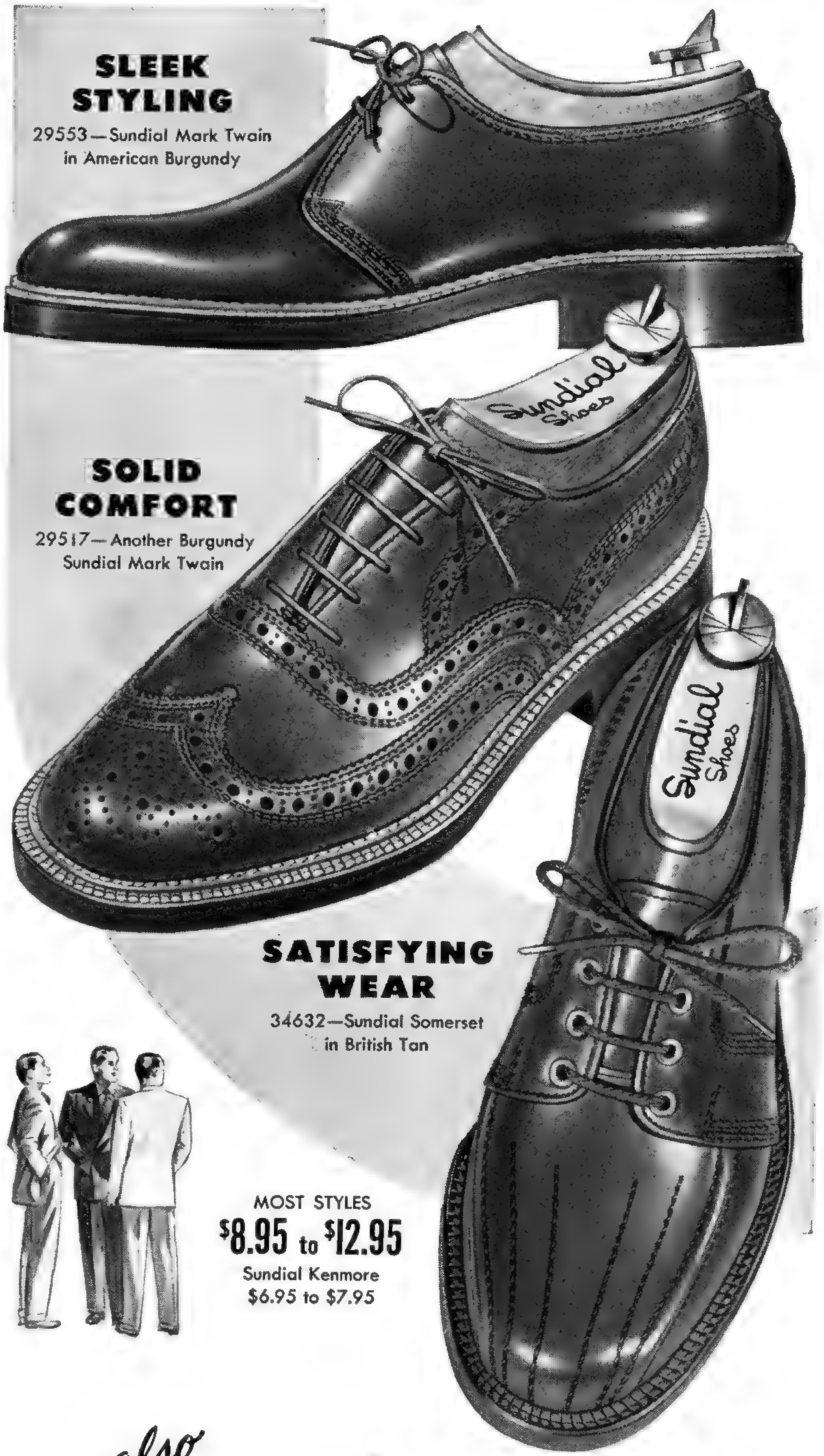

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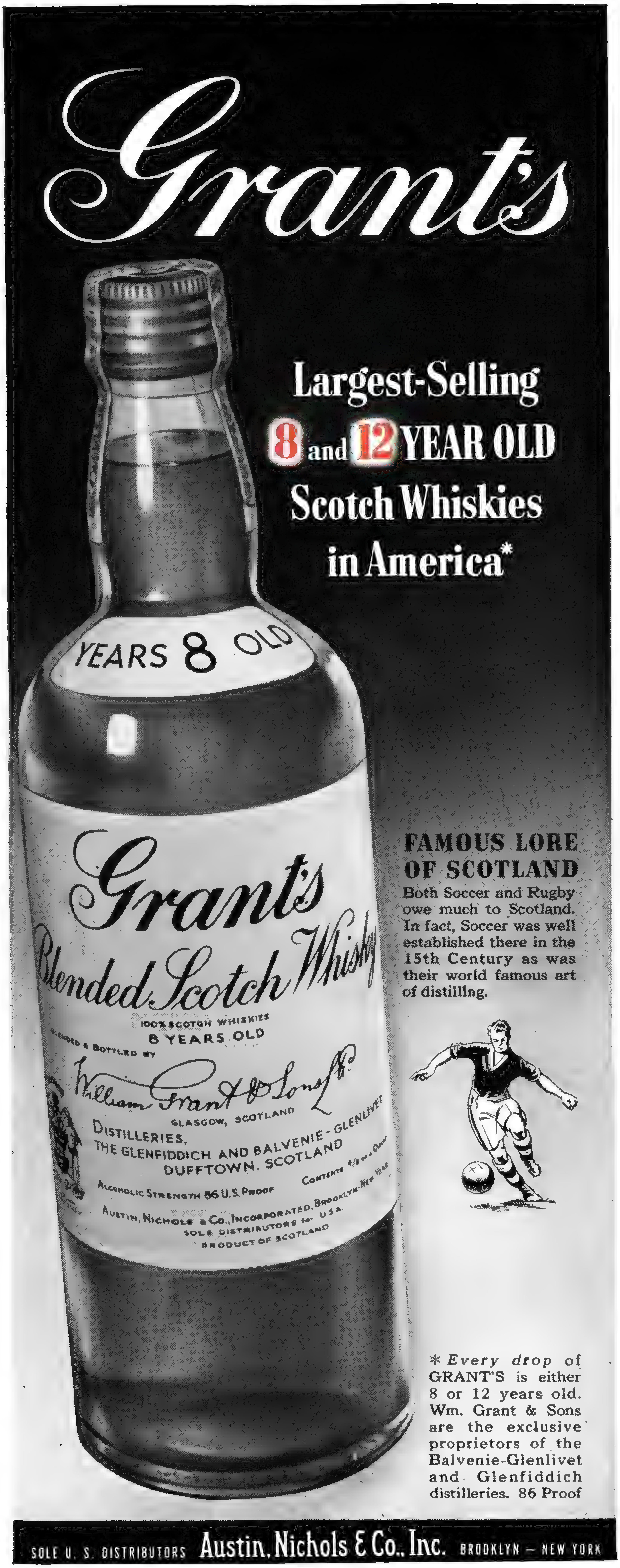

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press him so much. He sat quiet a while, thinking, and I could see that I figured in it somehow.

"Spend much time there?" he asked.

"About a year — before the war."

"Mining?"

"Some. Trapping, too. A little of everything."

"You know Santa Fe?" he asked me casually.

"No, but I was in Taos a while. It's not far off."

He nodded and fell silent. Then he began talking, telling us of the campaigns that had been fought while we sat behind barbed wire at Benton; where the North had taken a victory and where the South; and then we asked him to tell us about himself.

"This is my home—Missouri. I've been up against the Abolitionists a long time."

"How long you been in?"

"You mean the army?" His mouth tightened. "I never was in the one with uniforms. I got my own. It's unofficial."

"How come?"

"I've been with Quantrill, all the way. We went to Richmond at the beginning and asked for commissions, but your soft-bellied officers didn't approve of us. They didn't like the way we fight. They didn't like the idea of burning 'em out and wiping 'em out." His eyes were glinting. "That's the only way to win a war. Maybe you heard about Lawrence."

I remembered the farmer's cold eyes when he'd talked about it. "I've heard," I said.

"That's the town John Brown made known. And that's where we evened up the score for Harper's Ferry."

Jesse sat forward, grinning. He looked foolish, as though the talk was making him drunk. "It was a damn good job," he said.

Clint coughed gently in the silence. "All those men—we hear how they weren't even soldiers—most of them . . ."

Keighley's face was like a baby's when he smiled. "You think we were too hard on 'em?"

Clint just scraped his plate and didn't say anything. Keighley waited until he looked up again, and then went on, his voice soft.

"A guerrilla is a man who wants to kill instead of capture. He's a free lance. He depends on himself for pay and he fights because he wants to hurt somebody." He paused again and his eyes got narrow. "Are you for us or against us?"

Jesse said, "I'm putting in with you."

Keighley nodded. "How about you?" he said to Clint.

Clint just shifted the food around in his cheek, but he didn't stop eating. "My oldest boy was killed right out of the box, first time the guns went off. I took his place. I aim to keep it. I reckon this is as good a way as any."

Keighley shifted around, smiling, and faced me. "And you?"

"I don't know."

"I'll give you some time to think it over," Keighley said. "About twenty minutes."

I got up and walked away. I had to think and fast.

For a year I'd lived with the idea of breaking out and finding my old outfit, and living with it; the thought had become a passion. But the Second Virginia was a long way off—and Jesse and Clint had jumped in, and I was alone.

I didn't get any help from Clint. He warmed his hands by the fire and kept his mouth shut. After a while Jesse came up soft behind me.

"You're a mighty slow thinker, Will," he said, and he squatted down beside me. His face looked wild in the shadows, and again I remembered him at the moment he had caught the guard's rifle in the stream and had used it.

"Jeff Davis didn't want any part of him," I said. "That ought to be good enough."

"What about it? Neither does the Union."

"Even so—fighting should be done in the army."

"It's the same war, isn't it?"

"I don't know . . ."

"He's a big man, Will. Nobody gets in his way—nobody."

I stared at him. "What's come over you?"

"And what's come over you?" His voice was mocking. "Maybe you're yellow. Maybe you like a talking war best of all."

"Lay off."

"Old men and Sunday-school teachers," he said. "Well, stay out. It's better that way. You'd only slow us down."

I got on my feet, too, and faced him. And then, suddenly, there were shouts that brought the men around us springing from their bedrolls, and a man staggered into camp. The blood on his fore-

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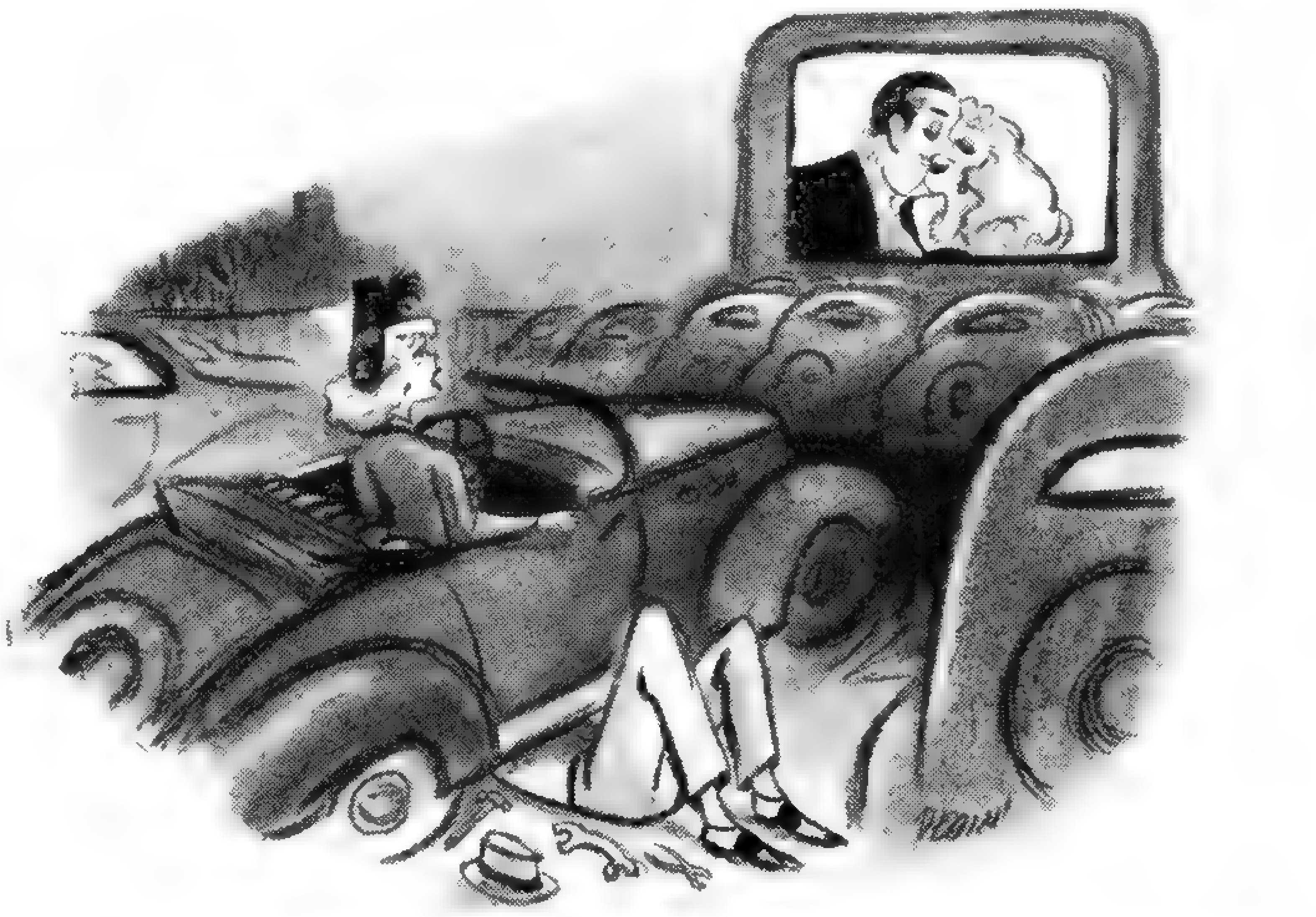

"... now she's kissing him on his return from overseas"

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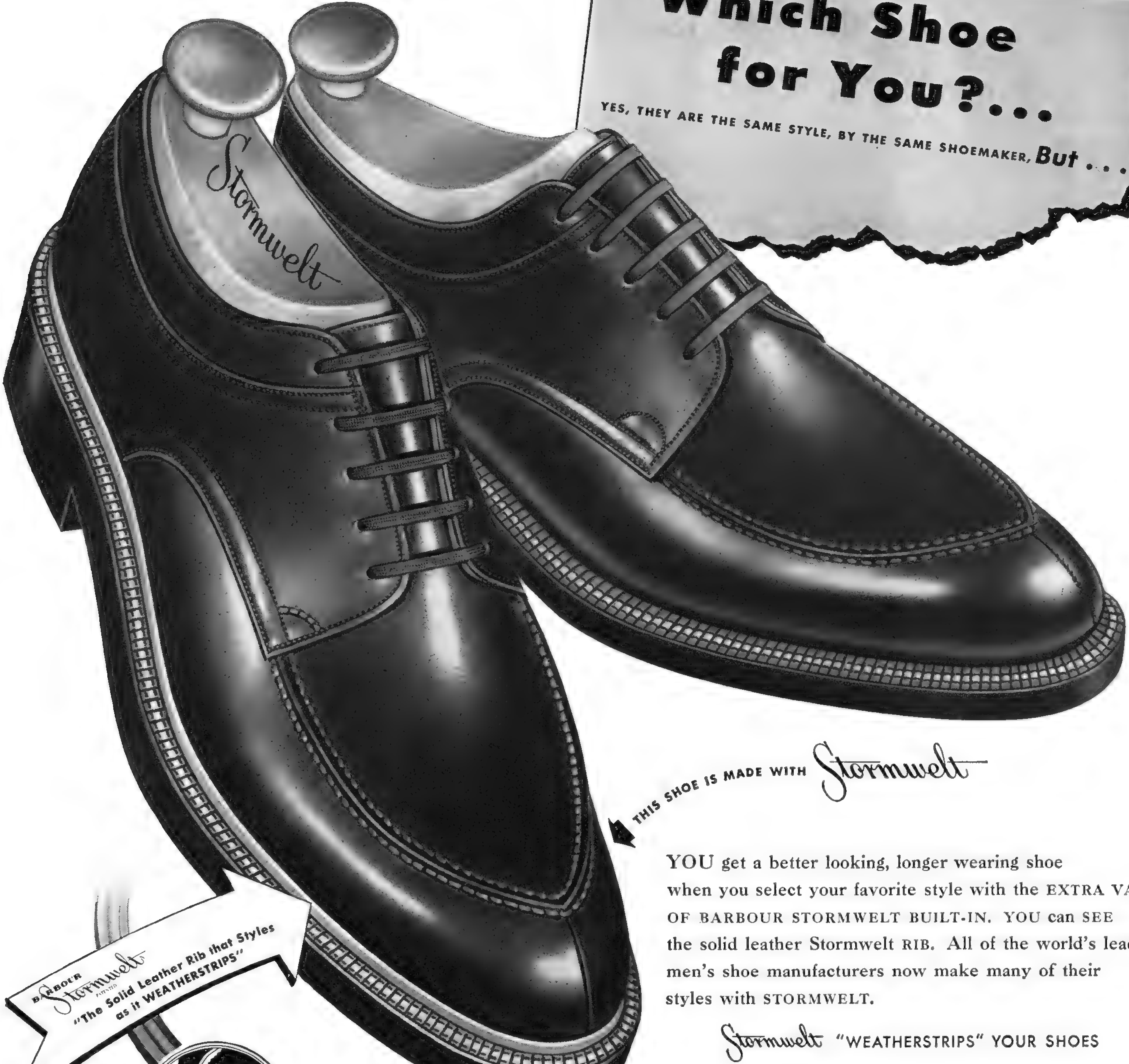
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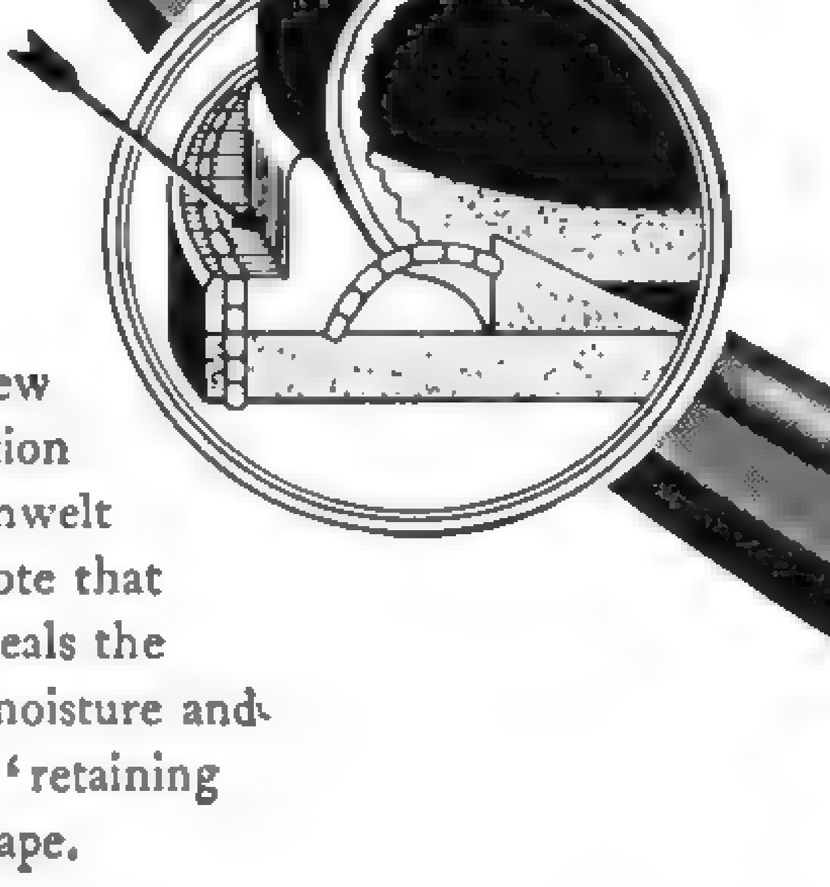

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head had dried and clotted into a thick black weal.

"Federals," the man said. His name was Ross.

The whole camp was crowded around him, Keighley in the middle, shooting questions at him.

"When?"

" 'Bout five days ago."

"Harrison and Boone?"

The man shook his head wearily. "Both of 'em."

"Where were you?"

"Council Grove."

Keighley's body rocked with impatience. "You mean to tell me you only went a hundred and fifty-five miles in almost four days?"

"We got lost," Ross mumbled, "lookin' for Lost Springs." He shook his head as though amazed by that feat, and repeated it. "Lost . . . at Lost Springs . . ." Then he fainted.

Keighley caught my eye and jerked his head toward his tent. "Let's go inside."

I followed him, and Jesse and Clint came too. Inside there was a little lopsided kitchen table with papers and maps spread out on it, but I only had a moment to glance around because Keighley wasn't wasting any time. "You've told me that you know the Southwest—around Taos. Your friends say you know your way blindfolded."

"Not quite," I said. "I'd need a few landmarks."

Keighley sat down in a chair. "If you were to set out for Santa Fe, and you wanted to see the town fast, what route would you take?"

I did some quick calculating. "I'd go up the Arkansas to Ash Creek, turn at Pawnee Fork for the Cimarron. Up the river to Cold Spring, then M'Ness's Creek, Round Mound, Point of Rocks, and the Rio Colorado. From there to Ocate, Rio Mora, Rio Gallinas, Ojo de Bernal. Next stop San Miguel. After that Pecos Village. Then twenty-five miles to Santa Fe."

Keighley had been looking at a map while I spoke, and now he shoved it away from him.

"Some of them aren't listed," I said.

"So I see."

I took a quick look at Jesse and Clint, but their faces didn't tell me anything.

"How many miles?" Keighley said abruptly.

"From here in southwestern Missouri? Close to eight hundred."

"How long a time would it take? What I mean is—how short a time?"

"A man could buy fresh mounts at some places along the way. If he didn't have to detour for any war parties, maybe ten days. Maybe nine."

Keighley got up and walked around the table to me.

"Listen." He was standing very close to me. "I want you to get me some gold."

I listened.

"Sometime next month a man named Don Antonio Chaves is going to leave Santa Fe with a few wagons and an armed guard. He'll be making for St. Louis. In his wagons, together with furs, he'll be carrying a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in gold bullion from the Mexican mines. I want it. Quantrill has told me to take it."

"And now you're telling me," I said slowly.

"You know how the war's going. It's money for the cause. That ought to mean something to you. It won't supply an army, but maybe it'll buy guns for a regiment."

Keighley's voice was low and monotonous. I heard Clint's asthmatic breathing and I saw Jesse's eyes fixed on my face, pinning me down to answer.

I said, "What's your plan?"

And he said, "Ambush."

The word dropped like a rock. The tent was very quiet for a minute. Then he was going on, his words coming faster with impatience.

"You'll go to Santa Fe. Now. Tonight. One of you will come back to tell me what day the wagon train will pull in at Cow Creek. The others will go along as travelers in the Chaves caravan. They'll be my Trojan Horse."

He smiled a little, pleased. "When the time comes, I'll make for Cow Creek and wait in ambush." He paused. "We missed once. We're going to try again. You'll command the squad to Santa Fe."

Thoughts were tumbling through my head, but I could only see one of them clearly. "A lot of innocent people are going to be killed," I said.

"I heard you say you were a soldier."

I looked over at Clint and Jesse. They were standing stiffly,

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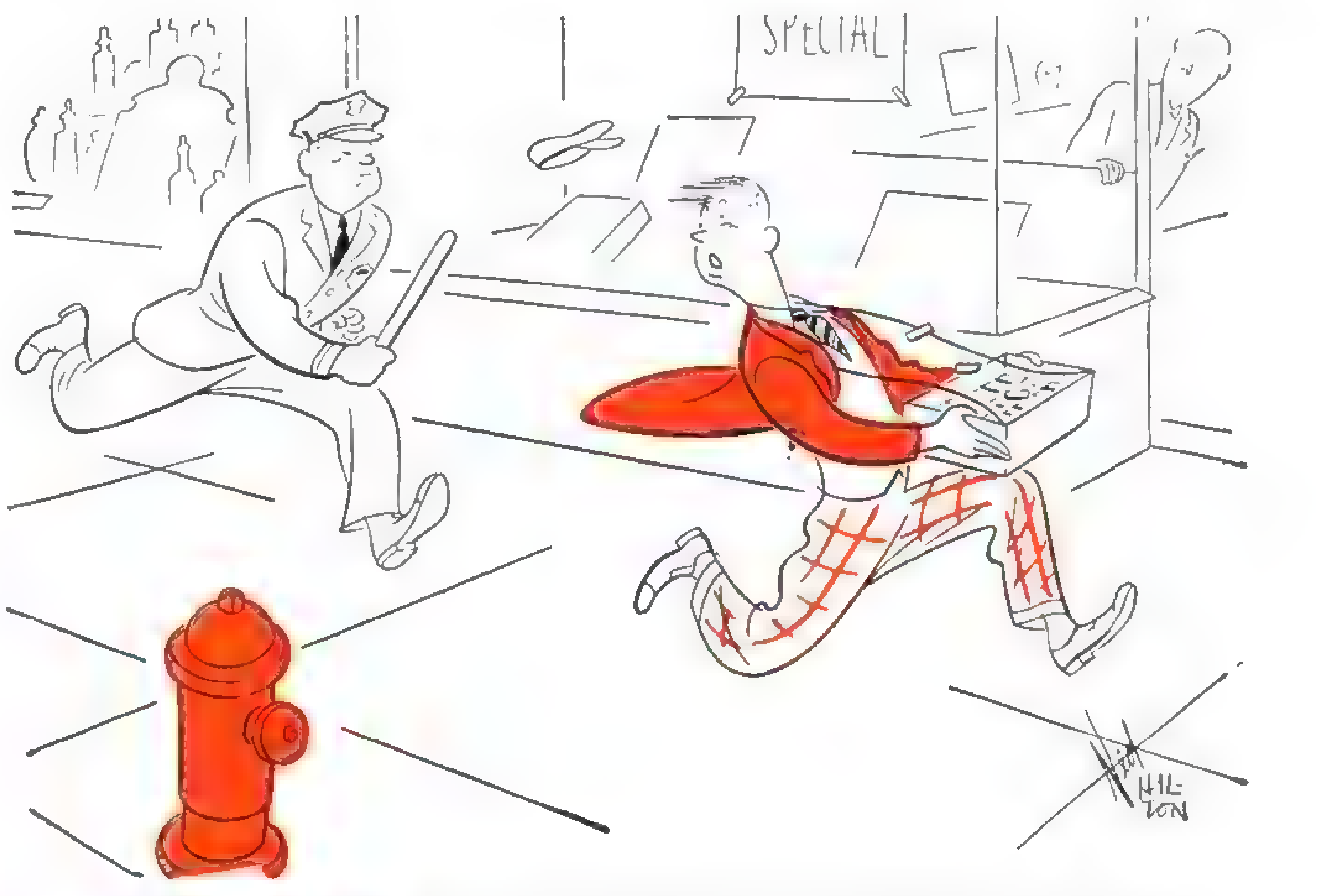

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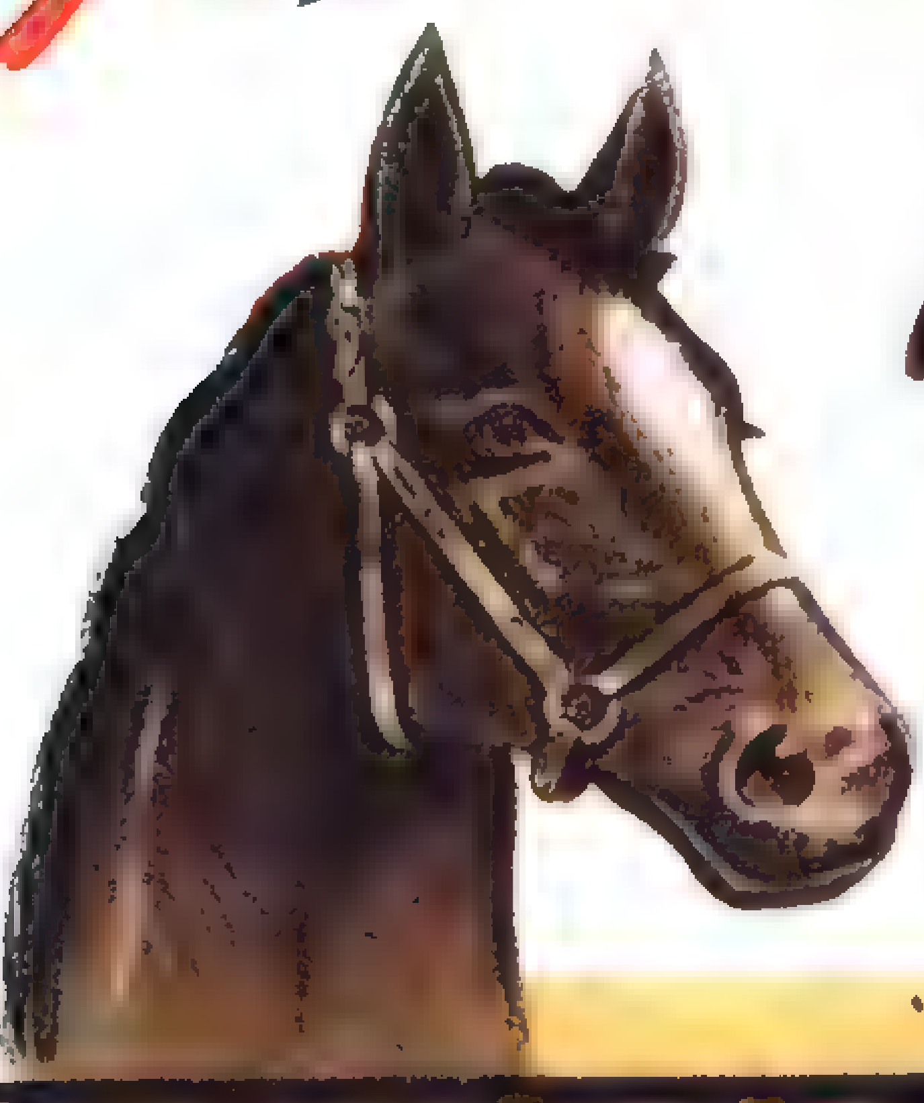

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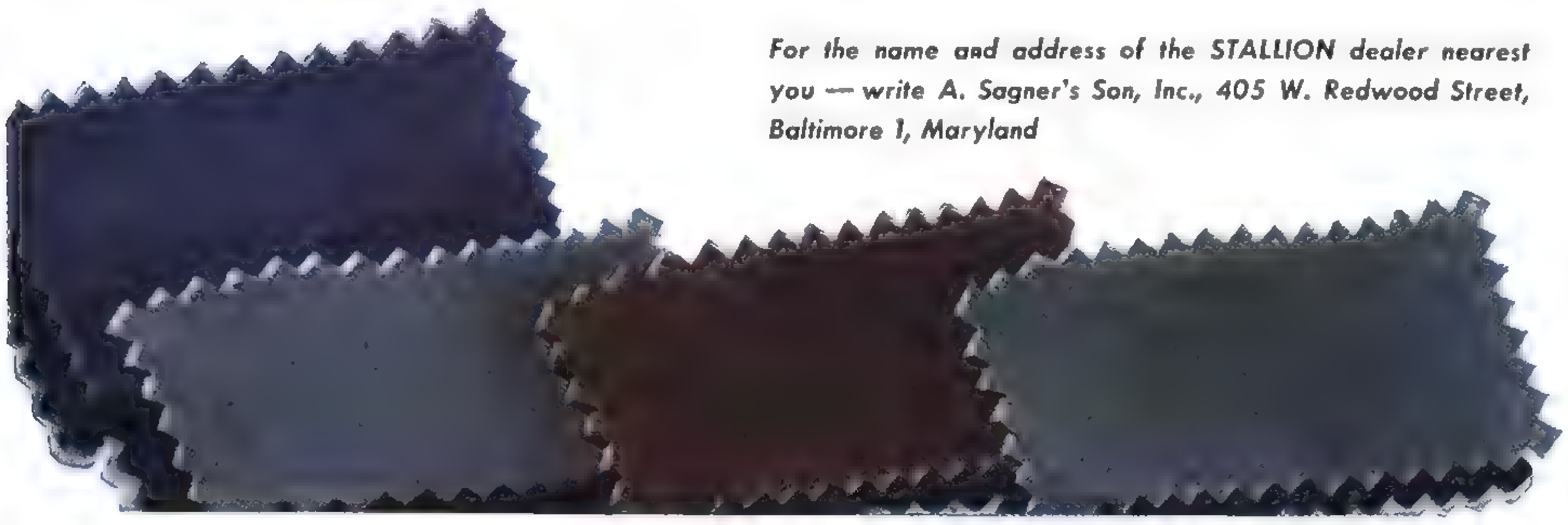

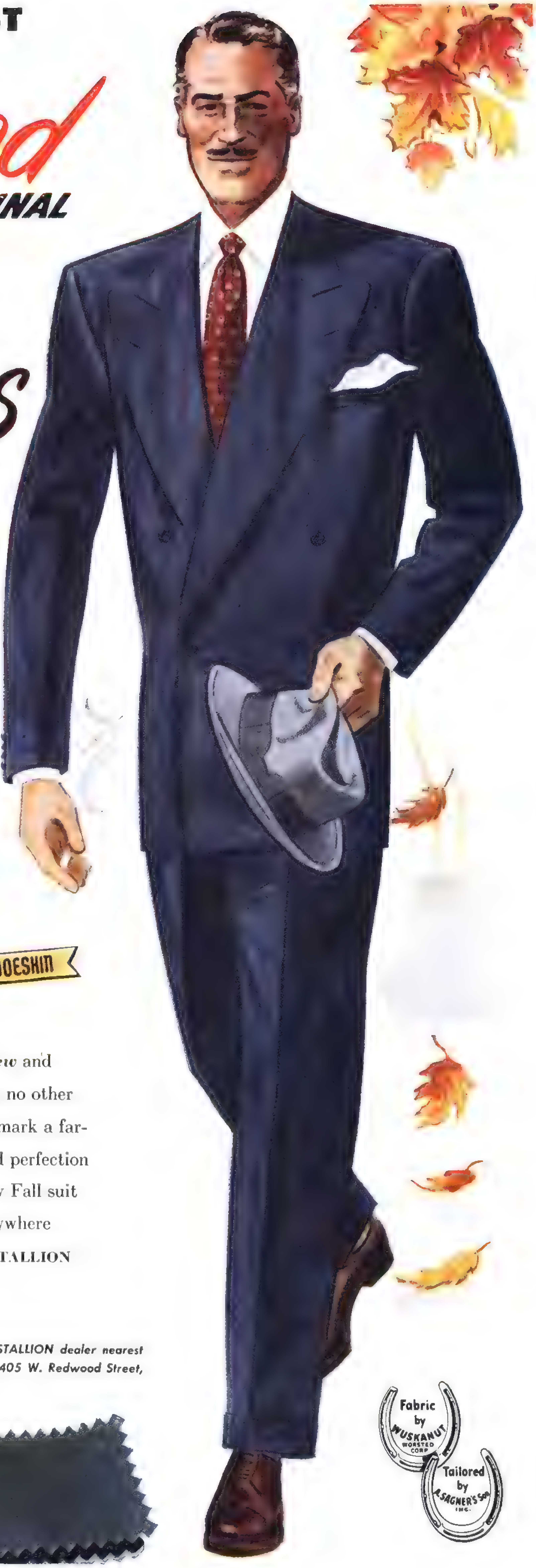

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watching me warily. Then, slowly, Jesse began to grin, and it was like a slap in the face.

"We'll need money," I said, "to buy fresh horses."

"My God, Jesse, look! The soil's as black as your hat. It's so fat it looks like it would laugh if you tickled it!"

That was Clint, at the first sight of the West and its open prairies.

"Fandangos every night. And the women wear red skirts and nothing underneath them . . ."

Jesse, after almost four years of war, racing toward Santa Fe.

" . . . That right, Will? Drinking coffee out of hammered silver mugs? Even the bowls they use for washing—made out of silver?"

Bye, our fourth man, who was to come back first with the date for the ambush, dreaming of a silver city in the Southwest.

"We can do another ten before it's really dark."

Me. Killjoy.

When we finally looked down at Santa Fe, Clint couldn't believe this was really the city. It looked like suburbs to him and he said so angrily. Where were the big green parks and the white-columned homes with dog runs that any self-respecting city had? He cursed and said, "Give me Carolina any time."

Santa Fe looked as it had for hundreds of years. The public square in the center of town, the alameda, the cathedral, the palace of the governors, and the one big street, filled with carts and children and red-skirted women and men in buckskin, dyed black, and ornamented with silver buttons.

It was the middle of the afternoon when we pulled up in front of the Great Southwestern. The man behind the desk was a courteous little Mexican who took a quick look at the state of our clothes, asked for payment in advance in a voice that was a quiet murmur, and paired us up in two rooms at the back of the hotel.

We left Clint and Bye at the door of their room.

Clint said, "Give me twenty-four hours. Don't wake me unless they sound the alarm that Sherman's coming into Santa Fe."

Bye said, "If you want me, I'll be in the nearest saloon."

"Stay away," I told him.

"But, Will, we've had a hard—"

"Stay away! This is no joy ride!"

Under his breath, Bye said, "Give a man a horn and he'll blow it."

We went next door, shaved and cleaned up, and then Jesse fell on one of the beds.

"It's too soft," he groaned. "I'm unfit for civilization."

I stood by the door. "Come on. Let's find Chaves."

"We've got time. Why don't we eat?"

"Later!"

He looked at me. "What's the matter, boy? You're jumpy."

"Maybe you're forgetting why we're here."

He turned over. "I'll let you do my remembering for me."

And he went to sleep.

I wanted it to begin. I wanted to keep moving, so there wouldn't be time to think about it. I had to drive myself to go down into that murderous sunlight again. The streets were emptied out for the siesta hour and I was alone in Santa Fe. A brown hound-dog lying in the middle of the road opened an eye to look at me and then closed it again. There was nothing stirring but me—no sound but my feet in the dust. By the time I'd taken a couple dozen steps my shirt was wet through and the sun was making me sick. Suppose he'd already pulled out. Could I find him in time? Then somebody began hammering on metal, and I followed the clanking noise to a side street.

Out in front of a blacksmith's shop a team of men were working over a bent axle, getting ready to fit it into a large wagon. One man stood with his hands on his hips instructing the others—and that could be none other than the blacksmith himself. I went up and offered him a cigarette. "Think you'll finish in time?"

He scowled at me. "He'll have it tonight, like I told him. Sendin' somebody to check on me every ten minutes ain't goin' to get it out any faster."

I had to make sure that we both had the same man in mind. "Know somebody named Don Antonio Chaves?"

"That's who we're talkin' about," the smith said slowly.

"What's his hurry?"

"Why don't you ask him?"

In spite of the heat, I got back to the hotel fast. If Don Antonio wanted his wagon tonight, then Keighley knew what he was talking about when he asked for speed. It appeared that we'd got into Santa Fe just in time to leave it again.

I woke Jesse and then we got Clint. We let Bye sleep on—he had to be kept under wraps anyway until we were sure. We must have looked a lot more respectable to the Mexican clerk, because he cheerfully gave us directions to Don Antonio's rancho and would have kept talking except that we didn't have any time to spend.

The rancho lay in a valley beside a tributary of the Rio Grande, and the river gave Chaves flowering orchards and long grass for his ponies. An Indian servant let us in and went on soundless moccasins for his master. We waited in a long reception hall, a great room that was cool, dim and quiet, with hardly any daylight showing through the translucent, wooden-barred windows.

We weren't alone. There was a woman at the other end of the shadowy hall. I couldn't see her face. I could only tell that she was young, and that she was waiting, too.

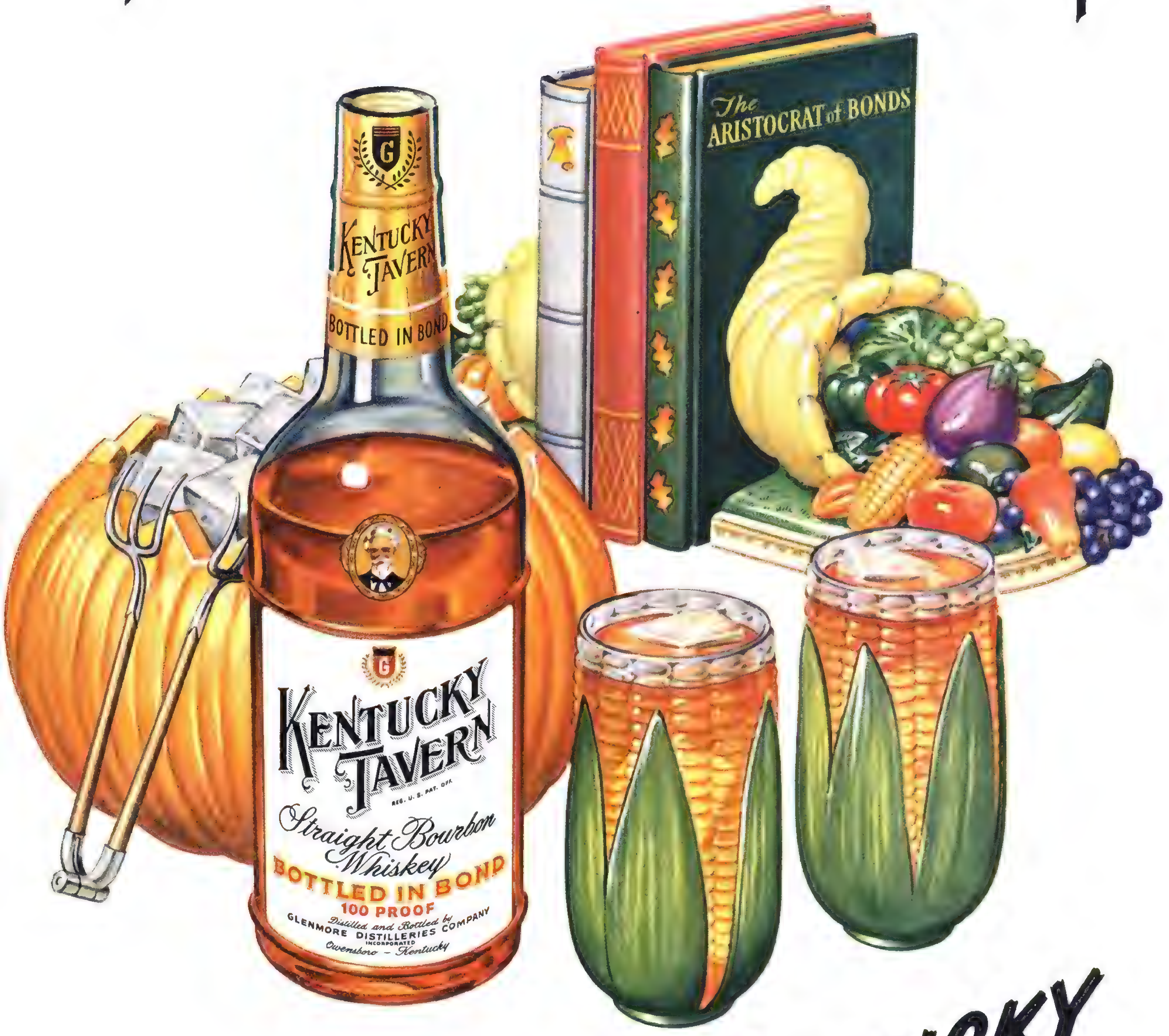
Jesse's voice came from beside me in a rasping whisper, "What are you going to say?"

I didn't know. There hadn't been time for any schemes—and maybe none would be needed. It was the custom in the country for travelers on the loose to join trains for protection.

Clint's boots scraped on the floor as he shifted his weight nervously, and I looked around the room again. The woman's back was to me, rigid. I glanced past her: furniture was all homemade, a dining table, a few wooden chairs with rawhide seats, heavy carved chests for jewels and clothes—nothing else. The walls were washed bone white with gypsum and covered to a height of

Continued on page 111

Good Taste Aplenty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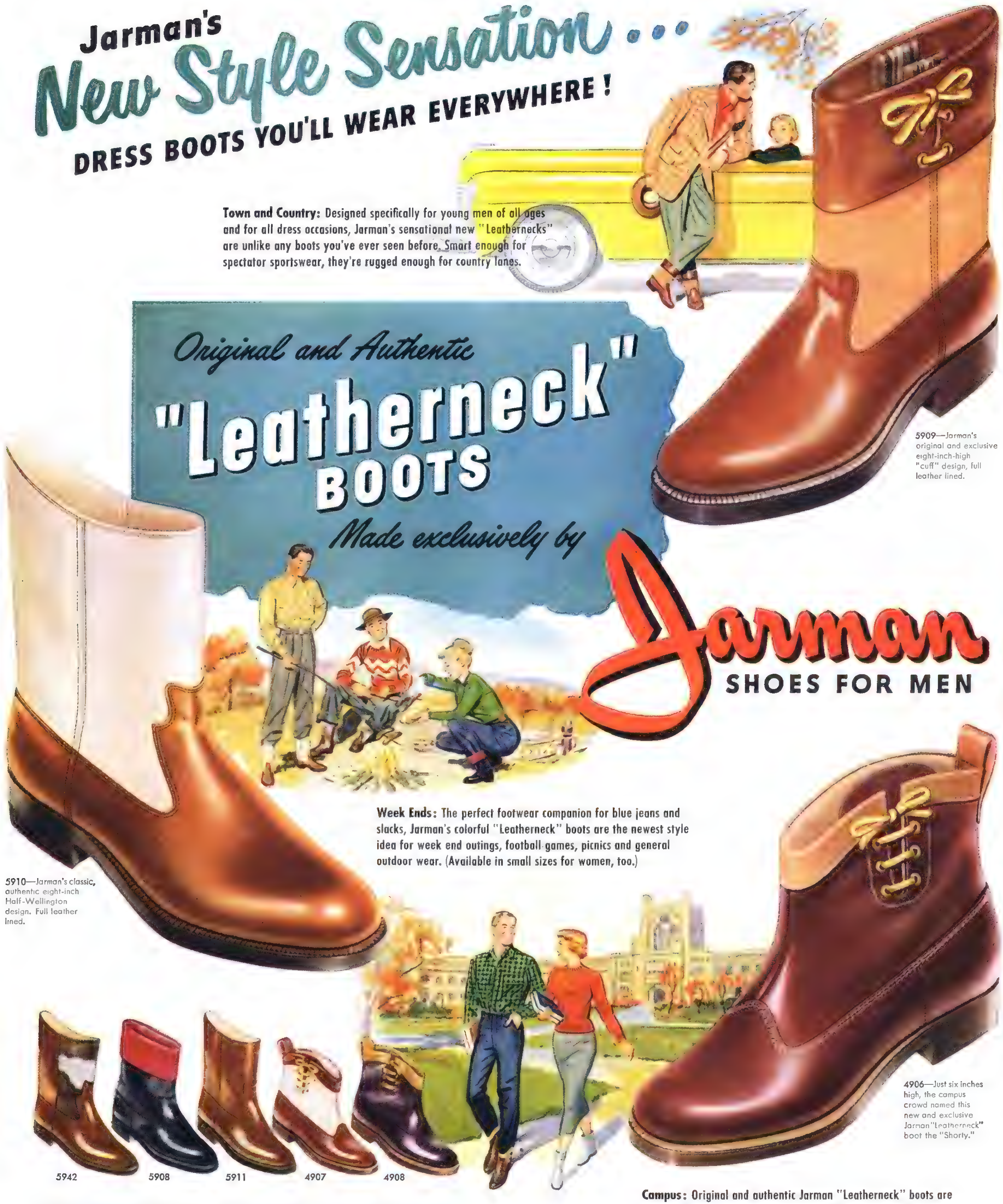

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JARMAN SHOE COMPANY • NASHVILLE, TENN. DIVISION GENERAL SHOE CORPORATION five feet, so the gypsum wouldn't rub off. I was thinking it was a fine place to live, a cave holding out the dust and desert heat, when a man came into the room.

He stood near the woman and they talked in a murmur. Then her voice slipped high with hysteria and I heard her. "I've got to come! I've got to take him away! He's all I have left!"

The man's voice was firm. "I can't take the responsibility."

"I beg you!" she said intensely. "I beg you to give me this chance with Roy!"

His voice was gentle and a little weary. "The country is still at war. Who knows what we'll see? If you love the boy, think of the danger."

"It doesn't count. There's a greater danger here!"

Then their words became murmurs again. After a moment he led her to the door at the other end of the room and she slipped out. Don Antonio Chaves turned and came over to us.

"The Americans," he said. "What can I do for you?"

From that first meeting I couldn't have said what he looked like. Later on I knew he was middle height, soft, with a round face and white temples. But looking at him then, the first time, I knew only that I was to lead this man to his death.

I stepped forward. "My name is Will Owen. This is Clint Priest and Jesse Wallace."

He bowed slightly toward us.

"There's a favor you can do us."

"Please ask it."

"We want to join your wagon train for the States."

He threw up his hands. "Everybody wants to come." Then he said, "I don't wish to seem inhospitable, but we're a small train, not equipped for passengers."

"We're no passengers," I said. "We'd pull our own weight. It's just that we'd feel better with a little company."

Don Antonio had a little smile on his lips, but he was watching me carefully. He said nothing.

I went on. "The Apaches are usually out looking for horses this time of year. And we're riding good ones."

His words were very slow. "You know the Apache?"

"Apache means Enemy," I told him. "That's not what the white man calls him—that's the Indian's own name for himself. Enemy." I paused. "Yeah, I've met up with him before. That's why I want to avoid it going home."

"Where do you come from?"

"Chihuahua—and south. We've been prospecting for gold."

"Placer or mining?"

"Digging, mainly. There's not much in the streams."

"I know," he said. "I was through those streams myself, thirty years ago. Did you have any luck?"

"Some. But we left it behind—after a *grande fête d'hilarité*."

He smiled at that. "The same thing happened to me. Too much to drink."

I shrugged.

He looked at each of us in turn. "How did you discover my plans?"

I pretended to be surprised. "Why? Is it supposed to be a secret?"

"Not particularly. I'm just curious."

"They're getting your wagon ready in town. The blacksmith was the only man open during the siesta. He'll have it here by tonight, too."

Don Antonio took a few steps away from us and then came back. We waited in the silence without moving. At last he said abruptly, "All right. Come."

"Thank you, Don," Clint said.

"When do you leave?"

"At dawn, gentlemen. I'm taking a cargo of furs and a small *caballada*—fifty of my best ponies. They bring a good price in the States. You'll be kept busy, I promise you."

Jesse spoke at last. "Do you want us early—to help load up?"

Don Antonio looked at him strangely. "That won't be necessary. Come at dawn, ready to go."

We had to wake Bye and see him on his way, and make it back to the rancho by dawn. As we went back to town in the darkness, I tried to calculate the days for the journey.

Jesse said, "Don't forget we'll have oxen in harness."

"It's a crazy pace," Clint said. "We came here on the run and we'll go home at a crawl." He was silent a moment. "It's a long way round to Carolina."

"Thirty-six days is a fair figure," I said. "With a margin for trouble or breakdowns, thirty-eight is closer."

"We want to make it as close as we can."

We were thinking of Keighley,

Continued on page 112

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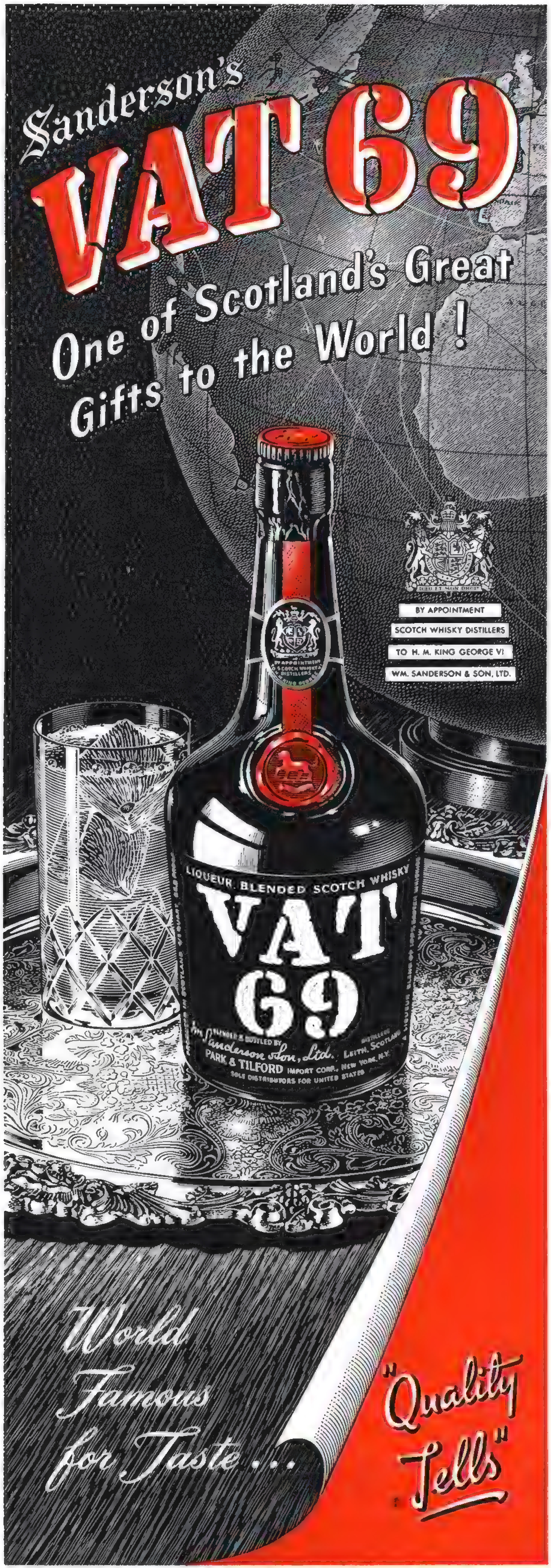
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who would have to expose himself in the open country around Cow Creek. We didn't want any travelers to report to the Federals that a band of armed men were lying in camp where they could be easily surrounded. We didn't want him waiting for us more than a day or two. I knew that eight hundred miles away, to the northeast, Keighley was worrying over the same thing.

The city was blazing with lights. Jesse looked around bitterly and said, "Señoritas, hello and good-by."

Clint laughed. "That kind of trouble is way behind me. It's great to be alive and old."

"I had a little party in mind," Jesse said.

I couldn't keep the disgust out of my voice. "Celebrating, Jesse? Because you're taking a train to be slaughtered?"

He looked at me coolly. "Like I said, you're becoming a regular parson. Relax, Will."

I wondered if I'd ever relax again.

We tramped up the stairs to Bye's room. It was empty.

In the silence, Clint said, "He's probably eating."

Jesse turned back to the door. "He'd better be eating."

But he wasn't in any of the cafés, and by then it was past one. We tried the saloons without any luck and then turned into the gambling house. It was a show place that ran through a whole block and had better chandeliers than I ever saw at home, and it was so crowded it took us five minutes to find Bye. He was just sitting down to a monte game in the opposite corner, putting a full bottle on the table beside him—and from the way he was moving it was obvious that there'd been a bottle before that one.

We came up beside him and hiked him out of his chair, Jesse and I each taking an arm. The man sitting opposite leaned forward. "What do you think you're doin'?"

"Taking him home to his wife," Jesse said.

"It's just a friendly little game."

"We were his friends first." Jesse grinned, and I suddenly noticed, after all the time I'd known him, that he could do that without meaning it. "Any objections?"

"One or two," the man said. "They go like this." His hands had been out of sight beneath the table all the time, and they were still there, but his shoulder was stiffening awkwardly as he groped for something beside him. I went across the table for him as a girl somewhere behind me started a scream and then choked it off. My dive carried me into the face of his gun, and though it was only a fraction of a second, it seemed to me that I had all the time in the world for a leisurely examination of that muzzle. Then he fired; the ball crashed past the top of my head and tore into the ceiling; and all the cut glass in the heavy chandeliers suddenly began to vibrate and tinkle in a discordant frenzy. The table jarred down across my back, pinning us against the wall, and we were face to face with only our arms free. I saw the gun coming down on me in a wide arc, and felt the skin in my cheek tearing, and the humming of the chandeliers swelled into an echoing roar. The man's face, turned up to me, was smiling; I struck that smile, in a fury to blot it; his body heaved beneath me, trying to arch me away, but my knees held him and I used both my arms, until I was aware that the thing I struck was finally yielding.

Jesse pulled me to my feet, and the only sound in that huge place was the grating from my chest as I tried to breathe. I looked down at the huddled figure against the blood-spattered wall, and I remember thinking stupidly that the smile was still there, the lips in the empty, gaping mouth were still turned up in a hideous grimace. I swung around and walked out, weaving a little, with Clint and Jesse carrying Bye between them and following me. Bye was babbling all the way.

We heaved him into a horse trough and after a minute he came up sputtering. But he still couldn't stand without support, and the night was going.

Jesse raised his arm. I thought he was going to slap him out of it, but his fist was closed. The sound it made was like water splashing, and Bye sat down on the ground with blood all over his face and in his eyes. He stopped talking.

Clint spoke softly. "We're trying to wake him up, Jesse, not put him to sleep."

Jesse bent toward Bye, but I shouldered him aside and lifted the man. "Get a jug of coffee," I said to Clint, and to Jesse, "Give me a hand."

We took him back to the hotel

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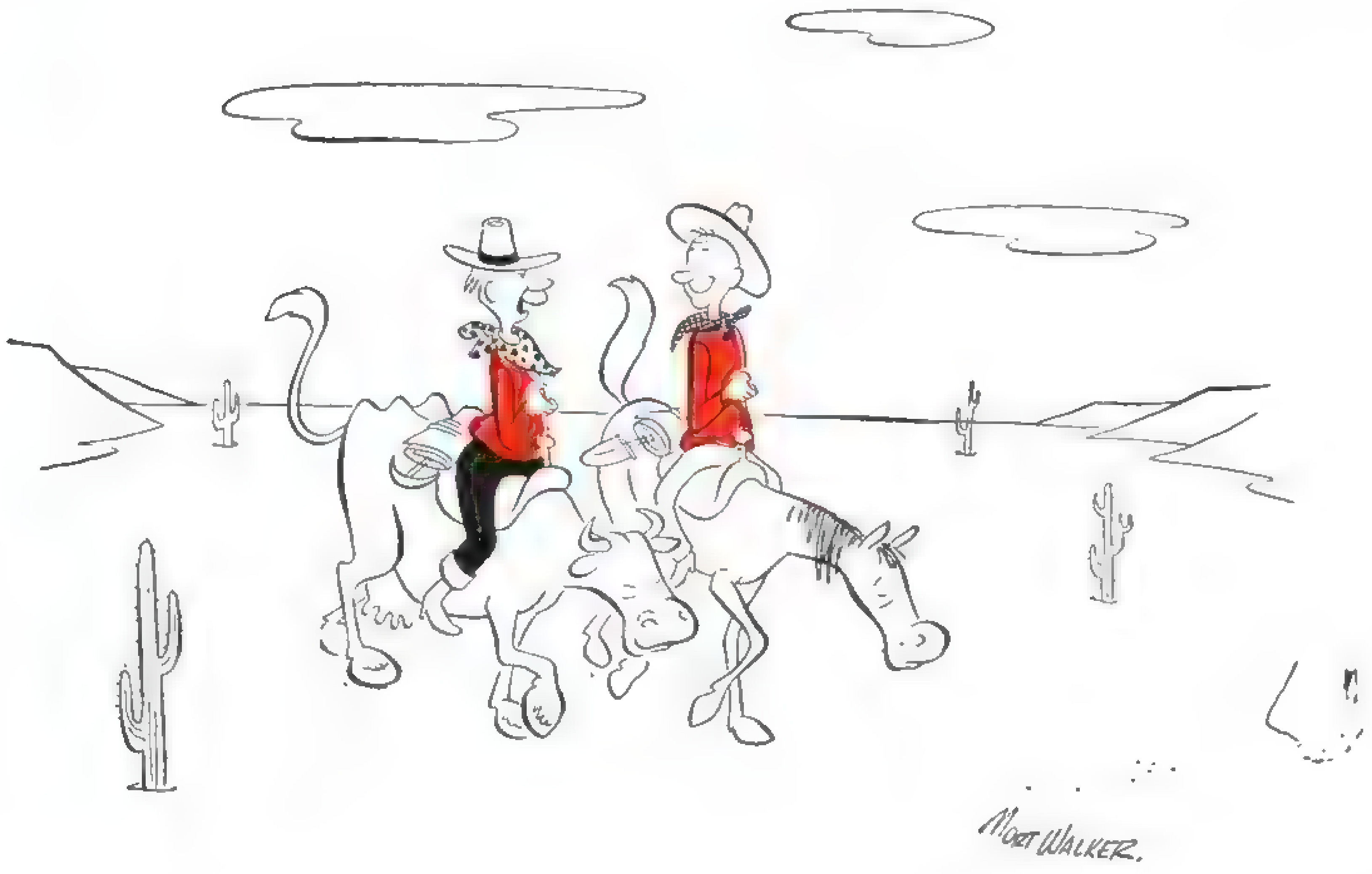

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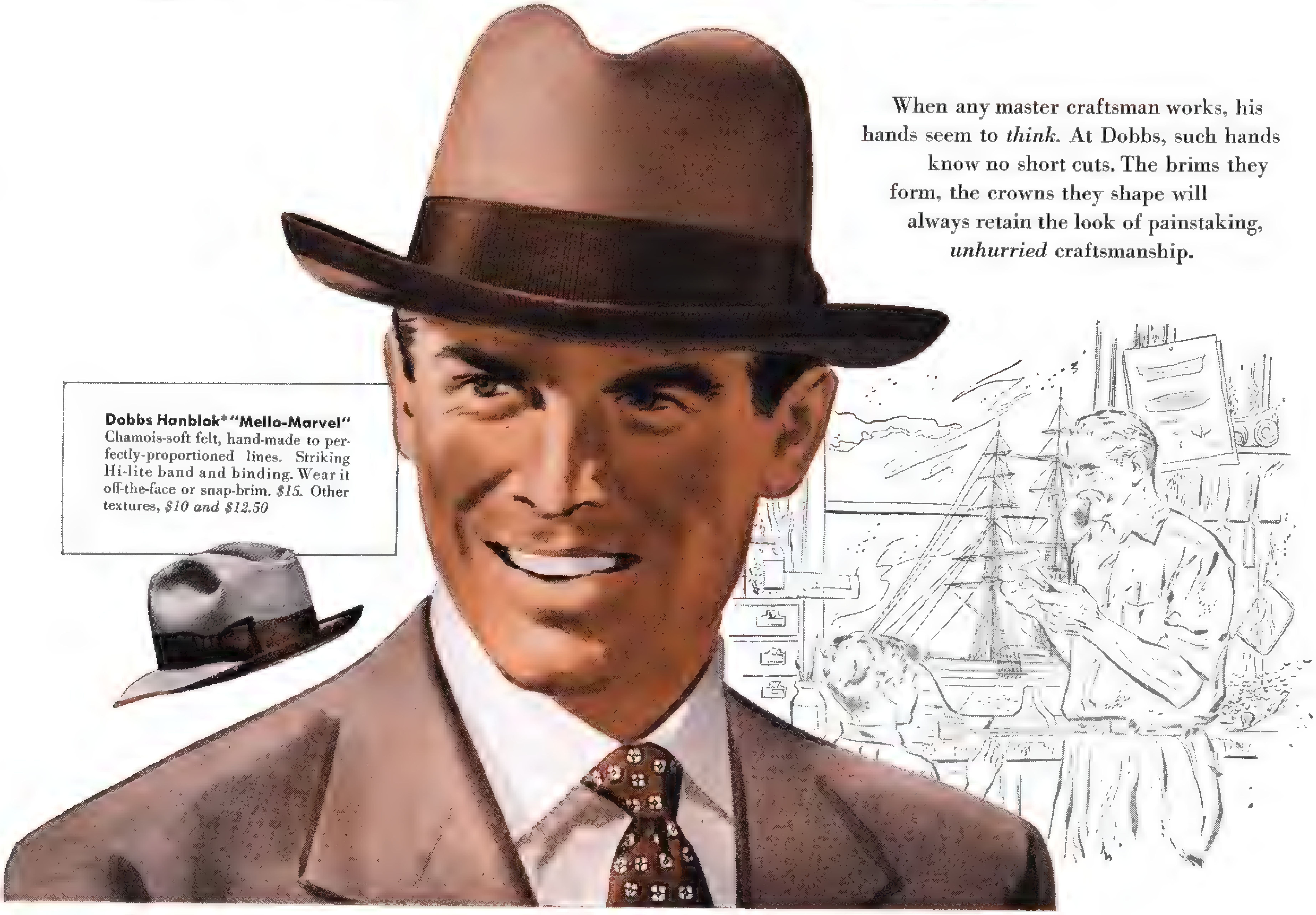

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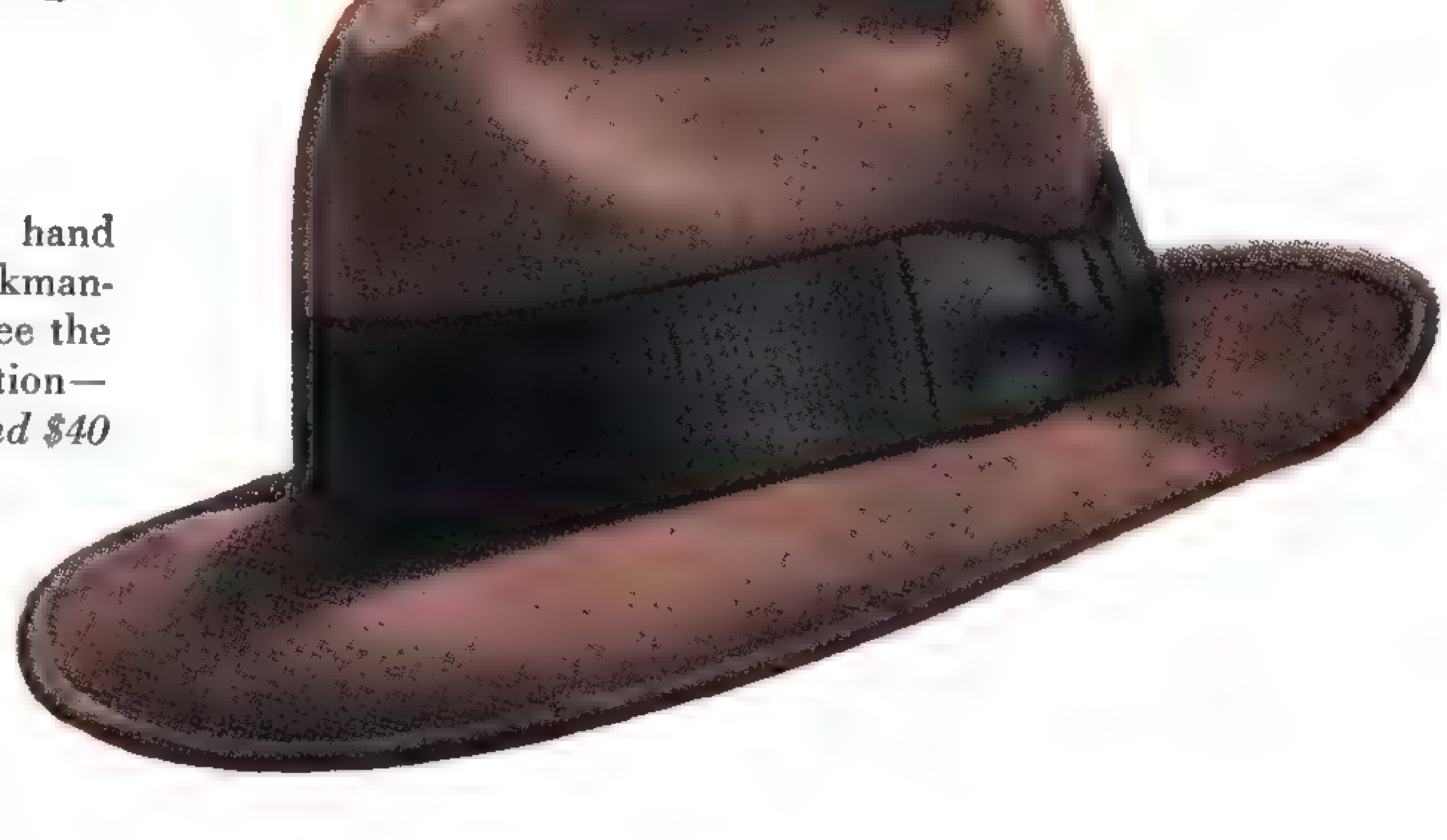

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and worked over him as fast as we could, racing against time.

Finally, he was able to listen and to talk straight.

"You're riding tonight," I said.

"So soon?"

"As soon as you can get on your horse. Tell Keighley to look for us on the eleventh of April. Tell him we're all set up."

Bye nodded.

"Think you can stay awake?"

He rubbed his nose tenderly. "This'll keep me from sleeping."

"You wouldn't have it," Jesse said savagely, "if you hadn't been a damn fool. You were told to stay under cover."

Bye looked up. "Who did it?"

"I did," Jesse said. "I gave it everything." And he was wearing that grin again.

Bye got up slowly to face him, and Jesse went on softly. "Whenever you like—now or later."

I stepped between them. "It'll have to be later. Bye's got a job to do."

"That's right," Bye said. "After the job."

We rode about five miles out of town with him. He was wide awake now and anxious to be gone. We pulled up, with the pinpoint lights of Santa Fe behind us and only darkness ahead.

"Take your time," I told Bye. "You're in no hurry. Be careful."

He nodded. "See you at Cow Creek. Don't forget to duck."

Then he dug his spurs and went. The night swallowed him in a minute, but we could hear him going long afterward.

We went back to the rancho at a gallop, afraid that we might be late, but they weren't through loading yet. Don Antonio introduced us to the passengers he was taking—a burly Mexican priest named Father Damasco—a young boy named Roy Getty, small and pale despite the desert sunshine—and a Mrs. Getty, the woman we had seen the afternoon before. I wondered if the boy were her son or her brother—probably her brother, because she was still young. She had a wide brow and a good mouth, and if there were lines on either side of it they didn't hurt any.

Don Antonio was more abrupt than he'd been before. He was nervous, too, and didn't want us standing around. He sent us into the main house to get some breakfast, and we were glad enough to miss the work detail.

"How does it look to you?" Clint asked.

Aside from the passengers I'd counted ten men in the courtyard. Three covered wagons stood in a line, and in the lead was Don Antonio's private coach.

"I'd say one man on each of the wagons, two on the coach," I told Clint. "Two or three riding lead. I wouldn't be surprised if he puts us in that position. The rest will be wrangling the ponies."

"When we get to Cow Creek," Clint said slowly, "we'll be about evened up, man for man. I'm figuring on the priest and the boy knowing how to use guns, too."

Jesse laughed. "You're forgetting something. What did Keighley call it—the Trojan Horse? We've infiltrated the enemy's lines."

"I've been in a lot of engagements," Clint said, "but I've never fired from behind yet."

Jesse looked at him coolly. "What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing. I'm just thinking of our jobs—the night of the ambush."

"It doesn't call for any thinking," Jesse said. "It's been all worked out for you." He turned to me. "Tell me, Will, how does *she* look to you?"

"Like a married woman."

"Mr. Getty wasn't around, was he?"

"You think that'll help you?"

"I think it's worth a try." He laughed. "It seems I said my good-bys to the señoritas too soon."

I said, "Watch yourself, Jesse. I don't want any trouble."

Jesse hit me on the back. "Keighley should never have put you in charge. Remember what life was like when you were a sergeant? Those were the days. Now you've got a command and the worry's making an old woman out of you."

I said slowly, "We'll be leaving in about ten minutes."

The sun was up when we came out in the courtyard again. Everything seemed to be ready. Two men were carrying the last of a group of large rawhide bags; they were lifting it into the rear wagon, and then one of them turned his foot and fell, and the bag slipped from the other's hands and dropped to the ground. It made a heavy metallic thud, and turned over on its side, and the leather thong that held it at the top came apart. Right at our feet, a stream of gold coins came rolling and

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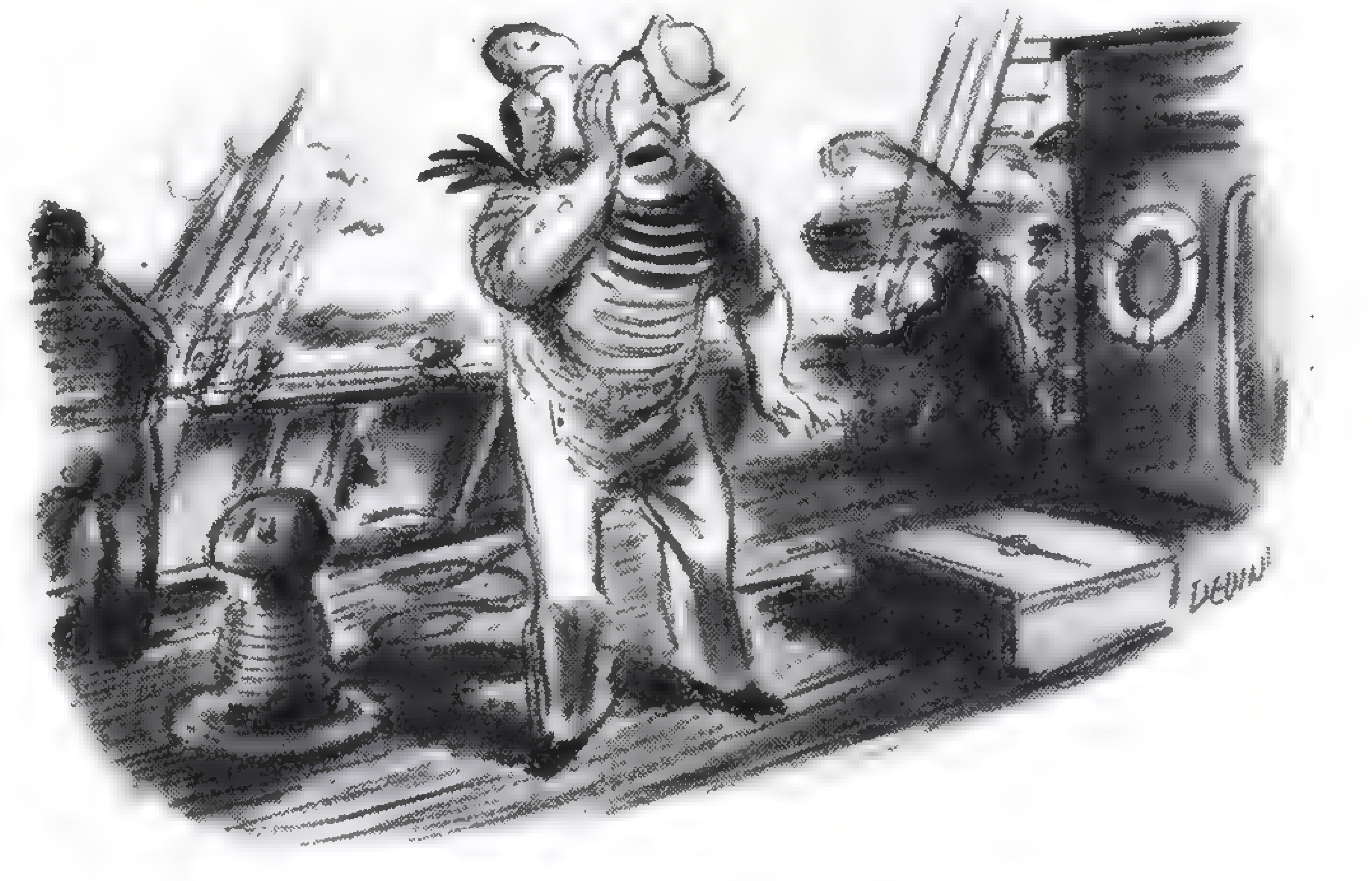

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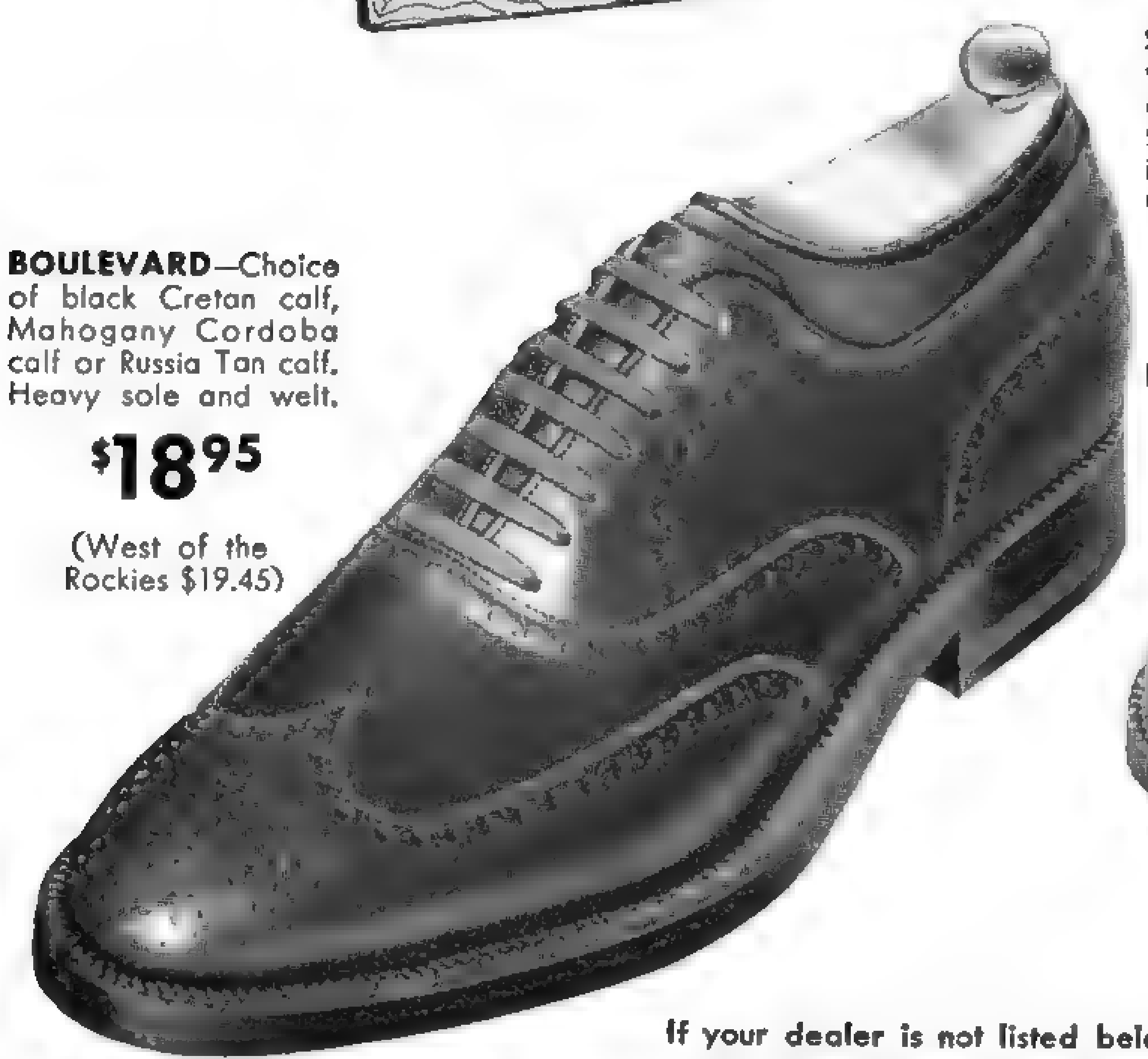

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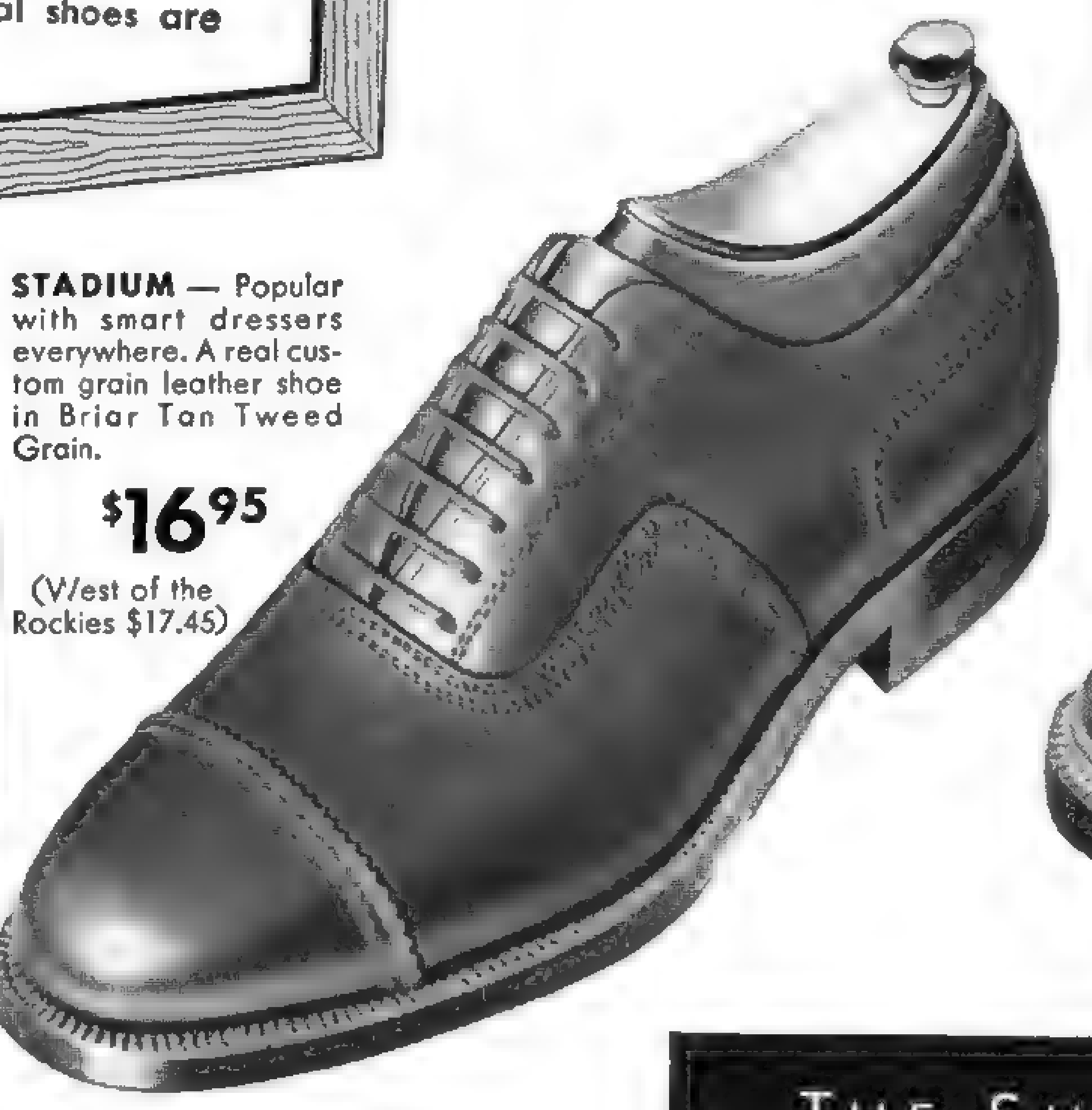

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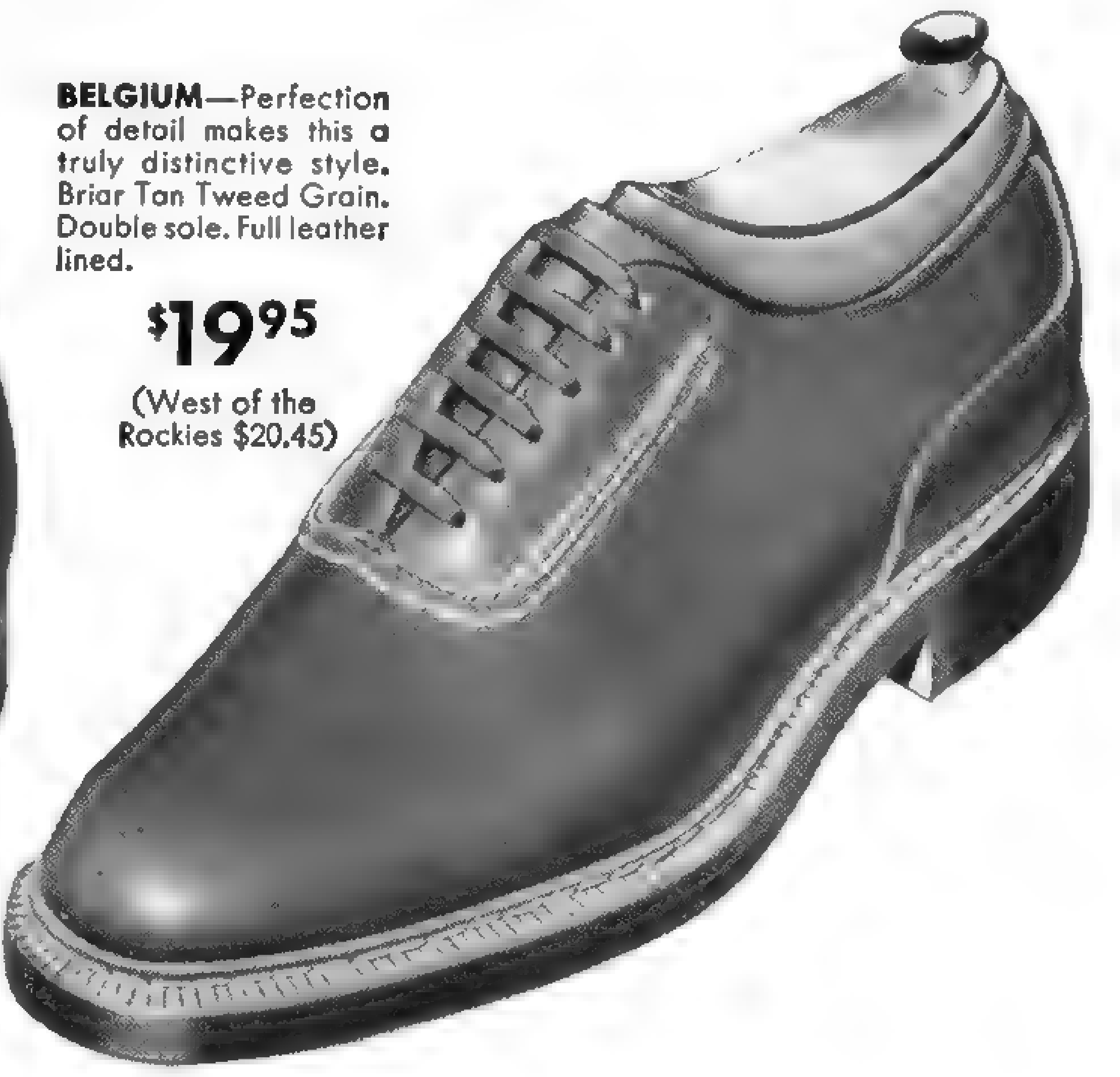

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Milwaukee, Wis.	Van's
Minneapolis, Minn.	M. L. Rothschild
Minot, North Dakota	Sharks'
Mobridge, South Dakota	Stutenroth
Montgomery, Ala.	Montgomery Fair
Mt. Clemens, Mich.	H. J. Waltzer & Sons
Nashville, Tenn.	Castner Knott Co.
Newark, New Jersey	Hillman's Shoes
New Orleans, Louisiana	Rubenstein Bros.
New York, N. Y.	George S. Lapkin
New York, N. Y.	Weber & Heilbroner
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Rothschild's B. & M.
Omaha, Nebr.	Browning, King & Co.
Pendleton, Oregon	King's
Philadelphia, Penn.	Jacob Reeds' Sons
Pocatello, Idaho	Hudson's
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Quincy, Illinois	Heintz, Inc.
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Richmond, Va.	Miller & Rhoads
Rockford, Illinois	E & W Clothing Co.
Sacramento, Calif.	Devlin Shoe Dens, Ltd.
St. Paul, Minn.	M. L. Rothschild
St. Petersburg, Florida	Maas Brothers
Salina, Kansas	Stevenson
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San Antonio, Tex.	Penner's
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San Jose, Calif.	Devlin Shoe Dens, Ltd.
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Savannah, Georgia	Max Lehwald & Co.
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Sheboygan, Wisconsin	Koutnik & Schwartz
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Toledo, Ohio	Lion Dry Goods
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Tucson, Ariz.	A. Steinfeld's
Tulsa, Okla.	Clarke's
Twin Falls, Idaho	Hudson's
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clanking onto the cobblestones of the courtyard.

We stood and stared down at them, and so did everybody else. I remember thinking stupidly that I'd expected it to be in bullion. I thought of the war and what I was doing here in Santa Fe, and somehow couldn't relate the two. I wondered if it would supply a whole regiment.

Jesse bent in the silence and lifted one of the coins. He hefted it in his hand. Then Don Antonio was beside us.

"Drop it," he said to Jesse.

Jesse spun it once and then tossed it ringing back on the pile.

Chaves spoke shortly to his men. "Get these together and load up." Two of them jumped forward to do it.

Then he turned back to us. "I'm very sorry," he said slowly.

We just listened.

"I'm forced to change my mind. Since you know my cargo, I can't risk having you with me. I trust you'll have a pleasant journey and that you come home in good health." He paused and smiled a little. "The trail East is a wide one. Please give us plenty of room. If you come within two hundred yards of my train, we shall fire on you."

We walked our horses out of Santa Fe, following the wagon train by about half a day's march. Going so slowly, we were now targets in Apache territory. We were the watchers and the watched, keeping the caravan in sight and staying alert to our own danger, and it tightened our nerves. In addition, there was the bitter taste of failure in our mouths, and it kept us quiet. We hardly spoke a word to each other in the next eight days.

What Jesse and Clint were thinking about I didn't know or care. I was busy plotting a hundred different ways of getting back into the train, and all of them were hopeless. There seemed to be nothing else to do but walk home at a healthy distance from Don Antonio Chaves, and feel our saddle sores growing larger by the day.

Clint finally said to me, "It'll be bad. Suppose he doesn't make camp at Cow Creek?"

I said, "Keighley'll go through with it anyway."

"Sure. And at the first shot, Chaves has his wagons down for a barricade."

"We'll be able to rush him from the rear," I said.

"It's not the same as being inside the train. It's not an ambush any more—it's a fight."

"I'll tell you something, grandpa."

"Yeah?"

"I like it better that way. I'd like a fight better."

Clint shook his head. "We're too well matched up. A lot of people are going to be hurt, on both sides. It looks as if the gold'll go through to Independence and the banks."

"Suppose it does!" I said fiercely. Clint was staring at me.

I said, "Forget it."

"Sure, Will."

"It'll be all right. We won't let Keighley down."

There was a thunderstorm on the eighth night, and I dreamed I was on a battlefield again, with gunfire rocking the night, splitting the heavens—and I came strangling out of the dream to find Jesse springing to his feet and then relaxing again.

"My God, Will, you want us all killed?"

"It must have been a dream."

"Make 'em less noisy."

But it didn't rain, and the next morning was dusty as before.

Clint fried bacon for us, and then cleaned his greasy hands on his hair, and we started out again. Our horses were so rested they were tired from it.

A little before noon we emerged from some cottonwoods and almost stumbled over the wagon train.

Four ponies lay dead and swollen in the sunshine. One of the wagons had its canvas scorched off, and the round, charred ribs were naked to the sight. Four low stone mounds lay near the camp, and of the men who sprang for their guns when we came so suddenly into view, there were four less than had set out.

We pulled up short and raised our hands, showing them empty. We made out the round figure of Don Antonio in the middle of his guard, sighting along his gun barrel. He lowered the rifle slowly, recognizing us, and after a minute he waved us in.

Clint and Jesse stayed on their horses while I dismounted beside Chaves and the priest. Don Antonio made a gesture toward the wreckage behind him, the silent people of the train watching us, the fresh-dug graves, and he said, "We could have used you last

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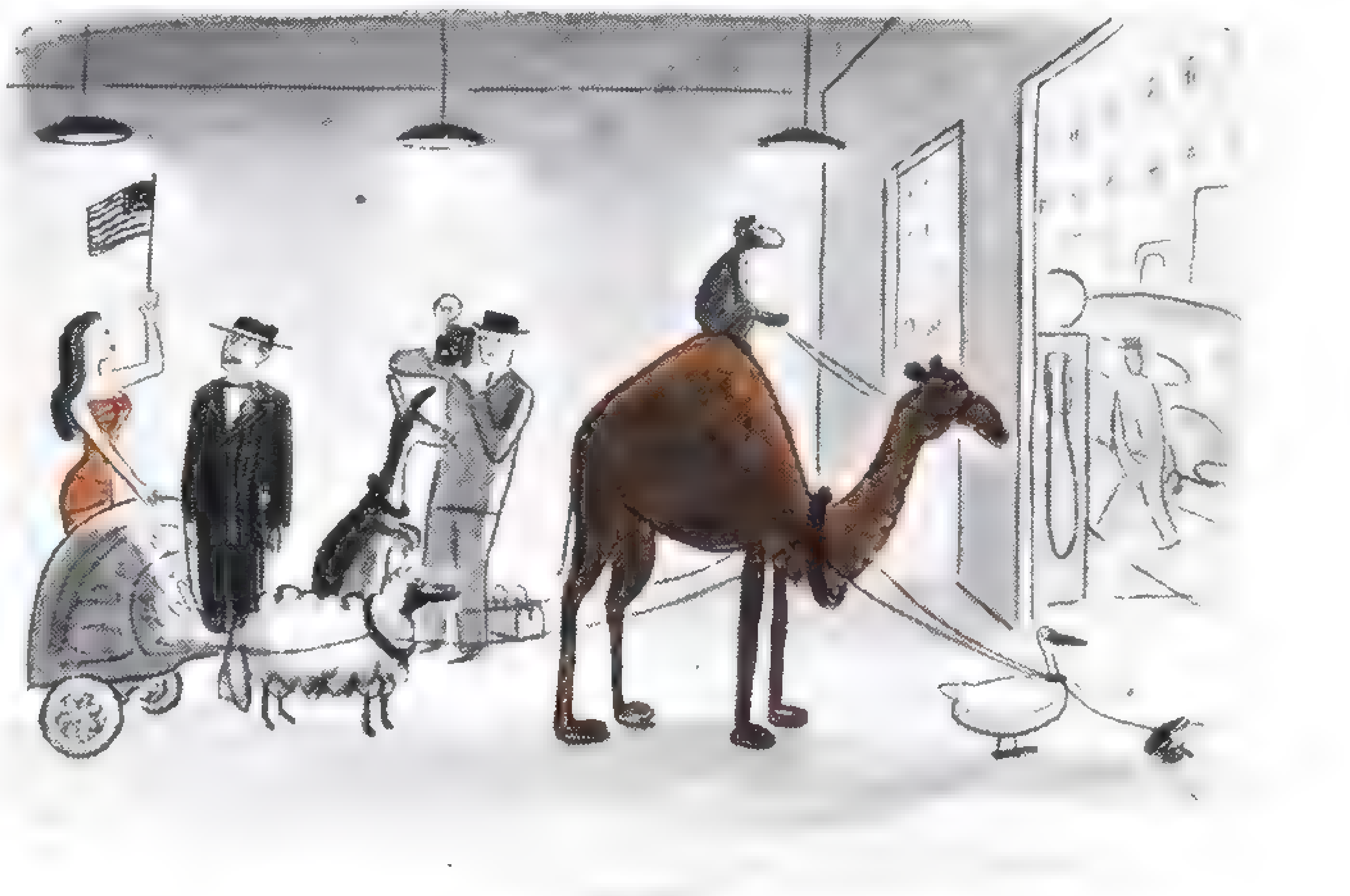

"Miss Blake, I said I'd get you in television. Don't you have any faith in me?"

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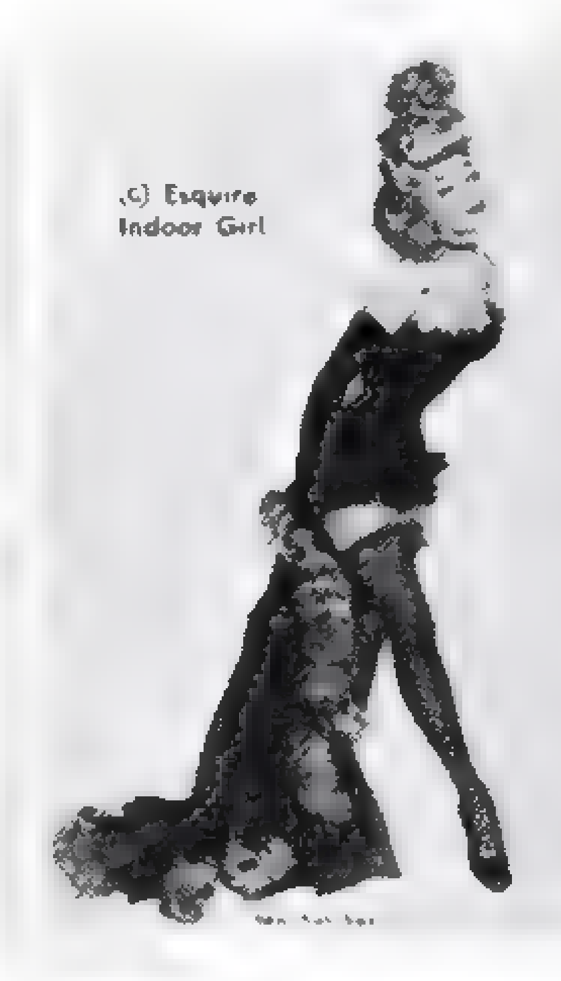

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night, Mr. Owen."

So my dream had been more than a dream, and I *had* heard something through the thunder.

"We can use you now," he said.

I looked at him a minute before answering. My words called for me to be angry. "We're not thieves, mister, and we don't like being called thieves. We don't like men passing judgment on us. It's something you'd never do twice—if you didn't have your hired help around all the time."

Then I said something else, and I wish I hadn't been able to hear it so clearly. "We're honest men."

"Please," Chaves said, and he was quiet a minute. "You were strangers, a risk I couldn't take. Not for myself. I have the responsibility of other lives. I know the temptation of gold and I was forced to be cautious. And last night, for all my caution . . ." He shook his head and fell silent.

I said, "They'll come again, that's sure. With four men gone they figure they can knock you off next time."

"Yes . . ." He turned to the priest. "Then let's turn around, Father. Let's go back. It's hopeless."

I'd made my plans in the past eight days, but this hadn't been one of them. And now that I had him, now that the Apaches had given him to me, I was about to lose him again.

"What they don't know," I said, "is that you've got reinforcements."

He reached for my hand. He had to take it from my side, but once he got it he pumped vigorously. I pulled away from him and turned to where Clint and Jesse were waiting.

"Climb down, boys. We're staying."

Traveling by ourselves, Clint, Jesse, and I might have run away from a war party. By joining the wagon train we were joining their danger, too. Don Antonio knew this, and though we never talked about it, we had an understanding. In return for the risk we took by slowing down and making targets of ourselves, I was now leading the train.

What he didn't know was that we'd been doing it anyway.

As an irregular attached to Keighley, my job was to pace the march so that we hit Cow Creek at dusk and made camp there. That could be managed during the last few days. Right now there were Apaches who had pulled some Sharps from under their blankets—that bore a little thinking about.

We got on the march that afternoon. I put Clint in the tail, way down behind the wagons and the ponies. Jesse and I rode point and the rest of the day passed without incident.

Clint was near collapse when I saw him again that night. His legs wouldn't hold him and he could hardly breathe, but when he could he started cursing.

"I won't do it!" he said. "Not for Keighley and not for the Cause! I'm not going to eat this train's dust!"

"Relax, Grandpa. The sovereign voters have just handed you a sinecure."

I decided to hell with being fair about it—from then on one of Chaves' men would hold down the rear permanently.

While there was still plenty of light we pulled up and made camp, tethering the ponies securely in the middle of it. I had picked a spot heavily studded with rocks, so that we had natural shelter. Don Antonio invited me to eat with him, but I said no, thanks, and ate with the boys.

Jesse asked me why. "He eats better than we do."

"One night soon," I said, "I'm going to have to kill him. When that time comes, it's not going to help me to know his life story."

We ate and then made our bedrolls close to the fire, and drowsy as I was I began to be aware of the fact of Mrs. Getty.

The light was like a curtain between us and the woman. Jesse lay with an arm under his head and stared through it, and his eyes looked like a wood cat's. It seemed that we would both be awake for some time.

Across the way they were stretching a tarpaulin between some stakes, in case the threatening rain should come, and the boy was making a botch of it. He was a small kid, and thin, his collarbone showing plainly under his shirt, and he was probably older than he looked. I turned back to the woman. She wore her hair tight around her head, had on a man's shirt and close-fitting jeans. I watched the line of her back and the way her thighs bunched when she squatted down to pull the end of the tarp, and I remembered how long it had been.

I wondered if they'd be killed

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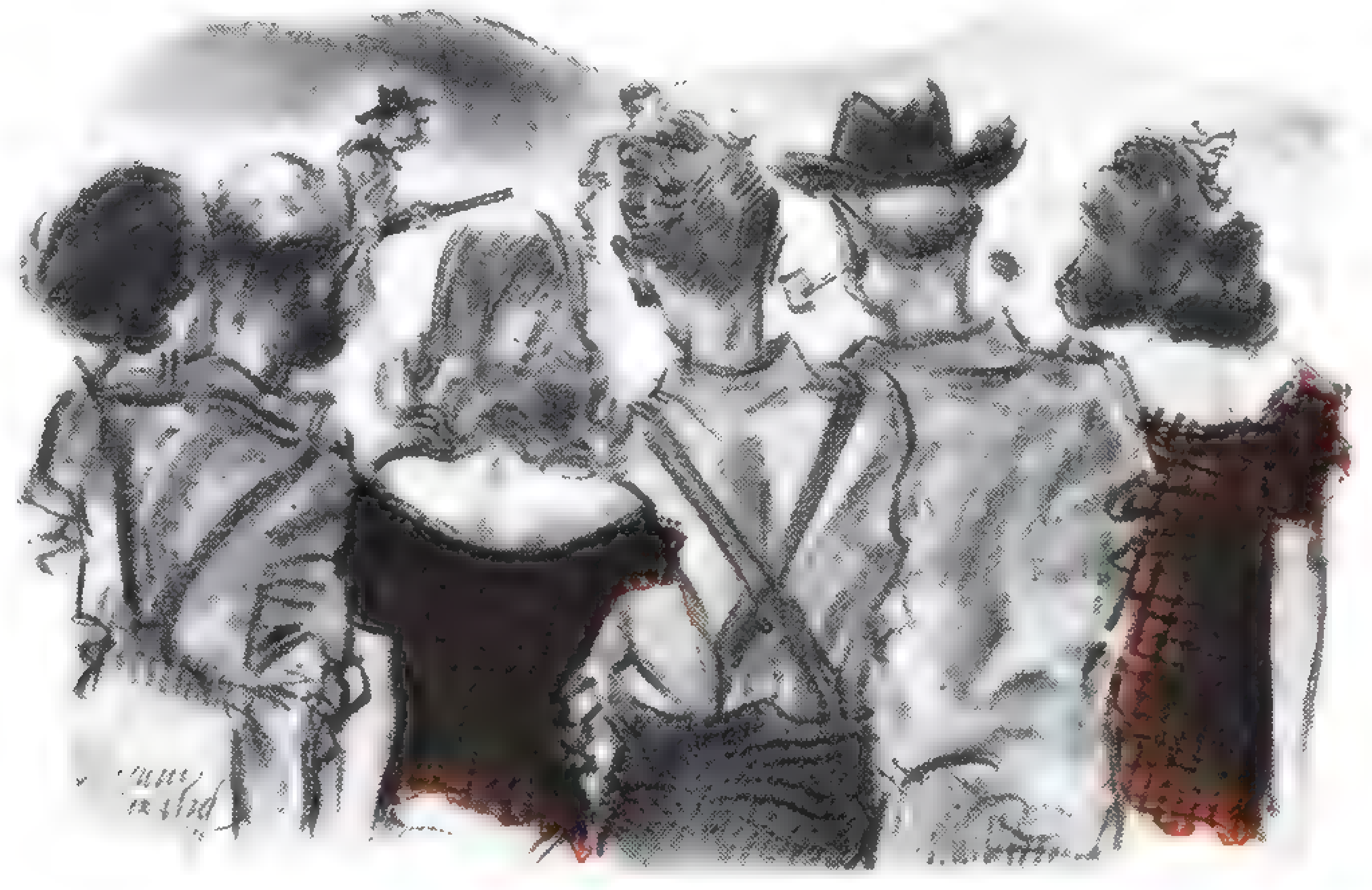
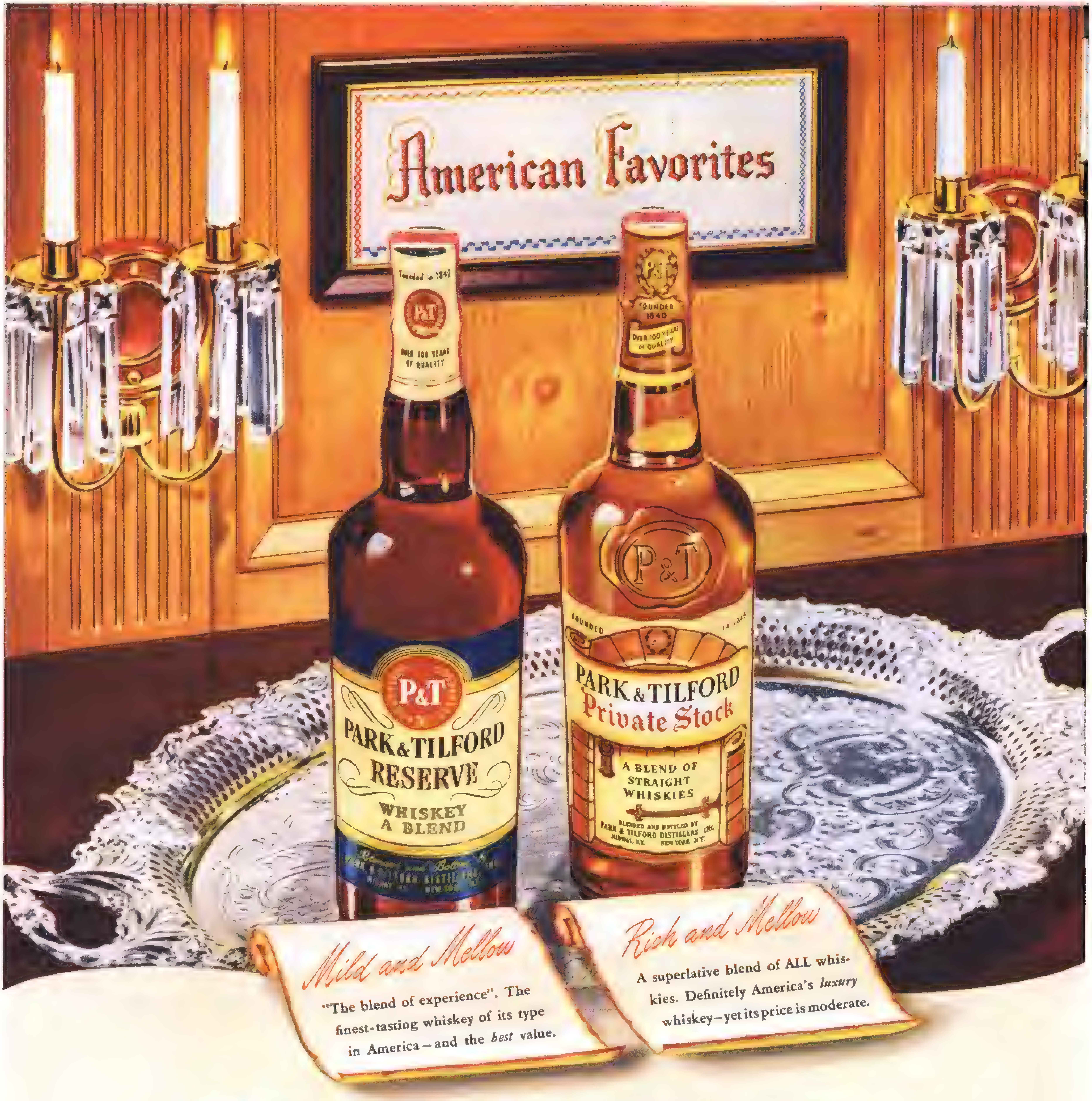


"Th' bride's durn purty—you'd think her paw'd git a new shotgun though!"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at Cow Creek.

"Traveling with a boy can't be much fun." Jesse was whispering, but for some reason the sound raked along my spine. He went on. "What she needs is a man."

"I don't hear her asking."

He laughed. "Will, you always were a waiting bastard. Me, I don't know what tomorrow'll bring."

He was on his feet. I thought about turning over and staying out of it, but I followed him.

He said, "Help you, Ma'am?"

When she straightened up, she was almost as tall as Jesse. She didn't smile, but she wasn't angry, either. "I'd never slept out—before this trip." She had a soft voice and it came from deep in her throat.

"Nothing to it. All depends on the company you keep."

She let that go without a flicker. "Roy's not used to it, either."

"I couldn't sleep anyhow—not after last night."

The boy said it casually, but that didn't hide the terror in his voice. He was small and quick, quicker than a rabbit ahead of a hound, but he was a coward, too.

Jesse sat down on the ground. It made him right at home.

Nobody said anything for a minute. She seemed to be figuring what to do with us. You could see everything on her face, and I liked that.

"You've got a fine son," Jesse said.

He hadn't taken his eyes from her, and she was returning his stare as if she hadn't seen a man in a long time. I'd never seen a woman do that.

"He's not my son," she said. "He's my brother-in-law. I have no children."

I decided to dampen Jesse down a bit. "Going to meet your husband?" I asked.

"My husband is dead. He was killed in the war."

Jesse said, "Sorry," with a straight face, and the boy interrupted.

"We had a little ranch on the Rio Grande," he said proudly. "We had to sell it, but we were doing all right, Jen and me."

Jesse said politely, "Then you haven't got anybody to look after you . . ."

Her eyes rested fondly on the boy. "I've got Roy," she said.

"This isn't the safest place to keep him." I knew I should have kept my mouth shut, but there was something in the way she watched him, the way she kept him close to her, that made me blurt it out.

"I thought of that . . . but—we had no choice."

"So there's just the two of you, eh?" That was Jesse again.

"My husband's family is in Santa Fe." Her face was tight with determination—and with something else. It could have been hate. She went on. "That's why we left. They wanted to rear him up a soldier."

"And what's the matter with that?"

She looked at me. "We don't care much about the war—Roy and I."

I had been living for years now filled with the idea that the South would win, and here was a female saying it didn't count, and it seemed she was telling it to me, directly. I knew it was hitting low, but I decided to remind her of her husband. "Some good men died soldiers."

"Don't mind Will," Jesse said, smiling at her. "He's a regular knight on horseback."

I could see that he was about to make his move, so I said good night and went back to my side of the fire. I settled down and watched the embers and thought of the order for the next day's march. The ponies were resting quietly, and our sentries could watch in the moonlight for miles from their positions on the boulders. I wasn't counting on an attack. The Apaches had probably watched us during the day, and if they had they'd seen our new strength. It was time I got some sleep. Instead, I lay there and waited for Jesse to come back. I thought of Mrs. Getty, and when I did a wave of harsh longing, something I could almost see and feel, brushed over me. I remembered the sound of her voice and the look of her.

Jesse rolled in beside me much later. "Will?"

"Yeah."

"Will—Keighley isn't the kind of man to take prisoners . . ."

I knew what he was thinking. "He doesn't make war on women and babies, either."

"You can't be sure with Keighley." He paused. "Even so, the firing'll be plenty heavy." Jesse grinned. "I've got to hit pay dirt before Cow Creek, eh, Will?"

(The Outriders *will be concluded in the November issue.*)

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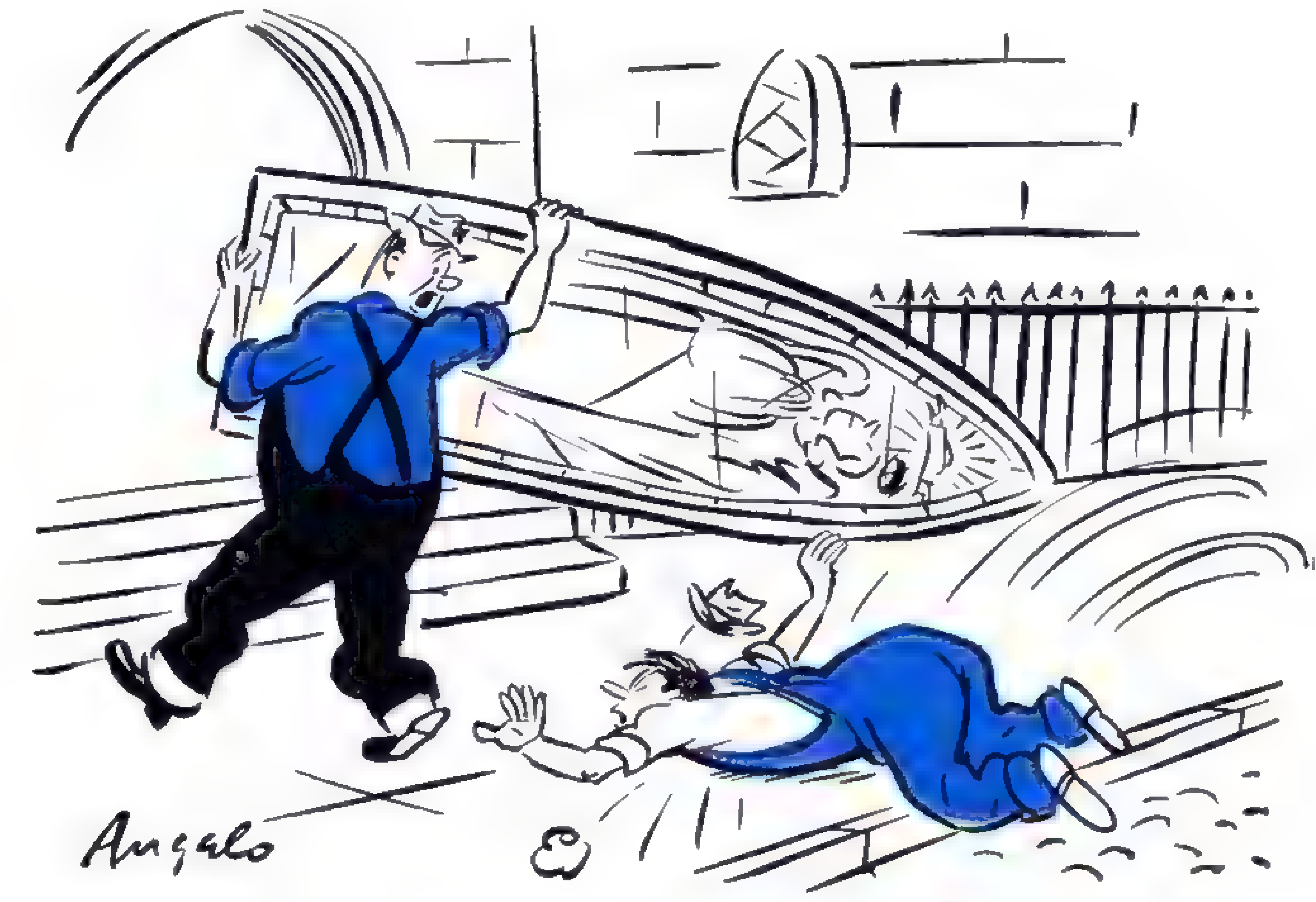
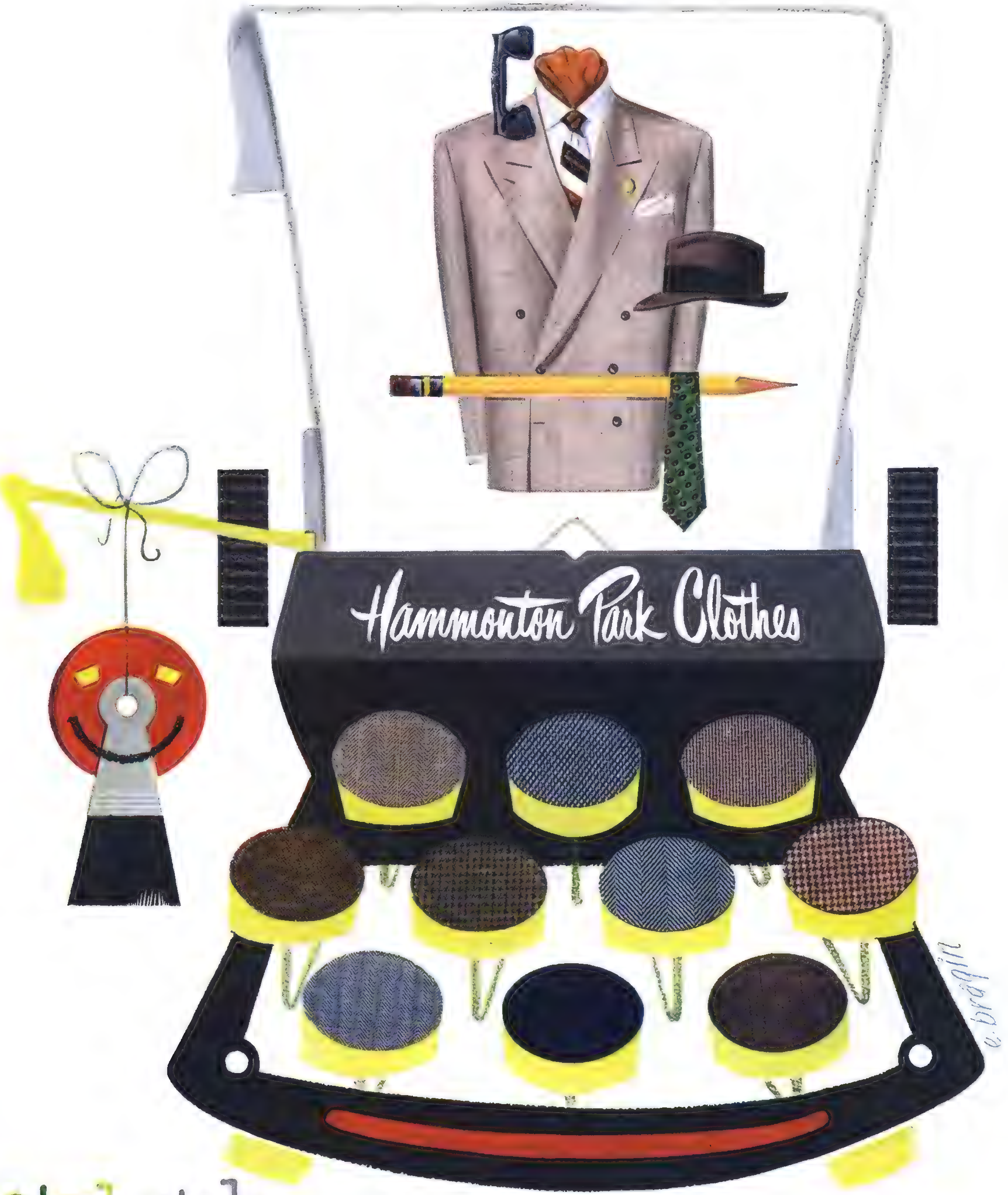


"Now, watch your language"



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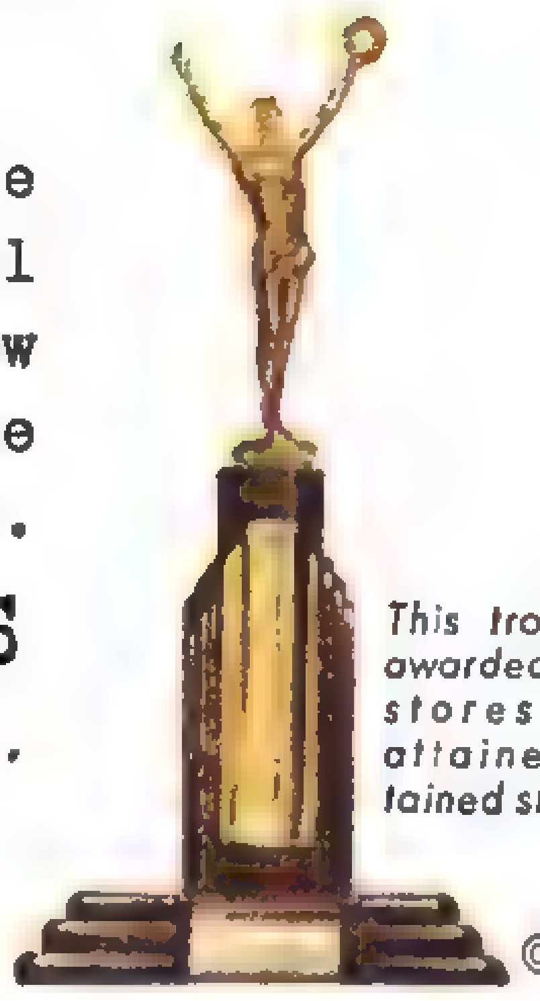
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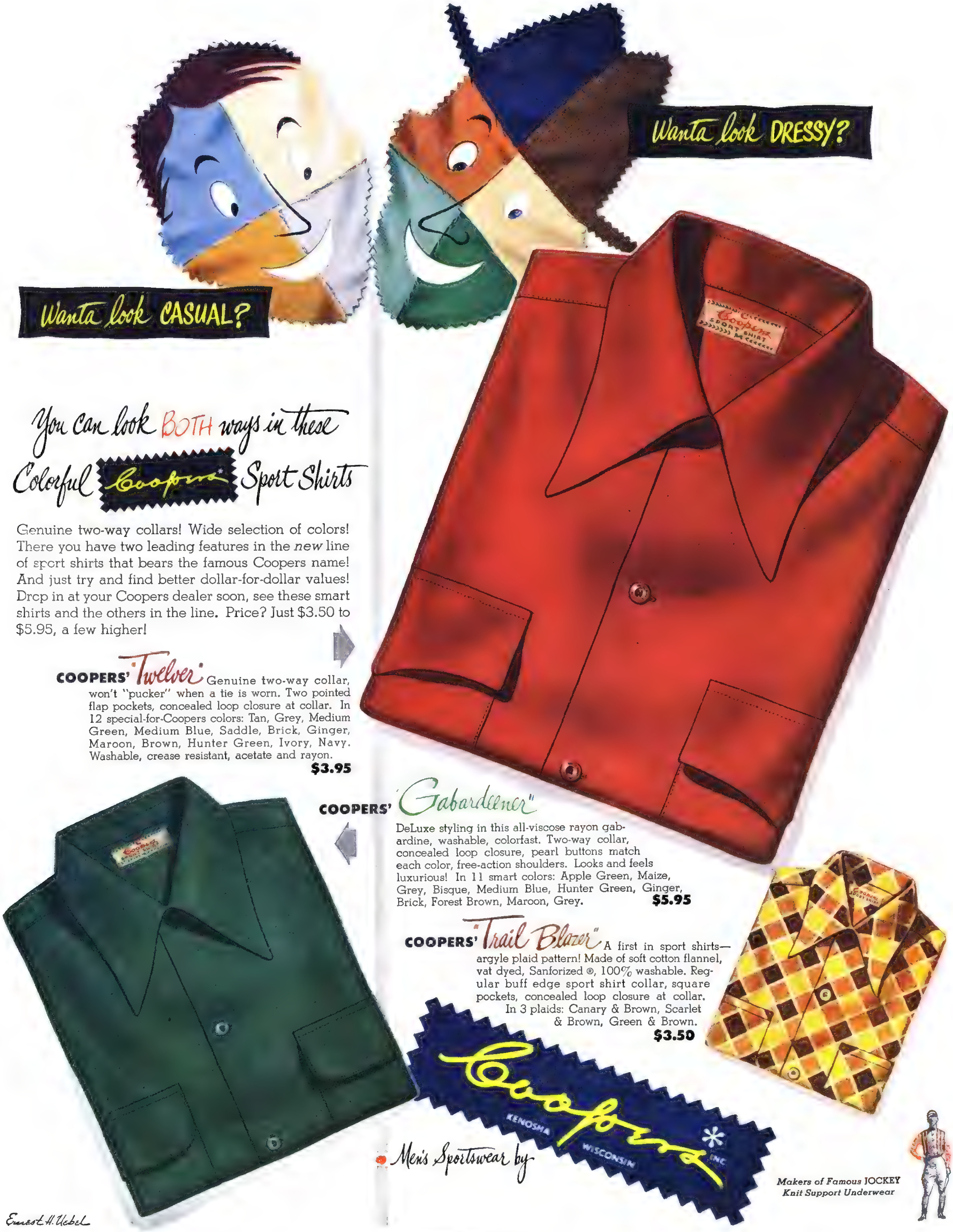
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Remembering Hands

Twine is a good murder weapon, but the hangman, as usual, ties the last knot

by STANLEY RUSSELL

In the phone booth, Clyde Beamer trembled so that he had trouble inserting his forefinger in the penny-sized hole marked "Operator." "Give me the police station," he said, when the girl came on. "Quick!"

"Ridgetown Police Headquarters, Sergeant Tierney speaking." The voice coming over the wire was resonant, self-assured, almost friendly. It helped.

"You better send somebody over here," Beamer said. "I think there's been a murder."

The officer's voice betrayed no excitement. "Your name, please?"

"Clyde Beamer. I found the body a few minutes—"

"Where do you live?"

"14 Holly Place. The man's name was Henley. He owns—"

"Where are you calling from, Mr. Beamer?"

"The drugstore on the corner. It must have happened last night because—"

"Where did you find the body?"

"The garage at 46 Raleigh Avenue. It's private and holds three cars. Mr. Henley owns it and rents—"

"The best thing for you to do, Mr. Beamer, is to go back to the garage," Sergeant Tierney said. "We'll have the prowl car meet you there in a few minutes."

Police Chief Matthew McQuade sat sideways on the kitchen chair, his left leg spread out stiffly across the linoleum, while he finished breakfast. This morning, the leg was bad again, stiff and painfully swollen at the knee. Matt had given up trying to find the cause of it. He was pretty sure that the cause lay in the past—too many rainy beats, too many miles of sidewalks. Good thing he wasn't expected at the desk before eleven. It would take him almost two hours to unlimber enough to get around.

The phone rang and he called to Em upstairs to answer it. "It's the mayor," she said, her voice hard and tight.

"Tell him to wait a second, Em." Painfully, he hauled himself to his feet and limped to the phone in the hall.

"McQuade, why aren't you out at Raleigh Avenue picking up on that murder?" Mayor Taylor's voice boomed threateningly at him.

"I have to know about it first, Mr. Taylor."

"Know about it!" Taylor bellowed. "Why *don't* you know about it? It's the chief's duty to keep himself posted on what's going on in this town, even if it's only a minor affair like a homicide."

Sure enough, Matt thought, it was Sergeant Dan Tierney again, calling the mayor first. Smooth, fast-talking Dan, the mayor's white-haired boy, had been trying to push him into retirement. "I'll shoot right over there, Mr. Taylor," he said.

"Do that. And see you catch the criminal. And fast. We don't want any unsolved crimes in this community. It's up to you, McQuade."

More threats. When Taylor hung up, Matt reached for his hat and limped to the front door. He turned to Em. "'Bye, Emma. When Tierney calls, write down the exact time on the pad."

Matt pulled up before 46 Raleigh and found the district men, Brennan and Olchak, on the job:

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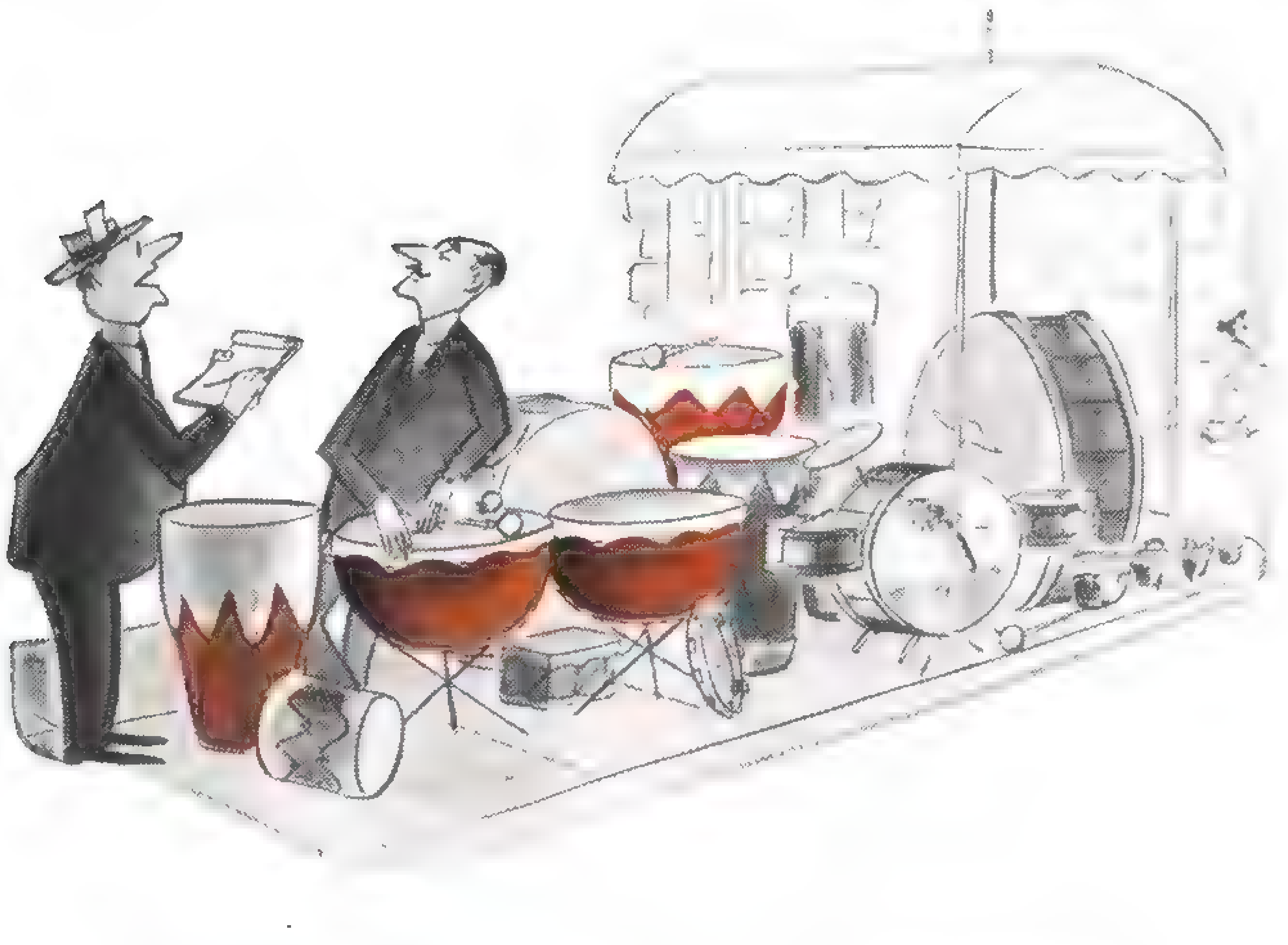

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Remembering Hands

Continued from page 123

Stanley Olchak, a big serious-faced man, already had a couple of pages of notes.

"What've you got so far, Stash?" Matt said, walking into the garage. He cast a quick look at the body, which lay almost against the rear wall. "Anybody touch it?"

"Not while we was here, Chief," Olchak said.

"I don't see any marks. How was he killed?"

"It's kind of peculiar, Chief," Olchak said.

He stooped, switched on his flashlight, and pointed at the dead man's neck. At first Matt couldn't see anything wrong. Then he saw the strands of twine. Even though Henley was a slight man in his sixties, so tightly was the coarse brown hemp wound around the neck that it was almost covered by overlapping flesh.

Matt straightened up. "Brennan, run out and call Doc Steelwin, the coroner. Then give Tierney a ring and tell him to call the state police to send us a fingerprint man."

Standing silently against the side wall were two men. Matt jerked his head. "What are those two doing here?"

"Both of them rented garage space from Henley." Olchak consulted his notes. "The little thin guy's name is Beamer. He found the body and called up the station. The older man's name is Clacklin."

Matt looked around the garage. "There's three cars here. Who owns the third?"

Olchak thumbed his notebook again. "Clacklin says that the other car is owned by a man named Seyles. He ought to be along any minute now, Clacklin says, because he uses his car every day just like the other two."

"I'm going to take a look around, Stash," Matt said. "If Seyles shows up, hold him."

The garage faced the street. There were three sets of doors, each with its padlock. The house was built directly above the garage and on one side were concrete steps leading up to the front porch. Matt groaned when he thought of the agony of the climb, but he knew that it had to be done.

When he finally reached the front porch, he found the entrance door ajar. Jimmied. He called down to Olchak. "What about this door?"

Olchak came out on the sidewalk. "We did it, Chief. Henley lived all by himself and the front door was locked. No sign of anybody breaking in through the windows. Looks like robbery, from the way the place is inside."

Matt walked through the downstairs rooms. There were the usual strewn papers, emptied drawers, ransacked cupboards. The bedrooms upstairs were the same—bureau drawers ripped open, closet doors ajar. Whoever went through the place was in a devil of a hurry, Matt thought.

Gripping the banister with both hands, he crawled painfully downstairs and into the kitchen. There ought to be a stairway here leading into the garage. He discovered a door and reached for the knob, but caught himself in time. Fingerprints.

He picked up a kitchen knife and pried the latch back. He found himself at the head of a steep stairway. Then a flashlight glared up at him. "It's me, Chief," said Brennan, from the bottom of the stairs.

"Okay, Brennan," Matt said wearily. "Hold the light on the stairs while I climb down."

Halfway down, Matt stooped and picked up a button. There were shreds of blue cloth attached to it. Back in the garage again, Matt went over to the body. Yes, the middle button of the blue worsted jacket was missing. The killer had evidently carried Henley down the stairs into the garage. Why?

Near the entrance doors, Olchak was questioning a dark, sturdily built man, who was leaning negligently against the side of a car. As Matt came up, Olchak turned. "This is Seyles, Chief. He showed up just a few minutes ago."

"What do you know about this, Mr. Seyles?" Matt asked, to get the man talking.

"A damnsight less than you do," Seyles shot back. "I rent garage space here, that's all."

Just then, Doc Steelwin pulled up at the curb across the street, and Matt went out to meet him.

"Hello, Matt," Doc said, his eyes friendly and smiling behind the rimless glasses. "How's the knee?"

"Hurts like blazes. But I can't be bothered with it right now. Here, slide in between these two cars."

Steelwin knelt down beside the still figure and opened his instrument bag. Matt pointed out the twine. "Looks like this is what did it."

After a few moments, Steelwin nodded slowly. "Yes, that's it—strangulation." His fingers began working at the cord. He struggled with it for a time and said, "I can't understand how it could have been tied so tightly. It's practically impossible to undo."

"Let me try," Matt said.

Brennan, who was standing behind Matt, brought out his pocketknife. "Here," he said. "Cut it."

Matt was swept by a wave of anger. "You and Alexander the Great!" he snorted. "Brennan, get out of my sight. Take those three men to the station house for questioning."

He bent down and examined the knot carefully. It seemed simple enough, some sort of loop affair. To make it easier, the two ends were over seven inches long. He tried to pick it apart with his

Continued on page 126

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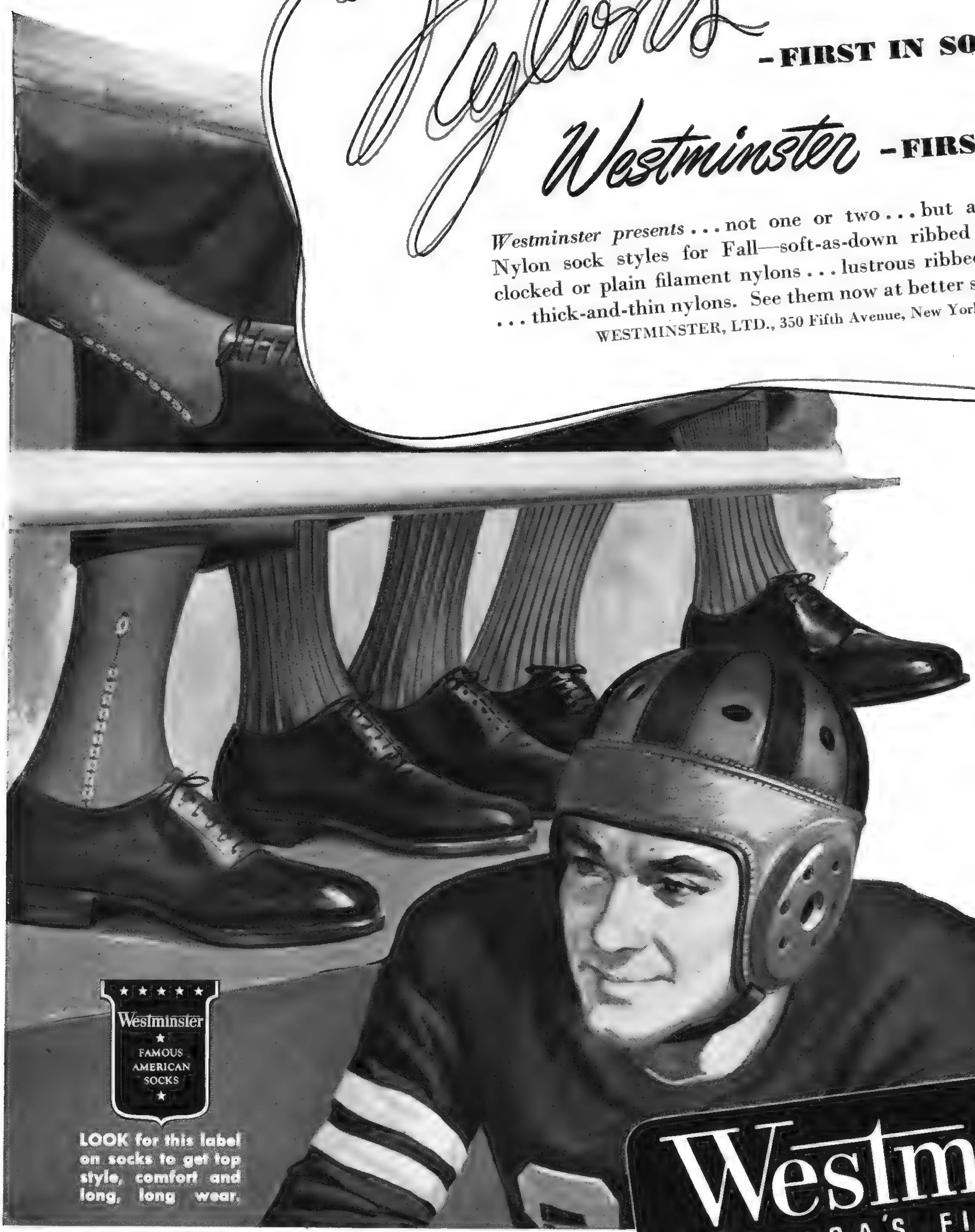

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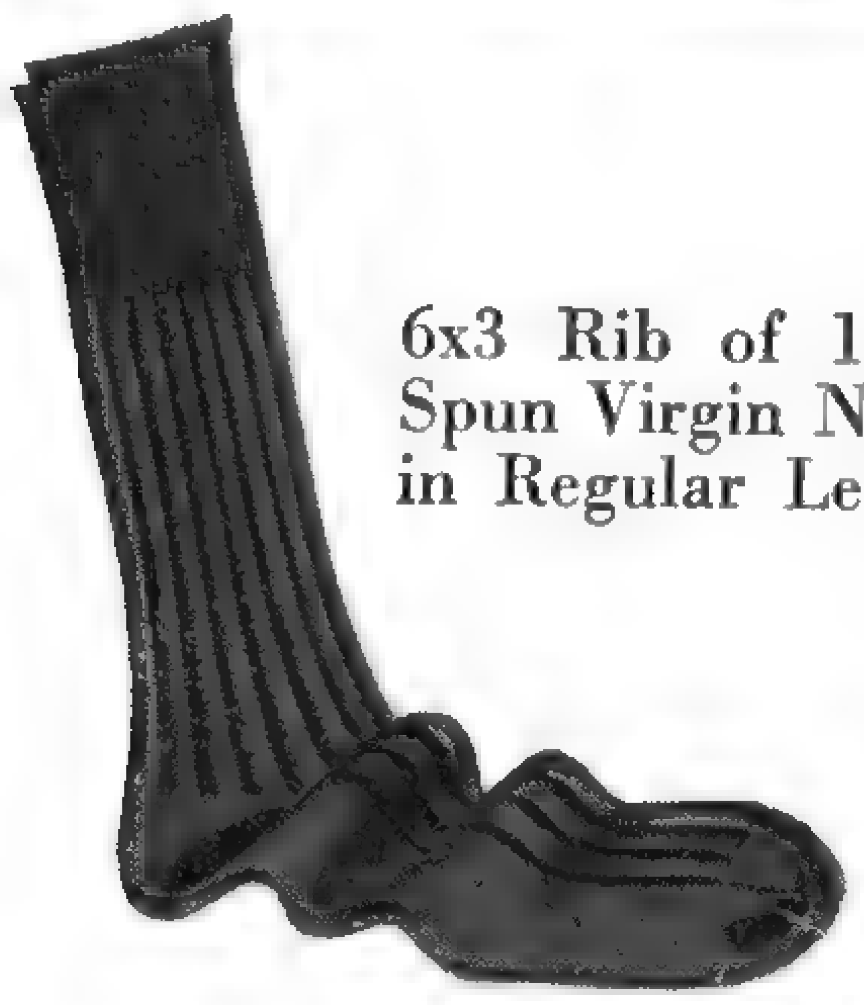

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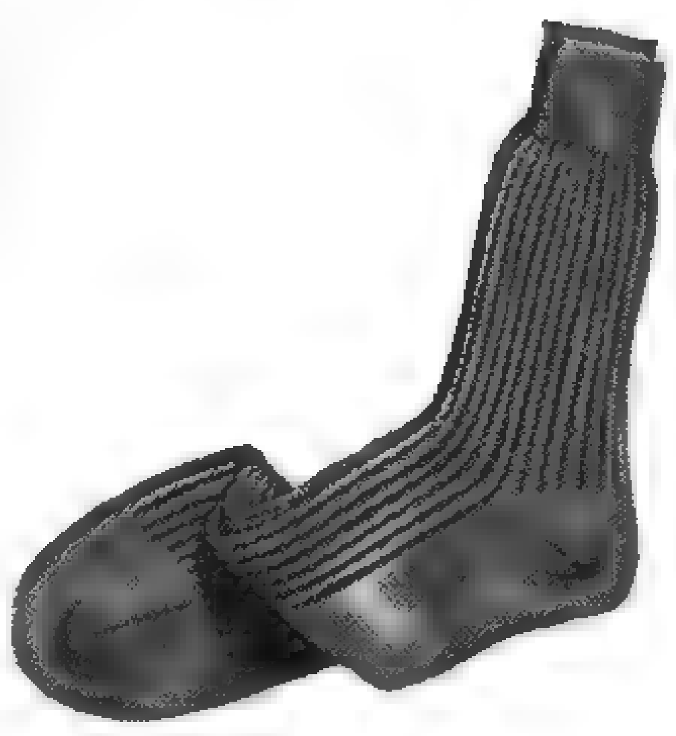

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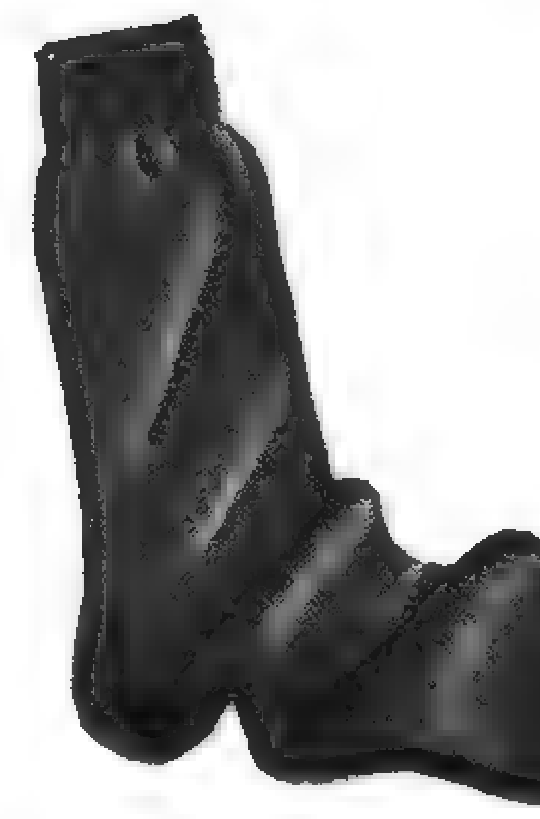

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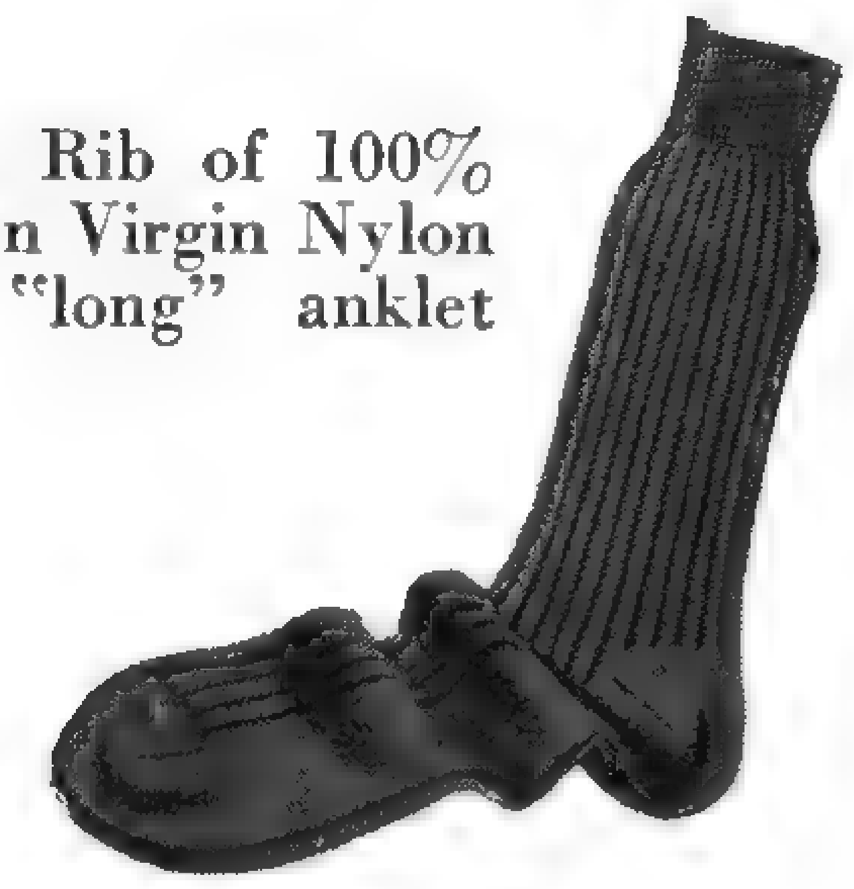

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Remembering Hands

Continued from page 124

fingernails. The more he worked at it, the tighter it seemed. At the same time, there was something familiar in the way it was tied. Far back in the past, he remembered seeing a knot like this. He had seen it many times. There was a way of untying it too, an easy way. He had done it, not once, but many times.

He looked up at Steelwin. "I know this knot, but for the life of me I can't remember how it goes."

As he looked away, his fingers continued to work at the twine—and in that instant, miraculously, the knot fell apart in his hands.

He looked down, dumfounded. "Now, how did I do that?" he asked. He himself had forgotten, but his fingers had remembered instinctively. While he examined the two ends of frayed cord, his mind went back to the old farm in Orange County. *It was back there sometime*, he thought, *that I knew.*

"I'm Bassett, Troop D, State Police." A trim, grey-uniformed figure was standing over him, waiting to get his attention. "What do you want dusted?"

The fingerprint man. Matt got to his feet, his left leg feeling as if it would come apart at the knee. He knew that he ought to go through the house again with Bassett, but he wasn't up to it. He took the young man's arm and pointed to the stairway.

"Go up that way. Take the door handles and light switches first." He nodded toward the stairway door. "If you find anything, call me at the station."

He saw Olchak removing the front seat of one of the cars. Good steady man, Olchak. Matt went over to him. "I'm going back to the station, Stash. This leg of mine is ready to give out. Besides, there's a lot of things I ought to do there. For one thing, I want to talk to those three car owners."

He turned to go, pushing his way through the crowd which had gathered around the entrance of the garage, when he thought of something he had forgotten to ask Steelwin. He limped back.

"George, when would you say Henley died?"

Steelwin was already putting away his instruments. "Can't say too accurately without an internal examination. More than twelve hours, at any rate. A good guess would be between sixteen and twenty hours."

Matt looked at his watch. It was now eleven o'clock. That would place the time of the murder anywhere between three and seven p.m. yesterday.

"I'll drive you over to headquarters, if you like, Matt," Steelwin said. "Must be tough handling the clutch pedal with that leg of yours."

Matt felt grateful. He could send someone over from the house later to pick up his car. When they were in Doc's sedan, Matt said, "Drive slow, George, I want to do some out-loud thinking."

One thing he had to keep in mind. Unless he produced the killer within the next twenty-four hours, the mayor was going to sling charges of incompetence at the next council meeting.

"To start with, it's pretty certain that the killer knew Henley, knew he lived alone. According to Olchak, there were no signs of anyone breaking in or of the locks being tampered with. What puzzles me is why the body was carried downstairs into the garage."

"Obviously, to throw the police off the scent."

"Exactly. It's so obvious that I'm suspicious."

"What do you mean?"

"Only a very stupid criminal would believe that because the body was found in the garage the police would automatically throw the full weight of their investigation on the three men who rented space there."

"No doubt we're dealing with a stupid man. Criminals generally are."

Matt shook his head slowly. "I don't think this one was. Take the cunning simplicity of the murder weapon itself." He took from his pocket the length of

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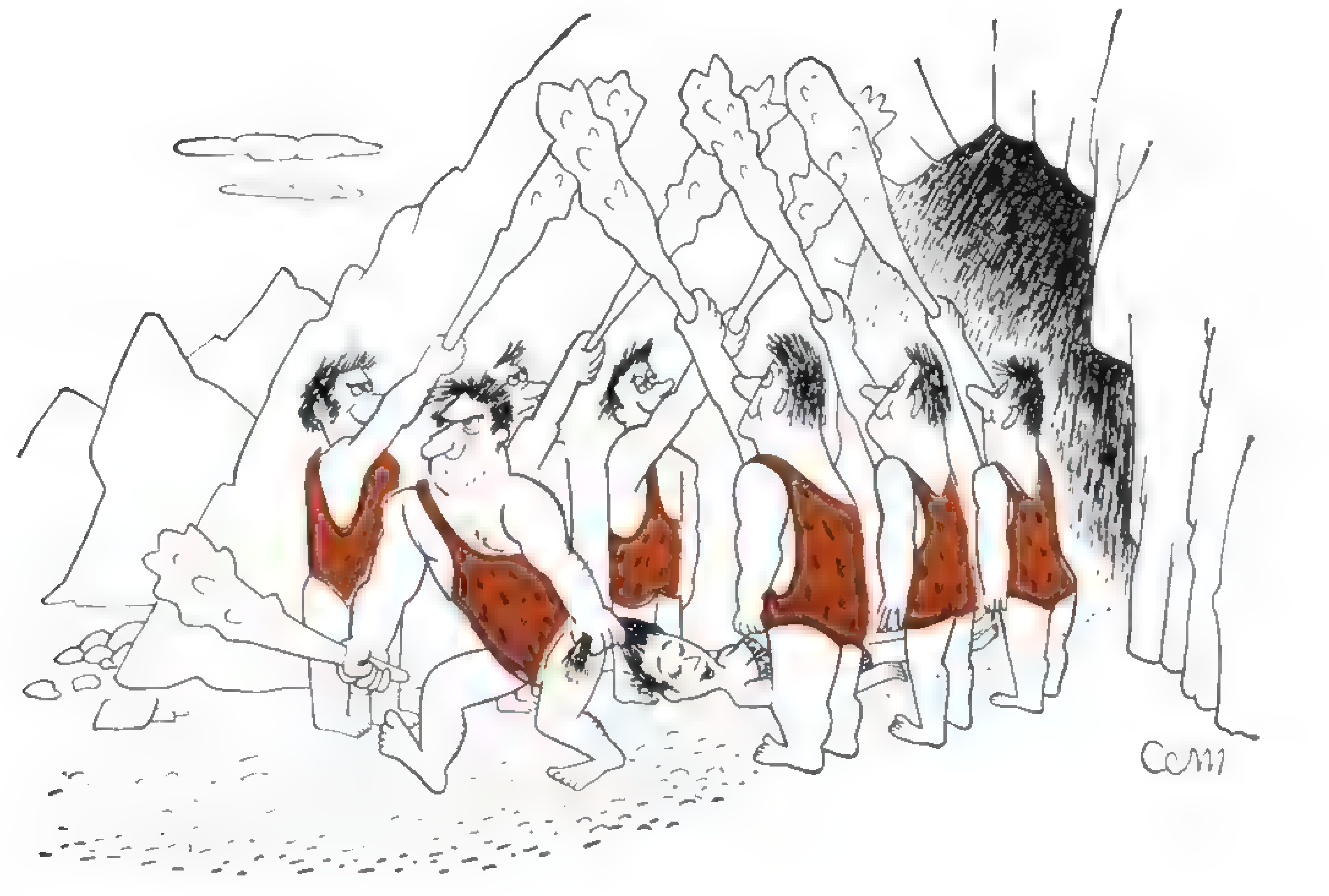

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Remembering Hands

Continued from page 126

twine and passed it through his fingers. If only he could remember where he had seen the knot! It was exasperating. "Well," he said thoughtfully, "I'm convinced that one of the three men who rented garage space from Henley is the killer."

Steelwin glanced at him in surprise. "I don't follow you. Didn't you just say—"

"I know, but listen to this. If the body had been discovered inside the house, we'd be mighty suspicious of those three men. We'd figure one of them was very likely the killer because he could enter and leave Henley's home through the garage without being noticed."

"Yes, I see that, but—"

"Assuming that the killer was one of the car owners, where would he leave the body so as to least arouse the suspicion of the police? Certainly not inside the house. And it would be risky business to load the body in a car and attempt to hide it. Isn't the garage itself the most logical place, because of the improbability of a murderer being so completely rash?"

Steelwin nodded comprehendingly. "It makes sense."

Matt went on. "Naturally the man would expect routine questioning. He'd have an alibi for every minute of his time. The evidence of frantic haste in his search of the house shows that he was working on a split-second schedule."

The key to the murder lay in the piece of twine and the peculiar knot, Matt felt. But he didn't even know what kind of knot it was. He couldn't question the men on this point directly; that would be a dead giveaway. He'd have to be careful about that—mighty careful.

Steelwin pulled into one of the white slots in front of the station house and Matt crawled out. "I'll give you a ring this afternoon," Steelwin said, "after I've finished the autopsy."

Tierney was at the desk. He flashed one of his big innocent smiles, his white teeth showing clear to the gums. "Morning, Chief," he said. "The mayor called a few minutes ago. Wanted to know whether we picked up the killer yet. I said you hadn't even got back from Raleigh Avenue. Always in a hurry, the mayor is."

The needle again. Tierney was asking for it. It would have to be now. "What time did Beamer call you this morning?" Matt asked him.

Tierney made an elaborate pretense of looking it up on the blotter. "At exactly 8:10."

Matt limped to his office. His leg ached unbearably. He picked up the phone and dialed home. "Em, mind bringing over the hot-water bottle? I can't stand this pain much longer. And a couple of bandages. I don't care how it looks as long as I get some sort of relief."

"You should be home," Em said, "instead of gallivanting all around town. That mayor!"

"You might as well make up a couple of sandwiches for me, too. I'll have plenty of work here." He almost hung up before he remembered. "Oh, Em, what time did Tierney call?"

"I put down the exact time." Em said. "It was three minutes past nine."

He hung up and buzzed the patrol room on the intercom. "Simmons, take Beamer, Seyles, and Clacklin out to lunch. If they haven't called up their employers yet, let them do it. Tell them they're going to be here for most of the day."

Brennan came in with the preliminary reports on the three men and tossed them on Matt's desk. Matt put them aside and said, "Brennan, relieve Tierney at the desk. Tell him that I want to see him."

Tierney knew it was coming. Matt could see an anxious, trying-to-please look in his eyes when he walked in. Matt kept his voice steady. "Sergeant Tierney, you are suspended for a period of ten days without pay for failure to comply with regulations."

Tierney's jaw went slack. "But, Chief," he protested. "What regulations?"

"Your orders were to report immediately to the Chief of Police any unusual or important incident requiring the attention of the Department. You were notified of the Henley homicide at 8:10. You did not call me until 9:03. That is negligence."

Tierney looked stubbornly at Matt. "I phoned you as quick as I could. First I had to reach Olchak and Brennan in the car. Then a couple of other calls came in between. And then Mayor Taylor called."

"Never mind the explanations," Matt said. "You're suspended. Now get out of here before I lose my temper."

He felt a twinge of compunction. Maybe he was a crotchety, irritable old man. Maybe he had been too hasty with Tierney. And, in spite of his insubordination, Tierney was a competent cop. He could have helped a lot. Well, it was too late. Now Matt knew he was on his own. He had put himself out on a limb and there was no getting back unless he solved the Henley case. And fast, too.

He kept himself busy with routine until Emma showed up with the hot-water bottle and sandwiches. Matt stretched out his leg on a chair as he sat at his desk, and Emma tied the bag to the swollen knee with the gauze.

"I've been meaning to get you an electric pad," Em said. "It'd be a lot neater."

"This'll do. Run along now, Em. See you tonight."

Emma gave him a little pat

on the shoulder and left him.

The phone rang and Matt picked up the receiver. It was Bassett, the fingerprint expert. "Sorry, Mr. McQuade," he reported, "nothing on the switches or doorknobs except Henley's."

"Thanks, anyway," Matt said. He put down the phone. He hadn't expected help from the outside, and now he knew he wasn't going to get it.

He ate his sandwiches, and then, once more, he took the cord from his pocket and examined it. Consciously, he willed his mind back into the past, forty-five years ago, when he was a boy on a farm. The knot. Where had he seen it used?

Then, in a lightning flash of memory, it came back to him. It was so absurdly simple that he wondered why he hadn't thought of it before. The key to the murder—he had it! In his excitement, he jumped to his feet and the hot-water bottle slid off his knee. He sat down again and hastily rewound the gauze and tied it.

The clue to the murder lay in the occupation of the killer. In strangling Henley his hands had betrayed him. Matt saw clearly how it had happened. The killer had used the knot so many thousands of times at his job that his fingers had worked automatically, amost independently. He had never been aware of his mistake. If he had, he would have corrected it, because the knot was evidence enough to convict him.

Matt quickly picked up the cards of the three men and went through them:

Clyde M. Beamer, 14 Holly Place. Age 31. Married, two children. Employed as engineer for Ridgetown Power Company.

Earl E. Clacklin, 31 Holly Place. Age 42. Unmarried. Insurance agent.

Lester R. Seyles, 21 Raleigh Avenue. Age 27. Married, no children. Employed as salesman for Northern Baking Corporation.

He let out his breath sharply in disappointment. Their present employment did not give him the clue. He put the cards aside and leaned back in his chair thoughtfully. Wasn't there a certain continuity of occupations in the lives of most men? Didn't they follow a pattern, as a general rule.

It was one-thirty; the men should be back from lunch. Matt clicked on the intercom to the patrol room. "I'm ready for those three. Send in Seyles first. Keep out of the room while I'm questioning him. And no phone calls. Stand outside the door of my office, Simmons, just in case."

Matt leaned back in his chair, trying to relax while he waited for Seyles. He felt taut and unsure of himself, but he knew the feeling would go away as soon as he was well into the questioning.

Seyles walked in and came quickly up to the desk. Bold, self-confident in his manner, he had a kind of tough, easy assurance. Matt saw that he was going to be difficult to handle.

"Sit down, Mr. Seyles," Matt said. "Here, on this side of the desk." Matt still had his leg up on a chair with the hot-water bottle covering the knee, and from where Seyles sat he could see the leg and the bag tied to it. Good psychology to let him think I'm a harmless, crippled old codger, Matt had decided.

"Bum knee," he said, in answer to Seyles' lifted eyebrow.

"I want to know who's going to pay me for the day I lost," Seyles said. "You small-town cops think you can get away with anything. What evidence you got to hold the three of us?"

Matt kept his temper. "We don't like to cause you this inconvenience, but—"

"Inconvenience!" Seyles snorted.

"But the fact remains that the body was found in the garage and—"

"Do you think that if I killed Henley I'd be foolish enough to leave his body in the garage where I parked my car?" Seyles demanded.

"It doesn't seem possible," Matt admitted. He smiled ingratiatingly. "But wouldn't you say we'd be pretty lax if we didn't ask you three men a few questions?"

"I have nothing to hide. What do you want to know?"

The question, the crucial ques-

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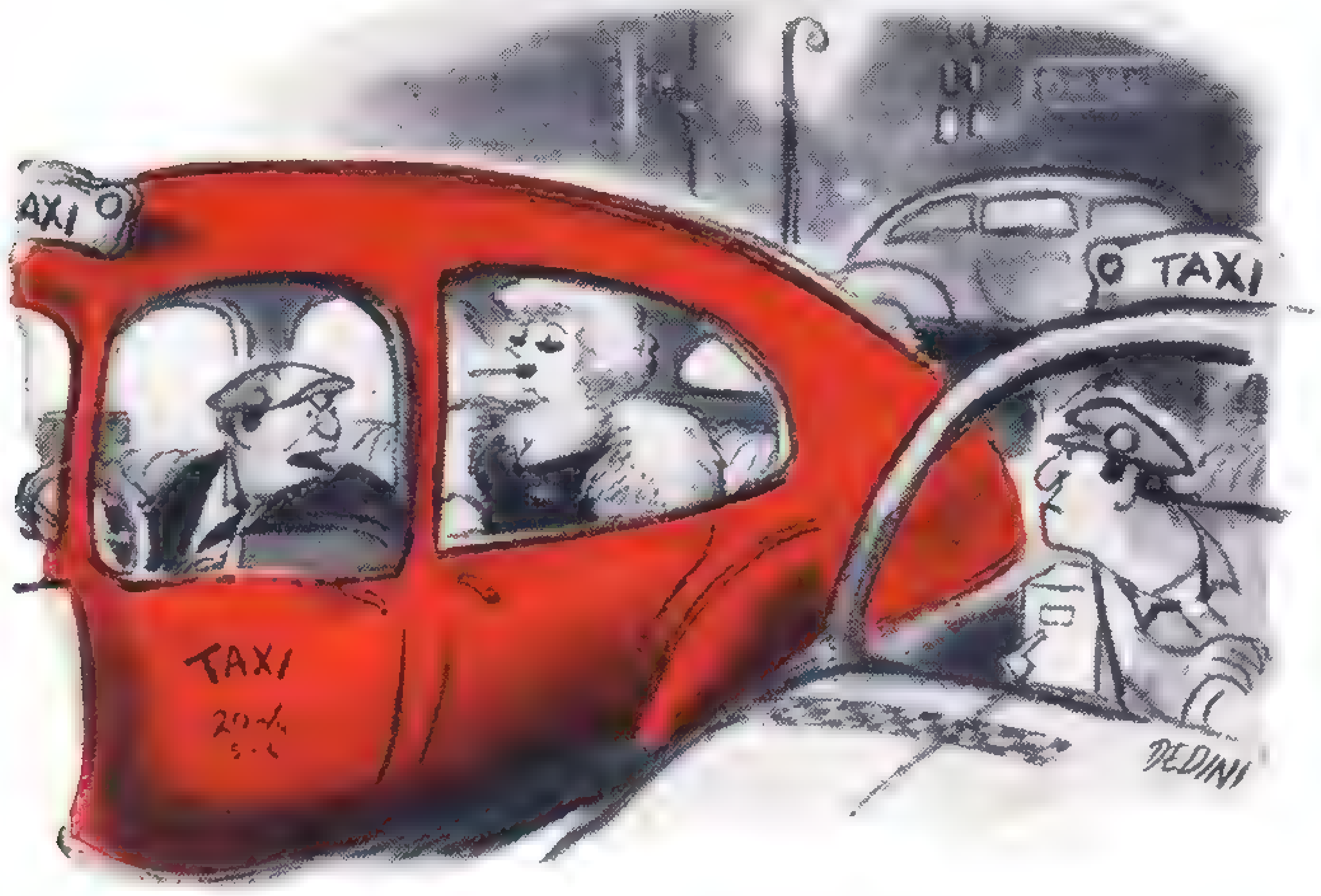
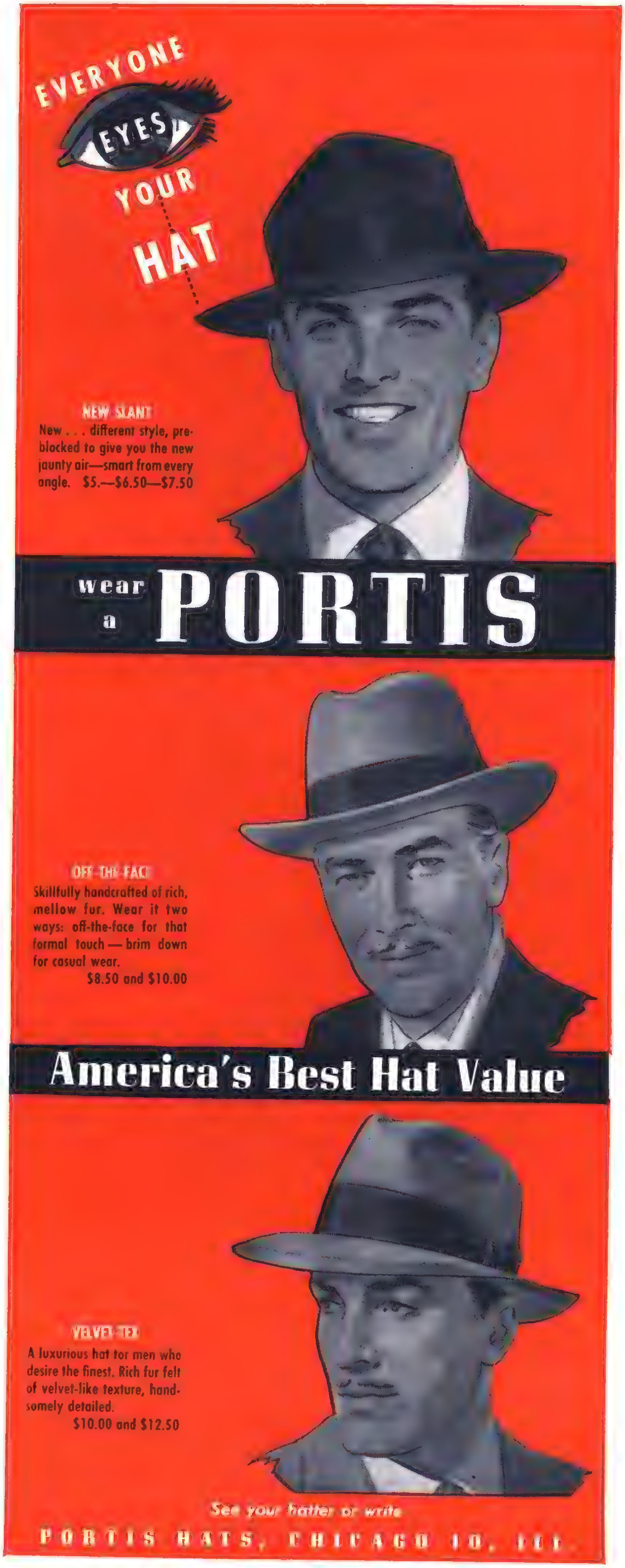


"Watch your language, Cabbage Head—I got a lady passenger!"



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Remembering Hands

Continued from page 129

tion—how was he going to put it? Matt hesitated for a fraction of a second and then found a ready method. "How long have you been working at your present job?" he asked.

"I've been with the baking company for almost five years."

"What did you do before you went with them?"

"I had a job in the warehouses of K. Bolton and Son, Indianapolis, millers and grain dealers."

Matt made an inadvertent movement, and the hot-water bottle again slid off his knee. He reached down to reset it. Then he thought better of it and straightened up. "Fix that for me, will you?" he asked Seyles.

Seyles' fingers swiftly untied the gauze and began to rewind it around Matt's leg. Matt reached inside the middle drawer of his desk. He brought out his .45 and laid it on the blotter pad, his hand still gripping the butt. He said, "Seyles, you're under arrest for the murder of Price Henley."

Seyles, who had not finished re-tying the gauze, looked up in amazement.

Matt kept his eyes steadily on Seyles. "That bandage you just unfastened was tied with the miller's knot, the same knot used in killing Henley."

Seyles slumped back in his chair, his head rocking slowly, looking at the bandage. "But that wasn't—" he began.

"What were you going to say? What wasn't?" Matt asked.

Seyles' assurance had completely broken down. His eyes wandered vacantly. "I don't know what you're talking about," he muttered.

"Seyles, your hands have already signed your confession. You alone could have known the miller's knot. Back in Indianapolis you used it every day, hundreds of times each day, tying sacks of grain. When you killed Henley your fingers went through the same automatic motions with the piece of twine. You never gave it a thought." Matt stopped and began again, slowly and impressively. "Seyles, no alibi can save you. The miller's knot around Henley's neck is the one sure proof of your guilt."

For a long, telltale moment Seyles sat and stared at his hands lying on his knees, the strong blunt fingers curled in limp immobility. Matt watched him intently, waiting for the break.

It came.

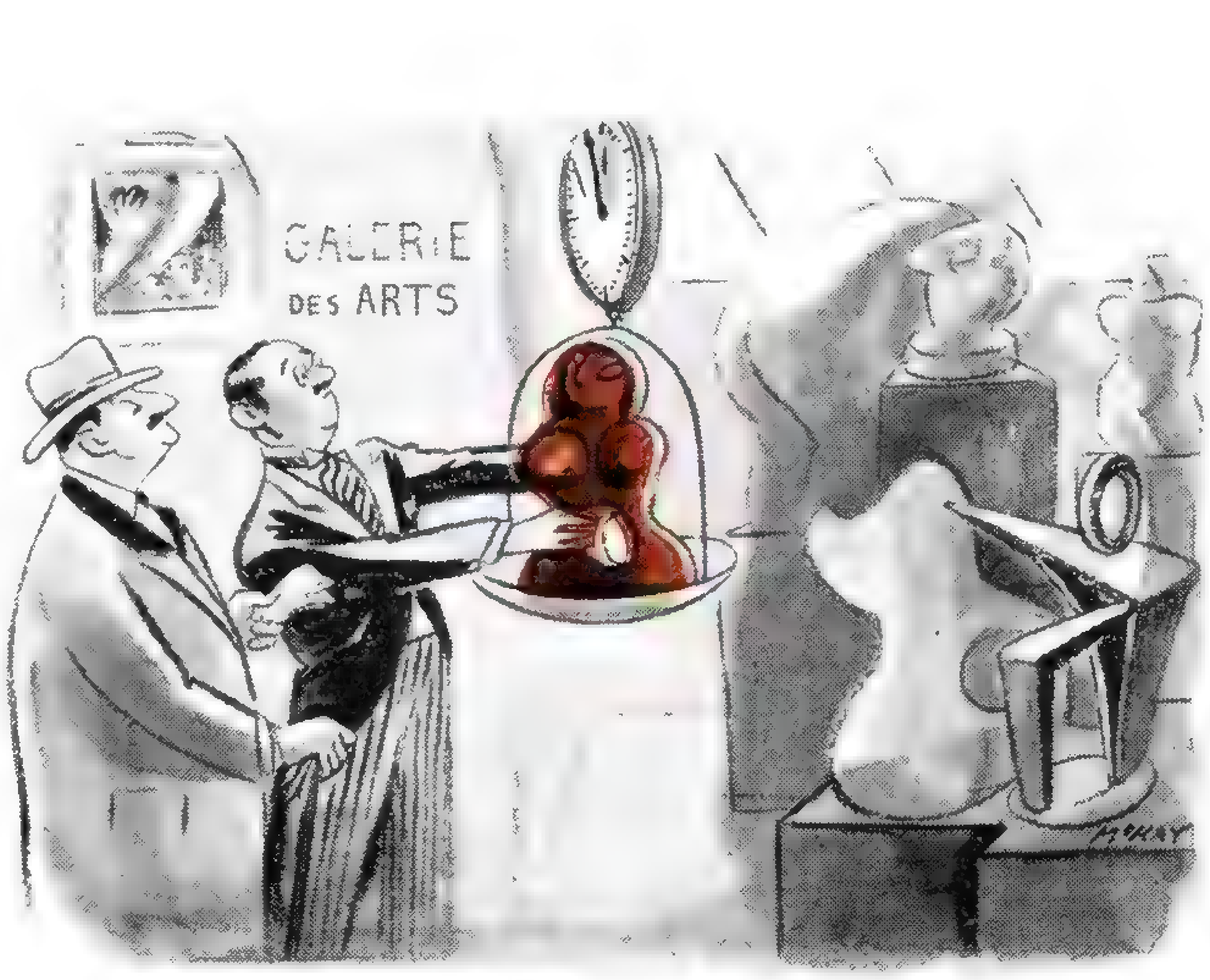
Seyles shrugged his shoulders. "So I killed Henley," he said sullenly. "So what!"

Matt quickly snapped on the intercom. "Send in two men as witnesses. Seyles is ready to confess."

Within half an hour, Matt had extracted the full story from Seyles. The baking-company salesman and former miller had become involved in a floating dice game and was heavily in debt. He knew that Henley always had considerable amounts of cash in the house. The night of the killing, Seyles had garaged his car first, then waited around the corner until the other two men had put away their cars. He re-entered the garage and knocked on the stairway door leading into the kitchen of Henley's home. When Henley answered, he forced his way in. The rest of the story Matt had already pieced together from the evidence.

After Seyles had been led away and Matt was alone for a few moments, he reached down and began to re-tie the hot-water bottle to his knee. He remembered clearly now how his dad had taught him to untie the knots on the grain bags for the farm animals. Take one end of the twine and pull it toward the knot, then slip your finger under the loop that was formed, and "by gum, out she come."

Matt grinned. "Someday I ought to learn how to *tie* a miller's knot without thinking about it. It might come in handy." He finished tying the gauze with the only knot he knew how to tie automatically and successfully—the ordinary bowknot he used on his shoelaces. ⧺



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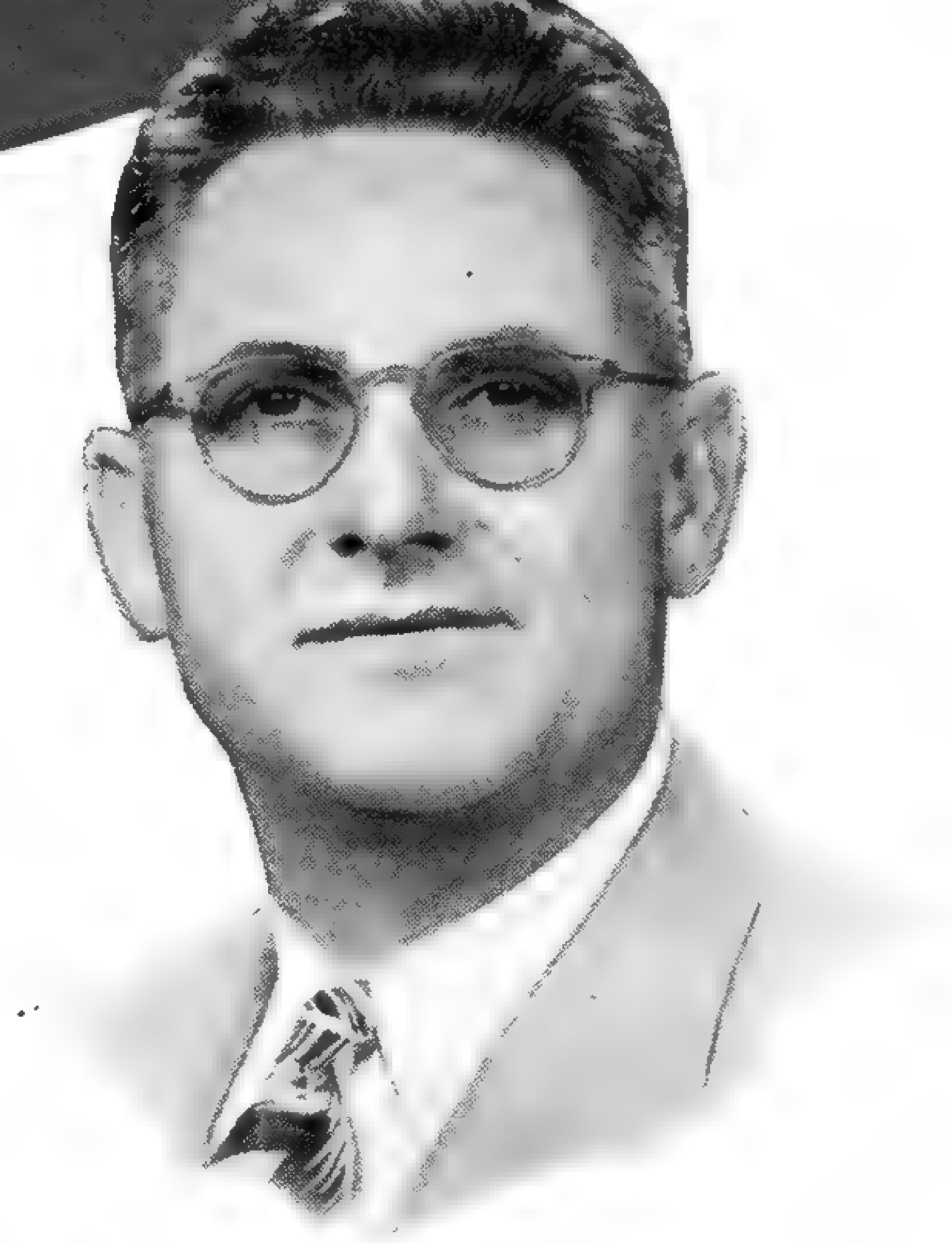

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The Crime of McSwane

Continued from page 74

laugh that made the others so uncomfortable that the discussion of the stockade ceased.

Next morning the company was on the march before sunrise, and by the time the purple light of the morning began to filter down through the palms the captain had pushed on ahead and the column was moving slowly and very cautiously through the forest. Five men and the lieutenant—serving as the "point"—marched a quarter of a mile ahead of the others and ten more men struggled along through the undergrowth to either side of the path. In the van of the column proper were forty Tommies and the captain, and then came the black bearers, with McSwane leading them . . .

Suddenly from afar, came a loud, heavy rattle, like that of a steam crusher breaking stone. In a moment it rose to a shrill roar and then it continued, in fits and starts, now loud, now not so loud, now ceasing altogether. The Tommies smiled as they heard it; it was the machine gun clearing the way and they knew that the battle was on.

Soon the men in front of McSwane started ahead at the double and the captain shouted loud orders to them. In a moment there was a widening clear space in the pathway before McSwane, and then, to the consternation of the bearers, the rear guard came dashing up and over them and on ahead in the track of the van. The men were out of breath and perspiring, and as they passed McSwane a good many of them seemed badly scared. Before he could frame a sarcastic remark to fling at them, however, they were gone.

For a few moments he trudged on in silence. Ahead the rattle of the machine gun was growing louder and soon the sharp crack of the Lee-Metfords mingled with its sound, and all of the weird noises of a battle rose into a dull, uneven banging. Plainly, thought McSwane, it was a battle worth seeing and here he—but why?—was the rear the place for a soldier? Was the head of the bearer train the post of a fighting man?

Of a sudden he sprang forward and ran, at the top of his speed, toward the fight. Up the narrowing path he ran, around two sharp turns and then into the open. Far ahead, half hid in the undergrowth, was a palisade of heavy logs and from it came spurts of flame from trade guns. Before it, in the grass, lay the men of A Company firing at the palisade, the spurts of flame and the black faces that peered above. To the right the machine gun was squirting fire at the flank of the fortress and to the left ten men and the lieutenant were fixing bayonets for a charge.

McSwane grasped the entire scene as if it were painted on canvas, and then he dashed on and a stray bullet from a trade gun came whistling by and tore the crown from his helmet. McSwane laughed—and tripped over something in the high grass and went sprawling. The something was Murphy of A Company, with a bullet in his leg, and McSwane stopped short and reached for Murphy's rifle.

"Go 'way!" shrieked Murphy. "Go 'way, you grave-robber!"

"Gimme the gun!" exclaimed McSwane.

Murphy swung the rifle 'round and pointed the muzzle at McSwane's head.

"Go 'way!" he cried. "Go 'way!"

McSwane turned and ran on, and a few seconds brought him to the line of men in the grass.

"Lie down, you ass!" shouted the captain.

McSwane stared ahead foolishly for a moment, and a swirl of bullets from the trade guns whistled all about him. Then he dropped to all fours, and crawled across the line, stopping a moment at the side of each man.

"I want a gun!" he wailed crazily. "I want that gun I was to git!"

"Go 'way, you beast!" exclaimed one of the men. The whole line shuddered at sight of him and as he came to each man each drew away from him as if he were a plague patient.

"I want that gun!" he wailed. "Where's my gun?"

Suddenly the bugle sounded and the men crouched as if for a spring. Then there was another note and they scrambled to their feet and ran ahead, to charge the stockade from the front and to capture it or die. McSwane sprang to his feet with them and rushed thither and hither among them before they began the charge. When they got under way he rushed on ahead of them, over the tangled grass and the fallen tree trunks, and toward the great log fortification and the trade guns. Twice he fell and once another man fell over him. The other man sprang aside in terror.

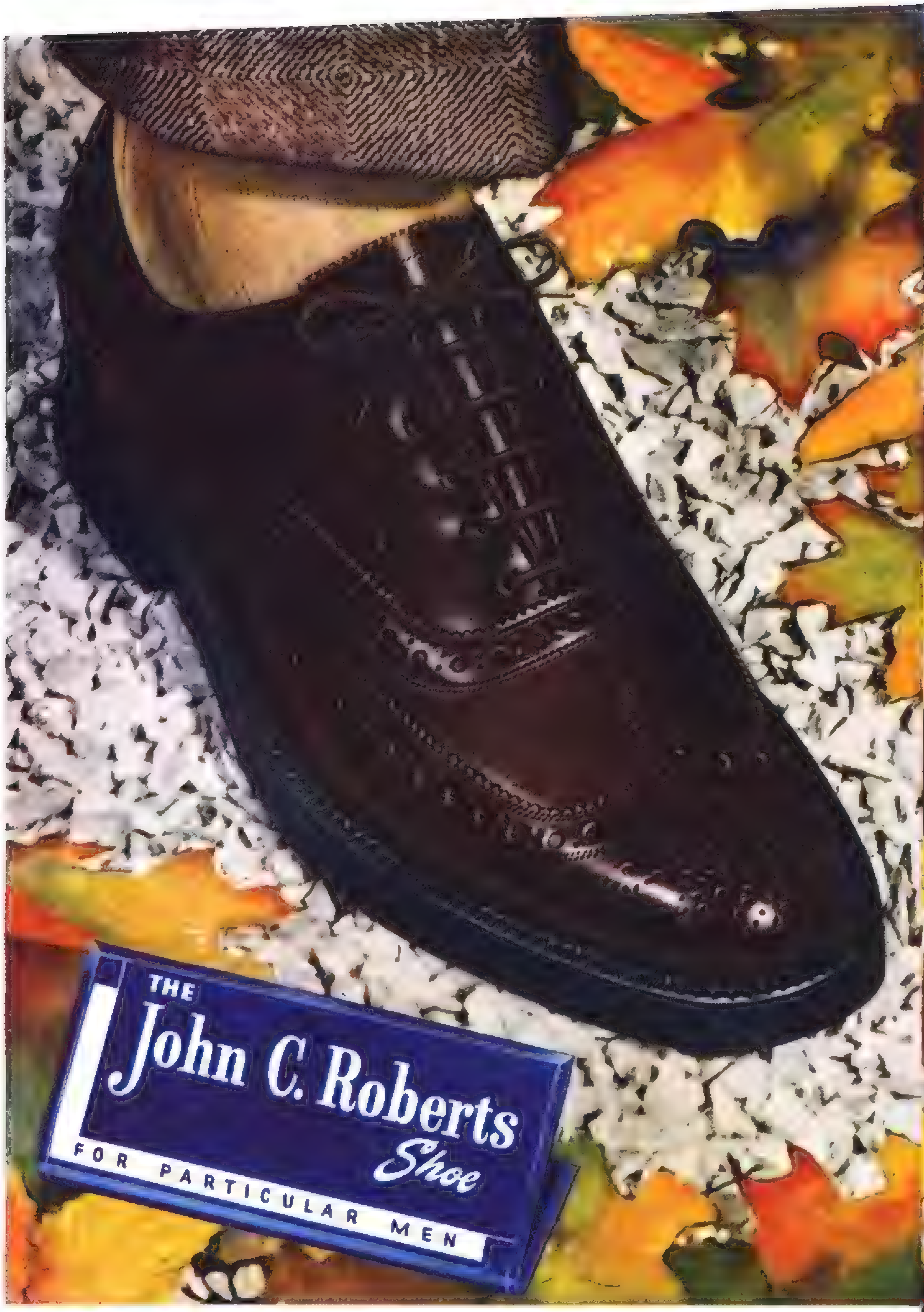
"Go 'way!" he shouted.

In a moment the men reached the stockade and the captain scrambled up the face of it. McSwane leaped against the rough logs beside him.

"Here's where I git that gun!" he shouted jubilantly. "Here's where I git my gun!"

A volley from the trade guns and a volley from the Lee-Metfords poured forth at the same instant and McSwane fell from the face of the stockade and writhed upon the ground. There was a small, clean-cut hole in his neck, where a bullet had torn its way into his flesh and his life.

And — though this never appeared officially — it was not a bullet from a trade gun that made it. #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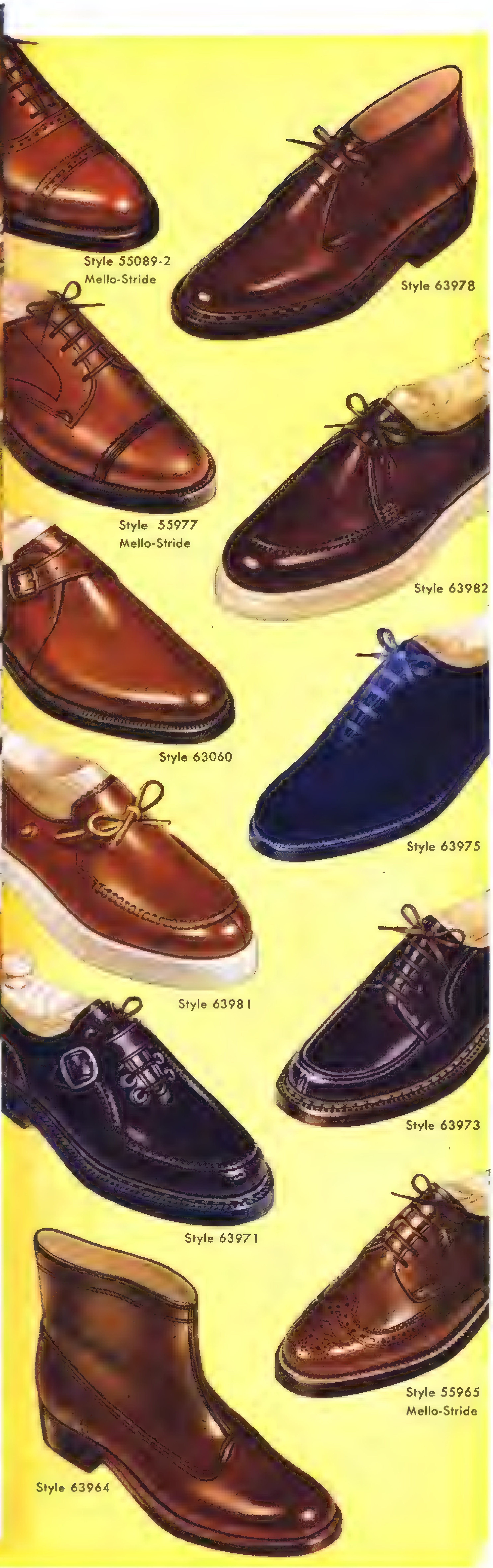
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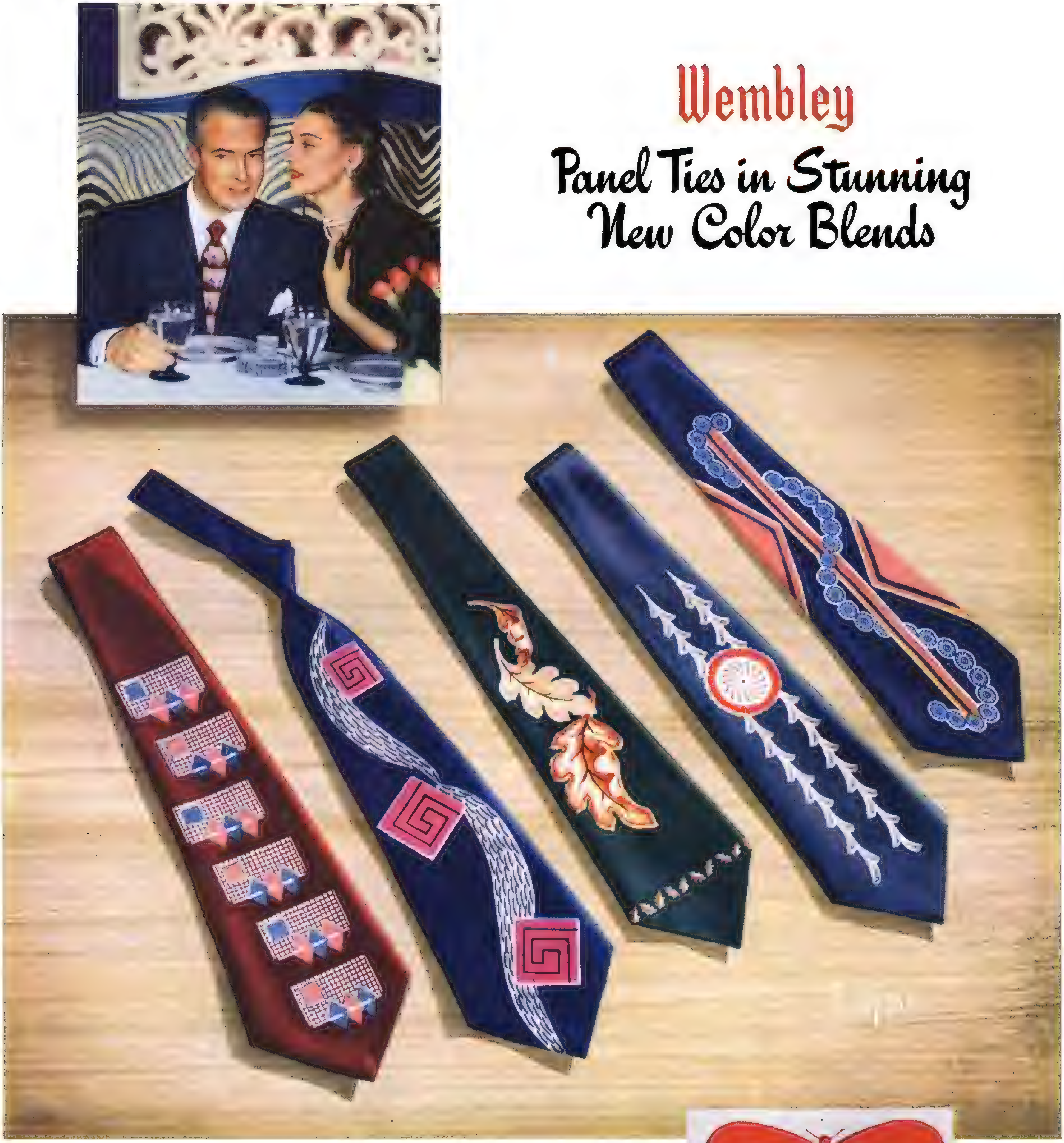

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Murder Is No Accident

Continued from page 69

and I picked Harry up on the way and met Hal here. Tommy had a flat tire and was late, so we got a late start. We played eighteen holes, came into the locker room together, and stripped to take a shower. I sent Charlie for the drinks. When I went into the shower room, Harry was showing Tommy his new putter and Hal was still undressing. A minute or so later, I heard Harry and Tom come into the shower room and the showers start up. Three or four minutes after that, Charlie called us."

The sheriff turned to Pat's brother. "Hal was alone here when you and Tommy went into the showers?"

"Yes." Harry's voice was like Pat's, deliberately flat. "It was the first time I had used the putter, and Tommy wanted to see it. After he finished with it, Hal wanted to swing it. We left him trying it out."

"Nobody else was in the locker room or the showers?"

"No."

"Anything to add to that, Tom?"

The tall blond kid shook his head. He wasn't as cool as either of the others, but he didn't seem any more nervous than was reasonable in the circumstances. He said, "That's the way it was, Sheriff."

"Charlie."

"Yes, sir."

"Which way did you go when you went for the drinks?"

Charlie pointed at the door the sheriff had locked.

"You didn't meet anybody coming in or going out?"

"No, sir. I don't say nobody came in or went out, but I didn't see anybody. I was gone about five minutes, and the outside door was open. Anybody could have—"

"All right, Charlie. That will do for now. Go telephone my office. Tell Max there's been a killing here, and to call the coroner. Don't talk to anyone else. Wait until the coroner gets here, and then bring him in."

"Yes, sir."

Charlie went away. The sheriff said, "Better get some clothes on, boys."

While they were dressing, he got down on his hands and knees to look at the putter, not touching it. I was more interested in the damp footprints that led from the shower room to where the three half-naked men were standing, but the prints were too smeary and too nearly dry for me to make anything out of them. I wandered into the shower room.

There were six shower stalls, uncurtained. They were in the middle of the room—two banks of three each, backed up against each other. I was feeling the hot-water pipes when the sheriff came in.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Looking for warm pipes."

"What will that give you?"

"I thought it would help to know what showers they were using."

I showed him the three showers that had been last used. Two were on the side away from the archway; one faced it.

"The man on this side could have gone out and come back without being seen by the other two. Either of them might have come and gone without being seen by the other man on his side, but he'd have to take a chance that the man on this side wasn't facing the door. You could ask a few questions along those lines."

He said, "Maybe I will." But he didn't move. Something else was on his mind.

I said, "Of course if they're covering up for each other—"

"What makes you so sure one of them did it?" He wasn't looking at me. "Hal was alone out there for three or four minutes. Anybody who saw him come in could have followed him, done the job, and made a getaway before Charlie got back."

"Sure."

"Those boys aren't killers. I've known them all since they were kids."

"Okay." I turned away.

He stopped me. "You don't believe it could have happened that way?"

I said, "It's nothing to me. I'll believe anything you want to hand out. But what kind of a nut, planning to kill a man, would follow him into a locker room on the bare chance that he would find him alone, the attendant gone, and three other men out of sight in the showers long enough for him to commit murder and get away without being seen?"

The sheriff took his hand off my arm. I said, "Either Charlie did it, or one of those three left the showers for a couple of minutes while Charlie was gone. The others may be covering up for him and they may not. If it were up to me, I'd find out which one had a motive for knocking him off and then put the pressure on until he cracked."

There was a stool in a corner by the towel rack. The sheriff went over to it and sat down. His shoulders sagged. "They all had a motive," he said. "The same one."

"What was it?"

"Lila Garrett, Pat's wife. The girl in the red bathing suit."

I got the wrong idea. He saw it in my face. He said, "No, I don't mean it that way. Tom's her brother, and Harry thinks Pat is a tin god. It was Hal."

"He was playing around?"

"He was trying to play around. You saw that business at the pool. Lila is too—friendly. There's nothing bad about her, but you could get the wrong impression if you didn't know her. Hal was new in this town. He was Pat's boss at the packing plant, and Pat put him up for *Continued on page 136*

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Murder Is No Accident

Continued from page 135

the club, invited him to his house, introduced him to people. He saw a lot of Lila, naturally, and Pat's job takes him out of town two or three times a week. Lila likes a good time, and Hal took her places when Pat wasn't around. There's been a lot of talk about it. You know how it is in a small town."

"Nothing behind the talk?"

"Not as far as Lila's concerned. I know her. She's as square as they come. But I think Hal was getting ideas."

"Looks like Pat's your man, then. He was the one who sent Charlie out of the locker room."

"I know him, too. I know them all." The sheriff sighed miserably. "Damn it, I just can't see them as killers. Any one of them would punch Hal in the nose if he had it coming. But murder—"

He shook his head.

"Maybe one of them punched him in the chin."

"Hard enough to break his jaw—kill him?" The sheriff shook his head again. "I wish I believed it."

"What do you think happened?"

"I think somebody swung that golf club at him. I think it caught him on the chin, broke his jaw, and knocked him into the locker hard enough to crack his head. And I don't think it was an accident."

"No," I said. "It wasn't an accident."

I walked over to the archway and looked out. The three men were dressed. They stood just where they had stood before, in a row by the bench, waiting. They weren't talking, but if I ever saw the Three Musketeers in the flesh, they were it. *One for all and all for one* stuck out all over them.

I said, "Do you want to break it or cover it up?"

The sheriff's eyebrows drew down in a scowl. I said, "If you want to break it, you're in a tough spot. You have to pin it on somebody you like, and it's going to hurt, now and later. You'll do better to bring in outside help—somebody neutral."

He went on scowling. I said, "It will cost you one dollar. No guarantee."

He reached into his pocket without a word and handed me a silver dollar. I said, "I'm retained. Better introduce me, so they'll answer questions."

We went back to the locker room. He introduced me, without explaining who I was or anything else except that they were to answer questions. They looked at me the way three tomcats watch a strange dog coming down the street.

I said, "Which one of you was using the shower facing the doorway?"

Pat Garrett said, "I was."

"You didn't leave it at any time until Charlie called you?"

"No."

"You didn't see any other person leave the shower room?"

"Not until we all left together."

"Could you see the doorway?"

"When I was looking that way and had my eyes open. I washed my hair. There was a lot of soap in my face."

"Could anybody have left the shower room and returned without you seeing him?"

"I don't know."

The other two gave me the same kind of co-operation. They answered questions and wouldn't make any guesses. They hadn't seen anything or heard anything until Charlie called them. I was wrong about their being the Three Musketeers. They were the three little monkeys—See No Evil, Hear No Evil, Speak No Evil.

Charlie came in with the coroner while I was still trying to develop an angle. The coroner made a quick examination of the body and said, "Broken jaw, possible fractured skull. I can't tell about the skull for sure without an autopsy."

"Which injury killed him?"

"I can't answer that without an autopsy."

"In your opinion, could a blow with that golf club—" I pointed at it— "have caused either injury?"

The coroner bent down to look at the head of the putter. It was smooth, and nothing showed on it but a few grass stains. He said carefully, "In my opinion, a strong blow with that club would have damaged either his face or his skull considerably more than they appear to be damaged. A blow of exactly the right strength might have caused either injury, yes."

I thanked him.

A couple of the sheriff's men had come along with the coroner. They helped him get the body into a wicker basket and carried it outside. When they lifted it, something that had been underneath the body rolled across the floor. I picked it up.

It was an ordinary flashlight battery, a small, heavy, tubular steel cell about two inches long and an inch in diameter. I waited until Charlie had closed the door behind the coroner and the sheriff's men before I said, "Whose is this?"

Tom Chester said, "Mine."

I tested it with my tongue across the terminals and didn't even get a taste. It was as dead as the body in the coroner's basket. I said, "What good is a dead flashlight battery?"

"I've been using it to improve my grip. I'm trying to cure a hook."

"Let's see."

I tossed it to him. He laid it in the bend of his fingers, where the shaft of a golf club goes if it's held right, clenched his hand around it, relaxed his grip, and clenched it again.

"I work on it whenever my hands aren't busy," he said.

I said, "I've known golfers to exercise their fingers on a rubber ball. I never heard of anyone using a flashlight cell."

"It's better than a rubber ball. It's shaped more like the shaft of a club. There's more resistance to—"

That was as far as he got. Everybody around the club must have seen the basket going out to the coroner's wagon, because there was a hell of a hullabaloo outside. The door banged open before Charlie could catch it.

He stopped everybody but the little brunette in the red bathing suit. He couldn't have held her with a net. She ducked under his arm, and threw herself on Pat Garrett's chest.

"Pat! Pat!" She hugged him. "Oh, you're all right! I was so scared! What happened?"

Nobody else answered her, so I did. "Hal French was murdered."

She looked at me, and her face went white. The she looked at her husband. Then she looked at her brother. Then she looked at her brother-in-law, her head turning like a clockwork doll's. There wasn't a sound in the locker room for a minute except the whispered gabble of the people peering over Charlie's shoulder in the doorway.

"It's all set then, Farnsworth—we embezzle at five tomorrow"

The girl took a deep breath and said, "Oh." That was all. She sat down on the bench as if her good-looking legs were tired. The three men stood there with the same old poker faces.

The sheriff cleared his throat and bent over to pick up the putter, holding it by the shaft close to the head. "Guess we ought to see if we can get any prints from this," he said. "Not much hope of picking anything off the leather, but it's worth a try."

"I'm more interested in the flashlight battery," I said. "What was it doing under the body?"

Tom Chester said slowly, "I don't know. It must have dropped out of my coat when I hung it in the locker."

"Which is your locker?"

"That one."

He pointed. It was a couple of feet from where the body had been lying.

"You carry the battery in your coat pocket?"

"Yes."

"How long have you carried it?"

"A month. Maybe six weeks."

"Has it helped your hook?"

"Some."

His answers had been coming slower and slower. Everybody knew that I was getting at something more important than his hook. But I wanted to think before I asked the next question. I wasn't sure about one thing.

I stepped over to his locker, took a driver from the bag of clubs inside, and emptied the ball pocket.

"I'd like to see you all hit a few drives," I said.

Somebody, I don't know who, let out his breath. Nobody asked why I was picking that particular time to promote a driving contest. We left the locker room, pushed our way through the crowd outside, and went out to the first tee.

Charlie followed us. So did the crowd. It was the quietest gallery I've ever seen. I handed Tom Chester the driver and teed up the first ball for him.

His nerves were good. He hit three clean balls. One went down the middle of the fairway, two hooked almost to the rough. He looked at me expectantly. I didn't say anything.

Pat Garrett was next. He hit them all down the middle—one, two, three, straight as a string, and not one closer than the two-hundred and-fifty-yard marker. His wife and I were the only ones who didn't watch the balls in flight. She never took her eyes off his face. In that next-to-nothing bathing suit, without any of the help that a lot of women get from the right kind of clothes and with most of her make-up left behind in the pool, she was still one of the prettiest girls I had ever seen. I could understand why French had been getting ideas. And I could understand how somebody who knew her and loved her might have felt when the talk went around, when the cats on the back fence were gossiping . . .

Harry topped his first drive. The second one was pretty good, and the third one ended up twenty yards farther out than any of Pat's. They all looked at me, waiting.

I said, "Let's go back to the locker room."

The gallery was right behind us. I shut the door before they could follow us in, but there was no key. I held the door until Charlie brought a chair to wedge under the doorknob, and then I pushed him outside. I had the door closed and wedged shut before he could argue.

The sheriff said, "What's on your mind?"

"Do you still want me to earn my retainer, Sheriff?"

He knew I had it then. He hesitated for only a moment. "Go ahead."

I turned around. Lila Garrett faced me, holding her husband's arm. Her brother stood at her side, and Harry was at Pat's elbow. One for all, all for one.

I said, "Mrs. Garrett, I'm a stranger here. Excuse me for what I'm going to say, because I'm only

Continued on page 138

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Murder Is No Accident

Continued from page 137

repeating what I've been told. There's been talk about you and Hal French. That kind of talk gets around in a small town. People make something out of nothing. Your husband and your brother and your brother-in-law knew there was nothing in it, at least as far as you were concerned, but they wanted the talk stopped. They must have all thought about it for a long time, wondering what to do. This afternoon, one of them decided to tell Hal French to watch his step."

She didn't blink an eye. They all waited for me to continue.

I said, "He didn't want to bring anyone else into it. He meant it to be a private talk between himself and French. The opportunity came when French was alone here and the others were in the showers. One of them slipped out quietly and came back to the locker room. He had made up his mind to back up his talk with his fists if he had to. He didn't intend to kill French, and he didn't hit him with the golf club that French was still playing with. But French was a big man, maybe a tough man, and I think the man who came out of the shower room was afraid of him. At the last minute, he thought of something that would be useful in his hand if there were a fight. That was the flashlight cell Tom Chester carried in his pocket."

I held out my hand. "Give it to me."

Tom Chester reached into his coat pocket and handed it over. I said, "You all knew he had it. You had all seen him working his fingers on it for weeks to strengthen his grip. His coat hung in his open locker. The man who killed French took it out of the coat as he passed and had it in his fist. I don't know what he said to French, or French's reply, but French was slugged—like this."

I was standing opposite the end of the steel lockers. I wrapped my hand tight around the heavy little battery and swung hard, being careful that all four knuckles hit square on. It didn't hurt as much as I had expected. The steel plate of the locker bent like tin.

Lila Garrett closed her eyes. Her grip tightened on Pat's arm. The three men were as poker-faced as ever.

"It broke his jaw and slammed his head into the lockers," I said. "The man who hit him didn't hold the battery as tightly as I did. It flew out of his hand. French's body fell on top of it. The other man saw that he was dead. He didn't have time to recover the battery because he knew Charlie would be back soon. He was naked, still wet from his shower. He ran back to the shower room and was there with the others when Charlie came in and found the body."

There was a long silence. When the sheriff spoke, the words sounded as if he were wrenching them out of his guts.

"Which one?"

"I'm not sure. It will be hard to prove. If either of the others saw him, they aren't talking and I don't think you can make them talk. But all three are natural suspects. When the story gets out, everybody's reputation will go to hell. The gossips will have it that the three of them ganged up on French and beat him to death because there was really something going on between him and Mrs. Garrett. As long as the true story never comes out, they'll make what they want to make out of it. On the other hand, if somebody confesses, the talk will stop after it's been kicked around for a while. The killer will be tried by a friendly jury, because French was an outsider and the others are home-town boys. A good lawyer can get him off with manslaughter or third-degree murder. He'll be out in three or four years. By that time—"

Tom Chester lifted his hand to stop me.

"That's enough," he said. "You guessed it right except I wasn't afraid of him. I—"

"I guessed everything right, kid," I interrupted, loudly.

He was still looking at me with his mouth open when his sister said, "Tom!" and fainted.

I was right about the jury. Tom drew one-to-ten for third-degree murder and served three years and six months, a year less than the bank embezzler got for grand larceny. His sister testified that French had made a couple of serious passes at her while Pat was away. She hadn't mentioned it to her husband, because she didn't want to stir up trouble between him and his boss, but she told her brother. The defense attorney made a strong point of the fact that French outweighed Tom Chester by thirty pounds, and argued that a little thing like a flashlight cell snatched up in a moment of fear by a boy avenging his sister's honor could not be called a murder weapon.

Tom had enough sense not to talk too much. "Snatched up in a moment of fear" was the defense attorney's expression. He hung his whole case on what he claimed was a clearly established lack of premeditation, and the jury believed him well enough to keep Tom out of the gas box.

I guess none of the jurors had ever played golf because any dub can tell you there is nothing the matter with the grip of your right hand if you hook. When a man carries something that can be just as nasty as a length of gas pipe in his coat pocket—his right-hand coat pocket—for a month or six weeks, wrapping his hand around it every few minutes and feeling the solid, deadly lump it makes in his fist, it's hard to say exactly what he has in mind. But he isn't thinking about his golf game. ⧻

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Old Blood-and-Guts Off the Record

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pleased even than he had before.

I began to understand how his Third Army had broken all records for speed in military annals when it had rushed north to form its containing line across Luxembourg. One Patton division had moved out of front lines near Saarlautern, seventy-five miles north—and into action in less than eighteen hours. Five Third Army divisions had averaged 105 miles and into action within forty-eight hours. Their convoys had been headlight to taillight, solid all the way. British staff officers described it as "simply terrific." I sought Patton's version now. He grinned.

"Yes. We broke all records moving up here." His staccato squeak matched his clacking jaws. "It was all done by the three of us . . . me, my chauffeur, and my chief of staff. All I did . . . was to tell my division commanders . . . where they'd *got* to be tomorrow. Then I let the others do it. To tell you the truth—" (in a sudden most unnatural burst of modesty) —"I didn't have anything much to do with it. All you need is confidence and good soldiers."

I suggested that good soldiers are as important as confidence.

"No. Not by a damned sight," snapped Blood-and-Guts. "Confidence is most important. Because if there's confidence at the top . . . the soldiers all feel it. They're a hell of a lot better soldiers as a result. I know a lot of ——————, softheaded armchair generals accuse me of killing off my men . . . They don't know their fat behinds from a tommy gun. I don't waste men. I believe in saving my men's lives. And by God! I've done it . . . again and again . . . More often than not, the way to save men's lives is to risk them . . . to take chances, and make your men fight better."

He was really warmed up now. He was talking about a fighting war, what he loved most and knew best.

"I tell you one thing, Stowe. Maybe the G.I. hates discipline, but only until he learns that that's what makes a winning soldier. I'll put our goddam, bitching, belching, bellyaching G.I.s up against any troops in the world. . . . The Americans are sons of bitches of soldiers—*thanks to their grandmothers!* . . . All you've got to do is show them the value of discipline . . . give them the habit of obeying in a tight place. Yes. The American is a hell of a fine soldier."

In a few hours, many of Patton's soldiers were going "to hold the bastards where they are." Listening to their commander, you had no doubt about that.

"Sure, I get criticized," he snorted. "But I know what I'm doing—and I don't give a ——— ——— for anybody."

General Patton's chest swelled, and his broad grin was now frankly sardonic. "My Army pay has never been enough to pay my income tax," he said. "Thanks to some *very* fortunate inheritances . . . and a couple of good marriages in the family . . . I can say what I damn well think. If they don't like what I do, you know what they can do." After this joyful declaration, his smile was positively beatific.

Somewhere in these mixed explosions of military philosophy, rhetoric, and considered arrogance, Patton broke away from the immediate subject to declare: "I've studied military history all my life. Georgie Patton knows *more* about *military* history than any living person in the United States Army today. With due conceit—and I've got no end of that—I can say that's true." I've never heard of any American officer who was ready to challenge him in this respect.

But Patton's need to startle his audience apparently knew no bounds. At dinner Marty Gellhorn had shrewdly opened the door for almost anything by saying to Blood-and-Guts: "I understand you've written some poetry."

"Yes," he had chirped, expansively. "I've written poetry and essays—a little of everything."

The man's conceit was so unabashed that I acted on a mischievous impulse. "By the way, General, have you also written a novel?" I said.

With six other generals—and a very attractive blonde—for an audience, the reaction was wonderful to behold. Patton beamed in all directions, and he squeaked like the world's champion of all blue-ribbon parrots: "Yes. I have written a *brilliant* book . . . probably one of the *finest* stories about war . . . that has *ever* been written. It won't be published until after my death . . . But when it is . . . my daughters should be able to live very comfortably on the proceeds . . . for a long time."

Either the generals were impressed, or it was old stuff to them. But Marty and I wanted to know what the novel was about.

"It's about a war hero of the eleventh century," he barked, proudly. "It's a great story . . . about war."

This was where Georgie Patton had picked up the conversational ball and run away with it for the duration of the evening. Had he really written such a novel? (He had said, "It won't be published until after my death," yet since that great loss to our Army occurred several years ago, I have heard no mention of such a manuscript.) Was this simply another of his "fantastic statements"? All that seemed to matter was that Lt. General Patton was having a marvelous time. Among other things, he managed to outpoint his good friend General Bradley by some eight hundred or a thousand words to Bradley's one.

But the result was undeniable. It was never possible to forget an en-

Continued on page 140

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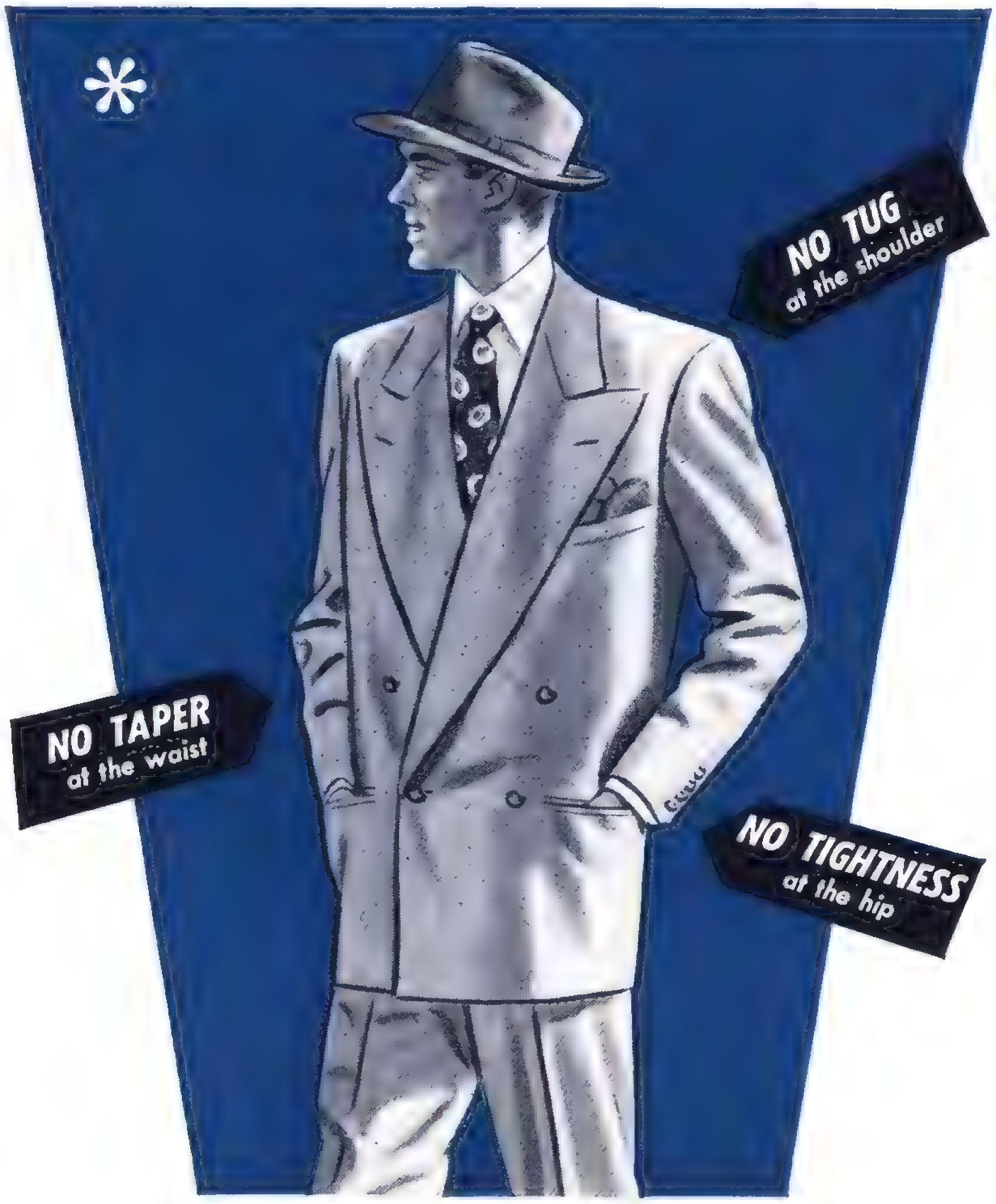
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Old Blood-and-Guts Off the Record

Continued from page 139

counter with George S. Patton, Jr. Every wakeful minute, he was playing the indomitable, inimitable, and incomparable professional warrior. He played the part so boldly that much of it became a reality. He played it so expertly that you had to recognize him as the *beau galant*, the irrepressible and irresistible Warrior. That was the whole point of the rhetoric, the gestures, and the unprintable adjectives. You were not going to be permitted to forget Georgie—no more than the Nazi generals ever could. Georgie, by his own opinion, was an obstreperous, fighting, cantankerous bastard—and proud of it!

Well, before our hour alone was up, he had convinced me absolutely of all this—which, I suspect, is the only reason he conversed with me at such length. He was having fun and doing a good publicity job at the same time. He was merely painting the portrait he wanted the war correspondents and the folks back home, as well as his soldiers, to have.

When we came back down to the living room, General Bradley and Marty were indulging in much less verbal pyrotechnics. No two commanders of extraordinary ability and more diametrically opposite characters could have served together; yet they preserved really notable mutual respect and affection. Probably no one understood so well as Patton himself that Bradley's vast strategic skill and his calm, measured judgment saved him from becoming the victim of his incurable rashness.

Blood-and-Guts sat down, I well remember, diagonally across from Marty; and she was sitting back in her chair, perfectly at ease. Patton took one frank and searching glance at the place where her uniform skirt ended. Then he announced, "Say, young lady . . . you've got a damned fine pair of legs—as much as can be seen of them, I mean."

The habitual Patton shock tactics. He cackled with glee. Nothing could be more fun than to catch the other fellow—whether the enemy, his fellow officers, a reporter, or a pretty woman—off guard. The lady in question had seen a lot of soldiers. I can't remember what Marty said, but the exchange provided no breakthrough for Blood-and-Guts. Just a neat exhibition of another form of shock tactics, which was precisely what it was intended to be.

All evening long he hogged the limelight. Yet you couldn't help liking the man. His exaggerated flamboyance and natural naughty-boyishness were somehow captivating. Even when his colossal egotism and blatant showmanship offended your sense of proportion, you still nursed a sneaking liking for the rambunctious old so-and-so. And he managed to retain a certain deference toward his immediate commanding officer. Whenever General Bradley contrived to get in a few thoughtful, solid observations, he listened with respect. In his book—as in the book of every G.I. and officer in the 12th Army Group—"Brad" was a great soldier. Patton didn't have to say so. You could see it in his attitude. He was incapable of faking respect for any ranking officer who didn't have the goods.

Tomorrow would be another day of touch-and-go. Marty and I had already overstayed all decent limits. There was one remaining matter, though, on which I was anxious to get General Patton's reaction. I had known and admired General Pershing for many years, and I knew that Patton had served on his staff during the First World War. I wanted to know his opinion of Pershing, so I tossed out a remark about him. General Patton's response was characteristically immediate and emphatic. Then he told us of an incident that ought to get into our history books, but probably never will.

"Just before I left for North Africa," squeaked Patton, suddenly grave, "I sent to see The General." (He said it like that—The General.) "I went to his room in Walter Reed Hospital. I said, 'General, I've got my orders. Tomorrow I'm leaving for our first invasion . . . Thank God, I've got a combat assignment. But I can't go without your blessing, General.'

"Pershing looked me in the eyes . . . that same old fighting look . . . 'All right, George,' he said. '*Get down on your knees!*' Goddam it, I'm not a very religious son of a bitch. But I got down on my knees—and General Pershing gave me his blessing . . . Then I sailed for North Africa."

Marty and I tried to express the thanks we didn't know how to express. Then we rode back to Gangway, the press camp in Luxembourg. A few days later, I took off for Italy and the civil war in Greece. That was the only time I ever saw General Patton at a social occasion when he was definitely, and uncurbably, "at ease."

Looking back, there's one thing that seems a great and everlasting pity. There will never be a completely unexpurgated version of the vocal Blood-and-Guts. No Americans who never met him or served with him will ever remotely conceive how Georgie Patton really talked. Not even a Norman Mailer novel can give you more than a faint approximation. I hereby apologize to the rollicking, mocking ghost of Lt. General George S. Patton, Jr. But he could never have got his conversation on the printed page himself. How can anyone else hope to do it? It's too bad, Georgie. The history books will never do right by you. But given the limitations, they'll do well enough. And what a helluva lot of fun you must be having in Valhalla! ##

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front of her fat-pinched eyes.

"A Jew gave this to Sergeant Cannon," Jo said. "Do you know what a Jew is?"

The old woman stared at him, her face blank, but you could see her legs shake beneath the greasy black skirt.

The old woman arose and almost fell down because she couldn't control her legs. When I went through the kitchen that night, the old woman explained her family was not concerned with the course of the war. They were glad we had come, she explained, but that is what they all said. They never said it to Jo. Jo, he hated them all.

Jo was a Frenchman who had jumped ship in New York years ago. He worked in a speak-easy and after that for a movie company. He learned how to operate a movie camera and he returned to Paris and had a good job when the war started. But he wouldn't surrender when his regiment did and he joined the FFI and the Germans found out about it and tortured his family. For this he hated them all. He worked ahead of an Infantry Division doing recon all across France and he killed many of the enemy.

Jo was a very brave man and they respected him in the outfit. There had been a lot of Frenchmen with this division, but the ones who didn't die were ordered back to France now that the war reached Germany. Jo didn't go and no one knew why he stayed, but they were glad to have him around because the Frenchmen had big reputations with this outfit. One of them was hit when they made the first assault of the Siegfried Line.

"You'll be all right," an officer said, trying to console the dying man who was in great pain.

"It is a great honor for me," the Frenchman said, "to die in the country of the enemy."

They didn't know his name or where he came from and the other Frenchman didn't either. But the Americans made him one of them in death, which they couldn't do while he lived because he was never officially with the outfit, but had come with them and did the dangerous work without enlisting. The colonel instructed the Graves Registration to bury him with the others of the division who had died. They made sure he was identified as a soldier of the division on the cross above his grave.

One night we were driving through the mountains behind the lines. We came to a crossroad and an MP waved us down.

"You better shack up here for the night," the MP said, pointing to an inn which was the command post. "There are about fifteen Jerries in the woods over this hill. They'll jump you sure if you try to go through."

We went inside the inn and spread our blankets on the floor. There was a map on the table and Jo asked the MP to point out exactly where the Germans were.

"I go there," Jo said.

"Go where?" the MP said.

"To these woods," Jo said and then turned to me.

"You must be crazy," the MP said. "You ain't got a chance down there. There are around fifteen of them in the woods, Mac."

"I will kill some of those fifteen," Jo protested.

"I don't care who wants to be a hero," the MP said. "I got orders not to let anyone down that road. That means everyone, Frenchmen and all."

I fell asleep, but Jo still argued with him. When I awakened the sun was up and we were ready to go.

"You've had it," the MP said to Jo. "You must think you flush those Jerries like turkeys. You must be two things to go down there, Superman or crazy. I mean crazy."

"I am not crazy," Jo said, proudly. "But where a German is, a man should go there to kill him."

We took the other road, but Jo stopped the jeep and said he was going back on foot to the

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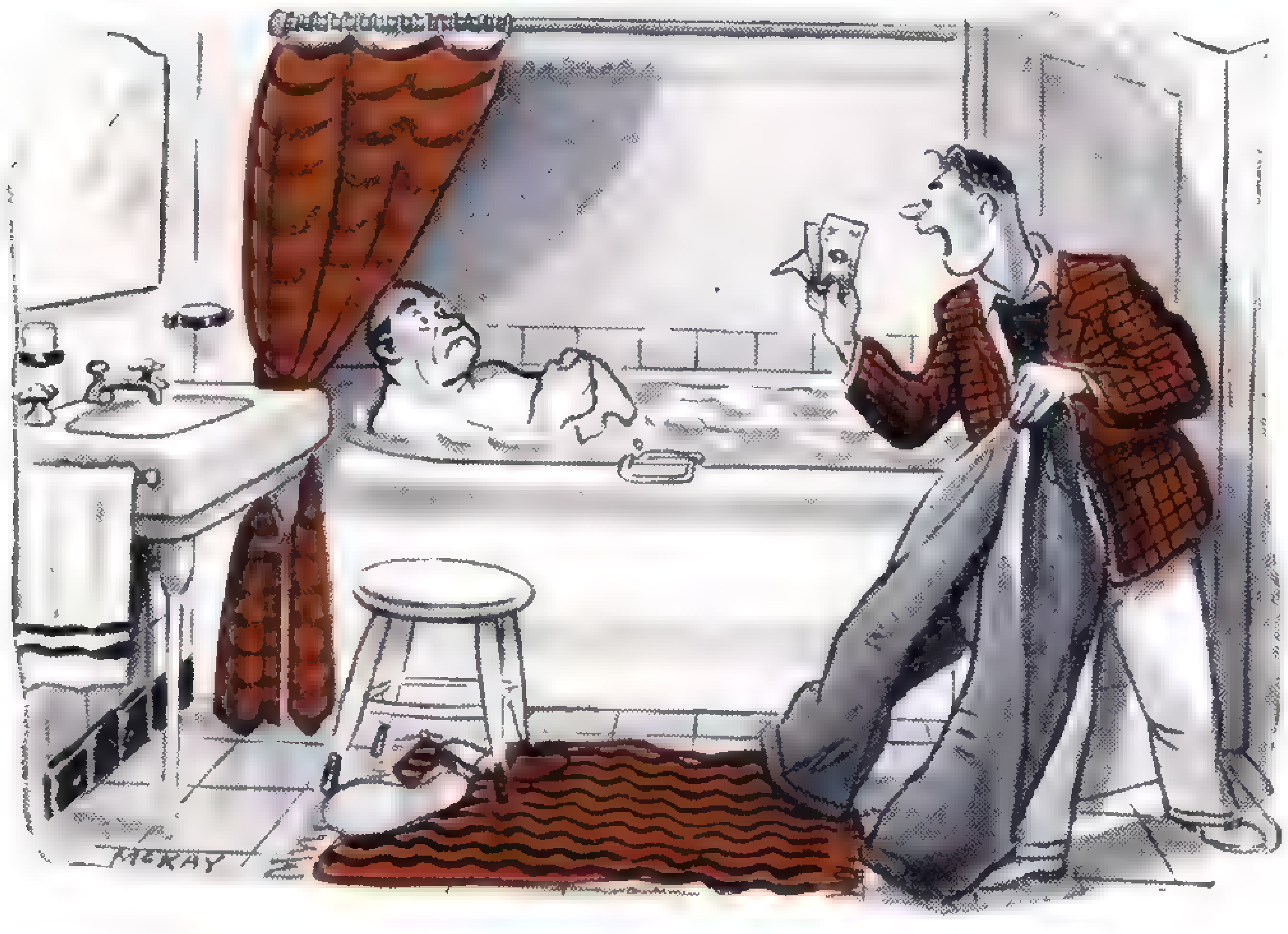

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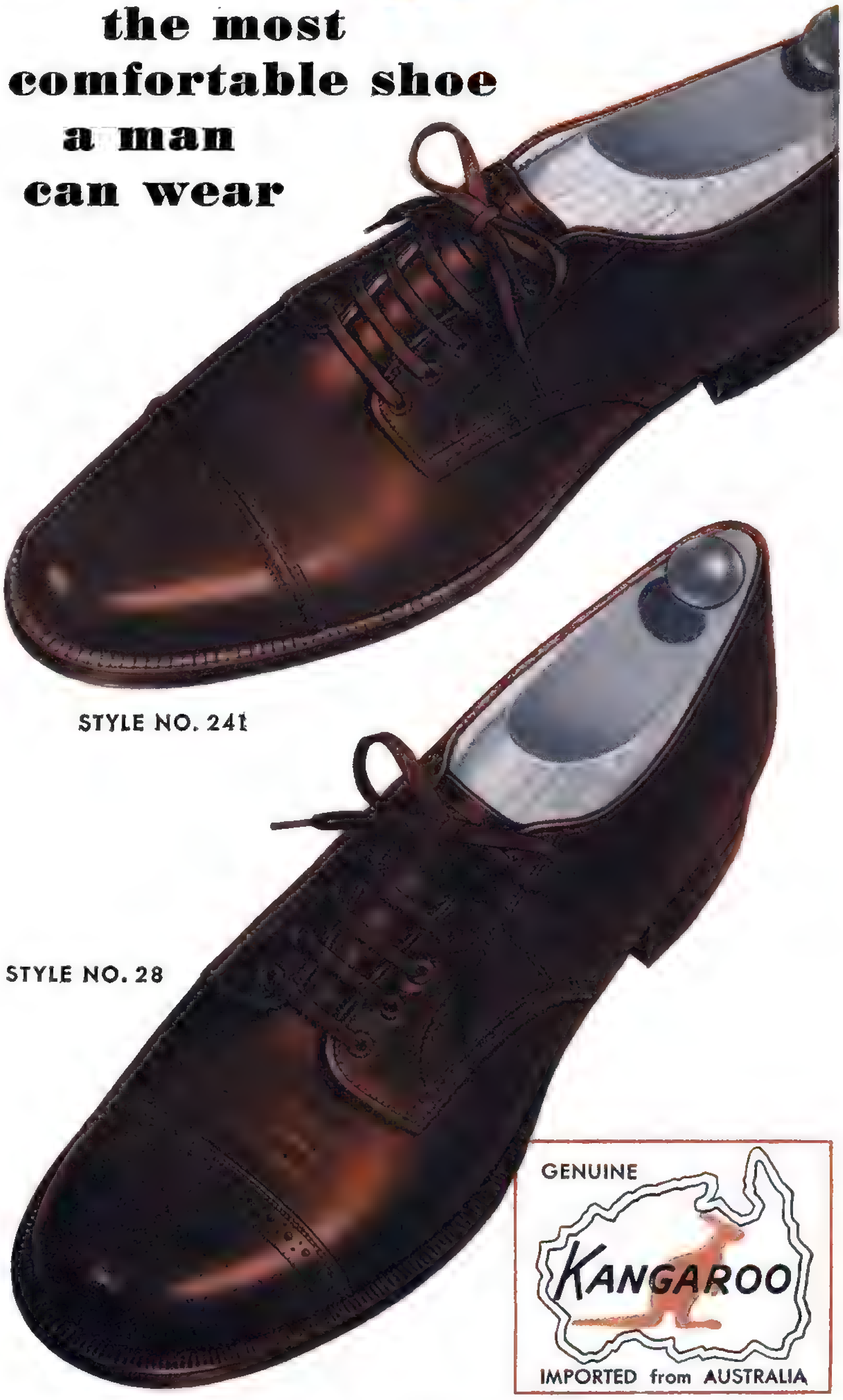

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The Deacon and the Ventriloquist

Continued from page 141

woods. I persuaded him by telling him I would turn him in if he abandoned me with the jeep because I couldn't drive. If I reported him, Jo understood the outfit would return him to France.

On another day we stood on a hill in the Wald Forest and looked across a shallow valley. On the opposite slope were pillboxes and dragon's teeth like the unmarked tombstones of a cemetery where a race of giants were buried. The company commander said he was going to lose a lot of his people when they had to go down this hill, across the valley and up the other slope.

"I really pick them," said the Army photographer. "You can't even make pictures of it. The stuff's flying and you're ducking and what do you make? Nothing."

"You do not have to go," Jo said to the photographer when we were alone. "You have a wife and a child. You will give me your camera. I will make the pictures for you."

"You have a wife and kid, too," I said to Jo.

"My wife and child believe I am to die," Jo said. "*He* is expected to come home."

But Jo didn't die. He stayed with the outfit until they couldn't hold him any longer. The French government ordered him back.

Not long after I returned to New York I met a guy in the Stork Club who had seen a lot of combat with Jo. I asked him if he had heard from our friend.

"He's in jail," the guy said. "They said he collaborated with the Germans and put him in jail."

"But he was in the FFI and the French army and he was with the American Army as long as they let him stay," I said.

"I wrote a letter," the guy said. "So did a general. But Jo's still in jail for collaborating."

All I know is that no one hated them more.

The Metropolitan Doves

I have recently become acquainted with a proud and ungrateful beggar. This aloof mendicant is a tramp pigeon, plump and gluttonous. It began to drop down on the ledge about a week ago. My apartment is eighteen stories up in a Broadway hotel and I seldom get a play from the pigeons that flock around the statue of Father Duffy below my window in Longacre Square. I scattered some crumbs of shredded wheat for it the first time it strolled the length of the small terrace and it ate with the desperate appetite of one who expects interruptions at meals. Bums of every species do this. It returned the next day and now its visits are expected. The pigeon does not tarry as most guests do after they have eaten your bread. It is antisocial and it flies away as soon as it consumes all I have to give.

It must be that pigeons may have heard some of the jokes people are always telling about them. These wheezes accuse them of enviously regarding the human race and making plans to enlist in it. My pigeon is the only one I know. Its indifference to people makes me respect it. I shall continue to feed it as long as it comes back for more even though it uses my ledge for other purposes besides dining and seems to do this to prove its contempt for my branch of the animal kingdom.

When I was young it was the mark of the sporting man to have a flock of pigeons in a coop on the roof. You never found such roosts in the neighborhoods considered elegant, only in the slums. Occasionally, I see the pigeons, moving across the city sky, the course of their flight controlled by a long waddling pole shaken by a man on a roof. Such pigeons are not the vagrants you see in the park or in the streets of the town. These are the aristocrats and the one who visits me is the lowest type. These are birds of grace and breeding, especially trained to obey the instructions of the bamboo pole. The young have their wings clipped and are permitted to amble around the corn-strewn

"The carbon papers have finally arrived, Mr. Walton!"

roof until they are capable of recognizing this as a place where they are well-fed and housed with others of their class. The first flight is a gamble and many a time the new bird will abandon his companions and never come back. The raiding of flocks is permitted and the throw-up is considered a legitimate trick among the guys who fly pigeons from New York roofs. The poacher lies in ambush in the street below the flock he is about to attack. He opens his basket and releases the most trustworthy of his own stable. The purpose is to get the other man's flock to follow your birds back to your aviary, If such an event happens the man whose pigeons are birdnapped usually buys them back at a price which is established by the local pet shops.

The pigeons that fly in neat formations above the tenements must not be confused with those who race in competition. The maintenance of an aviary is the city man's rebuke to poverty, ugliness and loneliness. It is an exhibition of harmless power by the weak and the helpless. It used to endow us with importance when we were able to govern the neat journeys of those tame birds with our poles.

The roof has always been the sanctuary of those who live in tenements. It is their beach in the summer, a refuge from the family downstairs, a meeting place for lovers and here some of the poor plant their pathetic gardens. The man with the pole is more of a prisoner than his birds. They are incapable of escaping from their environment, but the pigeon can and refuses. The scattered corn and the little tin water cups, similar to those blind beggars use, are the bribes that keep them there. When a man flies pigeons from a city roof he is daring them to abandon him. Their loyalty is not based on any affection. Unlike other pets, the pigeon doesn't discriminate. They offer nothing but a cold obedience and a pattern to watch against the sky. Those who fly them appear to welcome any living thing that willingly shares their poverty.

The pigeon is the pet of the underworld. It is an easy explanation to say that hoodlums are miserable in their violence and are attracted to the bird that is a symbol of peace. I doubt this. All hoods are cautious men, and that is why they have survived in the underworld. They will not entertain any proposition where they don't go with the best of it. They back off from any contract they can't domineer. It is possible to become fond of a dog, a cat, a canary, or a horse. But the pigeon has no personality; makes no demand on its master. It exists only as part of a flock. One is like the other and the traitor is easily replaced. The deserter does not injure the flock as a whole. That is why, I believe, pigeon-flying is the great sport of the mob guy. The hoodlum can't be hurt by a pigeon's waywardness. The hood will put in with anything in which he takes no risks and is not asked to part with affection.

The gangster's passion for doves discredits the theory that there is good in a man who is good to animals. There was once a man who worked in the Municipal Building in New York and spent his lunch hour in City Hall Park to stake the pigeons to a sack of corn. It made him a small celebrity and this was his compensation.

His generosity didn't end with the pigeons. He carried sugar in his pockets to give to mounted cops' horses. This charity didn't impress me either because he collected a small crowd whenever he fed the beasts in the crowded downtown district. But what did make me believe this was a man who loved animals was when the people with whom he worked caught him sprinkling crumbs behind the office radiators for the mice so that they would not go hungry.

I'm not sure my pigeon is the same one. It is a dirty-grey yellow-eyed bird and sometimes I think it is a whole family free-loading in shifts. One pigeon's like another. I suppose people are the same way if you're a pigeon. Anyway, that's the way I'm being treated. #

Continued from page 70

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The Jonah and the Calliope

Continued from page 57

we thought, never to hear the thump squark of the cornet-banjo duet; there was no more singing in the watch below. The carpenter said nothing of these events until we entered the locks at Colon, on our way through the Panama. Out of a clear blue sky, he went to the bridge and asked our skipper to pay Drek off and put him ashore. Why did he want Drek put ashore? Because, said the carpenter, standing stiff and dangerous, because Drek was bad luck: because Drek was a "Jonah."

The skipper laughed at his charges and dismissed him from the bridge.

The carpenter tried to throw himself over the side.

Chips was a man possessed, that day; he was mad. For all his runty size, it took four of us to get him away from that rail and into his cabin.

We got through the Canal—and brought trouble with us. We rammed a tugboat. Not enough damage was done to put us in dry dock for repairs; no one was to blame; it just shook us up.

That was the time that the *Calliope* began to look a little as she does now. What with Tregunn still being out of favor with the officers, and the men being worried and scared, proper attention was not being paid to the work about the deck. Rust showed beneath paintwork, flapping lines and Irish pennants fouled the masts; the ship took on a sad and dingy look that mirrored our thoughts.

As we were leaving Panama astern, a sudden squall came up from the south and west, blotting out the stars and flooding the quarters, and while the ship rolled and clacked on the beam sea, a lifeboat was smashed to pieces on the chocks, and a heavy iron door jolted free from the catch and slammed shut on the fingers of the third engineer. Both were accidents that on a normal voyage would be put down to carelessness or bad seamanship. We magnified them into disasters. Drek was cursed as he worked, hated as he slept, and avoided at all times.

But Chips, still sick and half out of his mind, slopped across the heaving decks to the bridge once more and wept in front of the skipper—wept like a baby, begging that the ship be put about and Drek thrown ashore.

The bad humors had got into the skipper. He gave the carpenter short shrift, ordered him below, and threatened to clap him in irons.

We headed down the Chile coast and the weather changed for the better; the days were a sailorman's dream of cool blue-black seas and soft wind. At night, each separate star threw its own shining pathway on the water, so that, each dawn, we held secret regret in our hearts for the beauty of the night that had passed. We cleaned ship and began to look forward to the shore. Maria Cristobal was our port—a nitrate dump, with nothing but high hills, rain, and ravening sailor-town.

Three of us—Tregunn, Chips, and myself—made plans that in Maria Cristobal we would make it plain to Drek that he was not wanted.

The moment we tied up to the quay, Drek went ashore and hid. He hid somewhere in four streets that were mostly lined with grog shops or company stores. He was in no house, that I swear, for we searched them all. I took a knife with me to make sure that when we did find Drek, he would stay where we found him—forever.

In four days, we loaded cargo and discharged a few oddments, and I prayed in those days that Drek either had got himself killed or had slipped off on his own account.

On the night we were to leave, Drek sneaked back aboard. We found him in the mast house after the pilot had been dropped. He was yellower and thinner than ever, his black eyes gleaming in that mottled face that seemed to mock all our efforts.

The carpenter was for quitting the ship when we told him, and he would have, only the water was full of sharks. Tregunn gave his shipmate a rare talking-to, and split a bottle of rum with him; that night, the carpenter slept like a dead man, and we steeled ourselves for the long voyage.

Hides and nitrate filled the holds; we were bound for Cape Town, six thousand sea miles away, and would be thirty days out of sight of land. The thought of those thirty days put a light feathery feeling in a man's guts. We waited in silence for the first accident, the first murderous quarrel.

Nothing happened. Not a blind thing. Drek was quiet and orderly—for two days. It seemed that all he wanted was to do his work and be left alone. He no longer even came out on deck to eat, but locked himself in with his food, of which he demanded quite a lot, enough for two.

After two days, the secret was out. He came on deck in the late watch with a dog—the sorriest cowed mongrel I ever saw. It was a yellow hound that mixed every breed until a man would get himself dizzy trying to trace them all. It was scared stiff of every one—all fleas, snarl, and mangy fur, its rope's-end tail secure between its legs.

Drek unbent so far as to tell us that he had bought it ashore at Maria Cristobal for a peso. If that were the truth, then he was robbed.

Like its master, the dog resisted every friendly move; an offer to pat it was enough to send the creature cowering in the scuppers, teeth bared and gleaming in an open mouth twisted to a hateful snarl. It would not even accept food from the cook, though it drove the man half crazy with its constant thievery. For one thing only we endured the animal. While Drek tried to win its love, he left us alone.

He kept the animal clean and washed its bedding daily, which was more than he did for himself. He shared every mouthful of food with it from his own plate, saying to it in a whispering voice it seemed to understand, "One piece for you; one for me." Sitting alone each night on the step of the mast house, he patiently wooed, and finally won, its love.

In the peaceful days that followed, Drek did not speak a word, kind or otherwise, to a man aboard ship. The seas ironed themselves out smoothly as a sheet of grey-green glass; there was no wind, no sun by day nor stars by night. We ploughed those seas in silence, and, in the night, a match held alight on the bridge burned with a clear flame that never wavered.

As we headed south, the days grew colder, and each night we listened for the voice of Cape Horn. Soon we heard her cry; the seas grew before our eyes, and the storms were upon us.

It was July—winter in those latitudes—and the bitter cold was an icy breath on a man's cheek. Not a hand could be sent to the foretop lookout lest he almost freeze to death; the cook served thick soup and stew stiff enough to hold a knife upright. This was the weather we were most used to—something to fight against; and while we struggled with it we became a crew once more banded together against the sea. Drek remained in his mast house by choice, until the bitter cold drove him to the shelter of the warm forecastle. He brought the dog with him. Only one suggestion that he leave the dog was sufficient. It brought on such a torrent of spittle-mouthed rage that we piped down; at least the dog was clean.

It slept on his bunk, fed from his plate. It leaped, stiff-legged with joy, each time he came to the bunk, and cringed when he left.

In the manner of sailormen, we began to accept it.

Weathering the Horn, heading east into warmer seas, the *Calliope* broke down. A damnable thing; something to do with the compressors. Then something fouled the electric circuits and we blew every light bulb in the ship and did a deal of damage to the radio transmitter.

Two weeks overdue, not a ship sighted, the weather getting warmer, and the men beginning to look askance at each other. On a Friday morning, calamity hit us. We were washing down the decks when Tregunn discovered that a fool in the engine room had made a bad blunder. The feed lines had been switched in some incomprehensible way, and we were flushing the ship's one tank of fresh water over the decks instead of the normal salt water. By the time cocks had been reached and the pumps stopped, the damage was done and we were in a thirst state.

Water rationing became the rule—half a bucket per day per man. There was another breakdown in the engine room, and we wallowed on a greasy black sea that soughed and rustled along the ship's side. It seemed, in the days that followed, that all the food that came from the galley raised a thirst in a man.

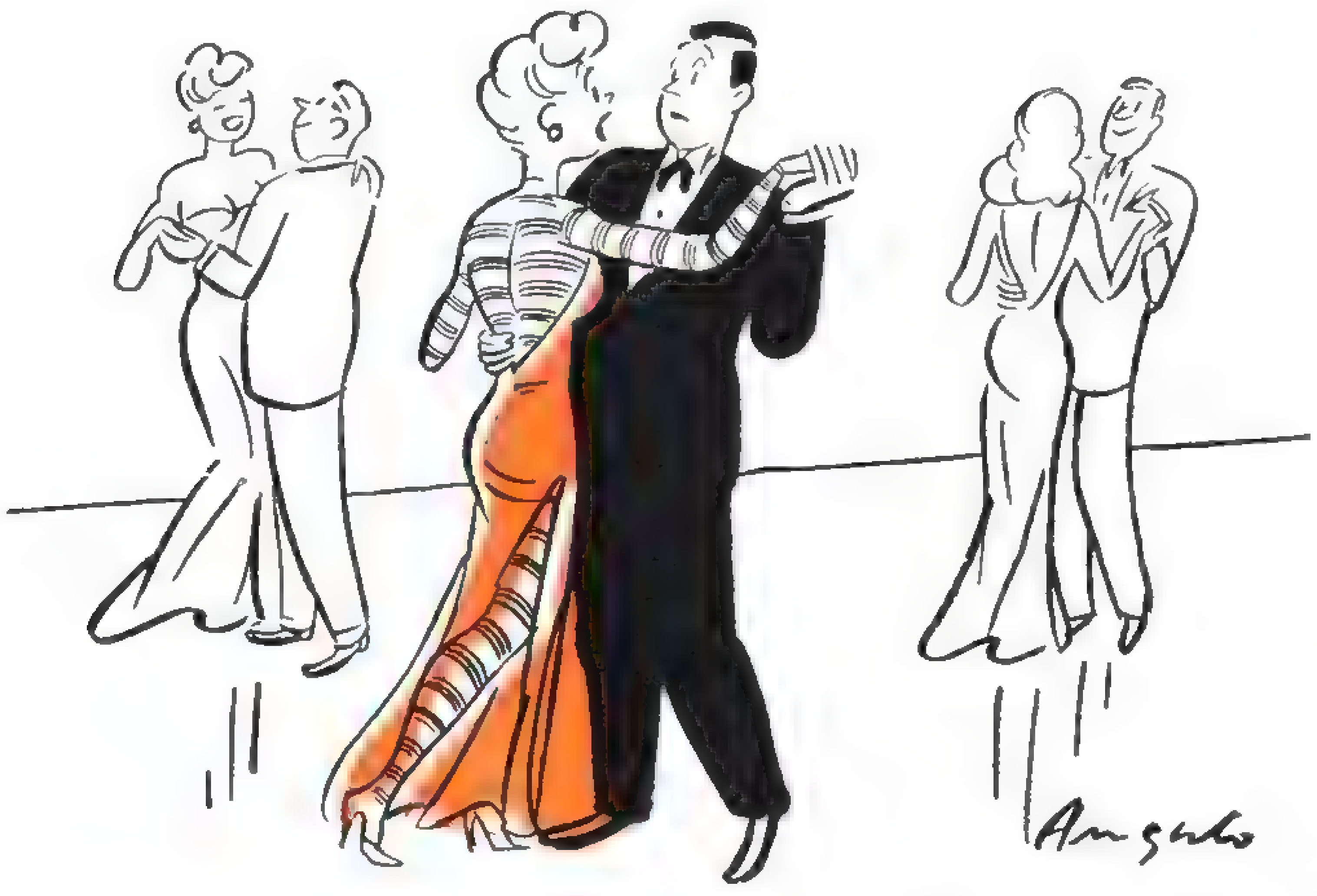
Drek remained with us in the forecastle, and his sour forbidding face added something extra to our tempers to make life even more unbearable.

The dog took sick.

It was natural that it should do so—a mongrel picked up on the water front; there must have been within it from birth the germs of some animal disease, and the lack of water and exercise had incubated them in comfort.

We saw how the animal refused food and how it began to shed its coat until gruesome patches of mottled flesh scarred its thin ribs. It drove us mad with its frantic whining, always started the moment Drek left the forecastle to go on watch. When we tried to comfort it, it turned on us and howled the louder. Drek found the carpenter trying to entice the

Continued on page 146



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The Jonah and the Calliope

Continued from page 145

dog on deck one day, and that started a fight so bad that we thought murder would be done aboard ship. The carpenter's mouth was awry with rage, and all he could gasp as we wrenched a razor-edged chisel from his hand was "Jonah-Jonah—Put him an' his dog over the side!"

Tregunn it was who ironed out that quarrel. He carried peace and reason with him, it seemed to us, as he stood, head bowed for his height, keeping both men at arms' length, listening to each side. He walked over to Drek's bunk and looked at the dog, and he had a way with animals. He felt its nose, looked at its eyes, and soothed the twitching limbs.

"Drek." His voice had never been so quiet. "Drek, come over here."

Drek came forward like a man walking to his death.

"D'you know that this dog of yours is sick? I've seen things like this before, man, and it's bad." Drek put out a timid hand and touched the animal; it stopped panting for a moment to lick that hand. You would think that something was being torn alive out of Drek, by the awful fear in his eyes that widened to black pools in his savage face.

"D'you know there's nothing you can do? These spasms and howling fits'll get worse, and then he'll go off his nut? He won't know it, man, but he'll bite someone, and when he does there will be trouble."

Drek looked blindly at him and swallowed. Tregunn had never been more a man than he was at that moment. I can see him now before me, with his oxen shoulders and black beard, all the clean mannerly bulk of him.

"You had better let me get the skipper's gun and shoot him. Put him out of his misery."

Drek took a quick pace forward; there was another fight coming, we thought, as we tensed. But there was a queer sort of twisted dignity on Drek's ravaged face. He scooped the dog off the bunk, holding it tightly in his arms, and he took it to the mast house with him and left the forecastle for good.

But who can stand for such a fear aboard a drifting, broken-down ship? Who can sit up in his bunk at night, knowing that doleful howl to be one more step on the road to meeting a mad dog on deck, and in the dark of the night? There was some compulsion in Drek to defend the animal, and he would not destroy it; but we knew when the time had come when he was forced to keep it tied up. I know nothing of the man, but I think that the hound was the only thing in his life that had ever given him love.

We knew when the dog had reached the final stage of refusing all food, for we heard Drek's pleading voice from the closed mast house, and we saw him, strangely humble, as he begged the cook for some little tidbit that might tempt its appetite.

Its back legs began to fail and it became afflicted with palsy, so that it would struggle after him, breaking its rope, whining and crying in pain, dragging its dithering body across the deck, scrabbling feebly with its forefeet. Then Drek would drop whatever he was doing and run back to the dog and pick it up and take it back to the mast house and the heap of gunny sacks they shared together.

On these occasions, there was not a man of us would dare look his fellow in the eye.

Only Tregunn kept his head—only Tregunn. He watched the dog and Drek, and said nothing, until one morning he went to the bridge and was closeted with the skipper for half an hour. The Captain was an old man, old in years and the sea. He left the running of the deck mostly to Tregunn, for the Mate, who would normally take responsibility, was by way of being a drunkard.

Each morning, the sun, rising on an identical quarter of the horizon, lit the ship that wallowed on those black and oily seas, the smoke rising from the galley in a sooty column to the skies, and we would drag our aching bodies across the deck to those niggling jobs that alone kept us from madness. There were never more than two sounds to disturb the silence—the clang of hammers from the men in the engine room as they made repairs, and the pitiful howling of the dog.

The water ran lower by the hour, and most of it went to the engineers.

It was in the afternoon that I came from the poop to the main deck, the carpenter with me, Drek trailing behind. We were bound for the 'midships to put a dab of paint on the bulkheads.

A man yelled from the bridge. We raised our heads.

Out from the open door of the mast house, dragging behind it a length of chewed rope, its mouth a white frothy drool, came the dog.

"Watch it!" screamed the man on the bridge. "It's mad!"

The dog was on its belly, poised for a leap.

"Look out!" The ship woke to our yells as the carpenter and I leaped to the safety of the shrouds. Only Drek stood where he was, rooted to the spot. Tregunn was running along the deck to us, tugging in his shirt for the skipper's gun that he had carried hidden about him for the last few days.

Drek's eyes were wide, unbelieving. He was walking to the animal, making little sobbing cooing noises, his horny hands outstretched, while the dog stared at him with red-rimmed eyes.

"Back!" roared Tregunn, covering the deck at a lumbering trot. "Get back! Don't touch him!"

Drek, unheeding, was walking to the animal; there were tears in his eyes; he was snapping his fingers gently, pleading, "Here, my dog. Come here, little dog. Come here, pup."

Just as he was on top of the animal, it leaped, knocking him over. I saw its teeth in Drek's bare forearm, and the blood, as Tregunn reached them both and plucked the dog away with his free hand.

He put the muzzle of the gun in its mouth and pulled the trigger; almost in the same movement, he hurled the body over the side. Tregunn was splattered with its blood. He stood in a pool of blood, the smoking gun in his hand as Drek leaped to his feet, eyes wide, nostrils flaring, holding tight to the ship rail, watching, watching, as the body floated astern—submerging, rising, staining the water, sinking.

"He's alive!" screamed Drek. "He's alive!" He ran for the boats, but Tregunn caught him and hit him on the jaw.

Tregunn turned to us. "I had to do it, boys. The dog was mad. Get his hand bandaged, get him aft, and clean this deck."

Like an omen, we heard from the bowels of the ship a long sighing grunt; a light froth of churning water boiled up under the stern. The moment that accursed dog had gone over the side, the engineers had found the fault and got us under way.

We laughed to each other in strained voices, pounded each other on the back. A stiffish breeze came up and washed fear from the deck.

In the days that followed, Drek was as a man dead, a walking corpse, speaking to no one. The death of the dog had left such a void in his meager life that he was bereft of his senses. He became for us a figure of compassion, and we tried to make friends. He ignored us, sitting alone on his step, staring before him with haggard eyes. One night, in the dark, I heard his fierce whispered voice, as he called in vain for the dog, chiding it for hiding.

His bitten hand healed without scar or fester. It made us wonder if the dog had been mad, or just sick.

Tregunn took this hard indeed, and tried in every way to make amends to Drek. He was ignored as we were. Drek took orders without a word, but once I saw his eyes as Tregunn turned away. There was a look of unbridled hatred in them.

But in the new spirit that pervaded the ship, Drek became no more than a dark figure, shuffling the deck with a bucket and a swab, for we were on our course, headed for Cape Town, and we had weathered the Horn.

We set to work with a will—painting ship, readying her for port. Swinging between sea and sky in bosun chairs, we painted superstructure, masts, and funnel, shouting to each other in the morning watch while the smells of cooking breakfast arose in the air.

Tregunn was working with me on the foremast one morning, his face, clothes, and beard paint-dappled, his eyes intent. He was humming an old Cornish song, and, when our eyes met, he favored me with a gigantic wink.

On the deck below, Drek did an endless round of the ropes, each one securely bent around a cleat. It was his job to lower the chairs as a man finished the area on which he worked. It was a simple matter. Each painter who wanted to move swung close to where he could get a grip and yelled, "Lower away," and Drek dropped the chair a yard and secured it with a hitch.

"Lower away!" Tregunn's roaring voice cut through my idle thoughts. He swung forward, paintbrush and pot in his hand, hooking his feet into the rungs of the mast ladder. I looked down on to the deck that gleamed bright and white in the sunlight. Drek seemed to move with a foreshortened crouching gait, seen from that height. I was reminded of my first time up the mast as a boy and the belly-twisting fear of falling that had beset me. I watched with a crawling horror as Drek reached the cleat that held secure the rope to Tregunn's chair. I wanted to scream, to yell to Tregunn not to trust his life to that man.

Tregunn's narrow plank seat slid a yard down the mast.

Drek secured the rope's end

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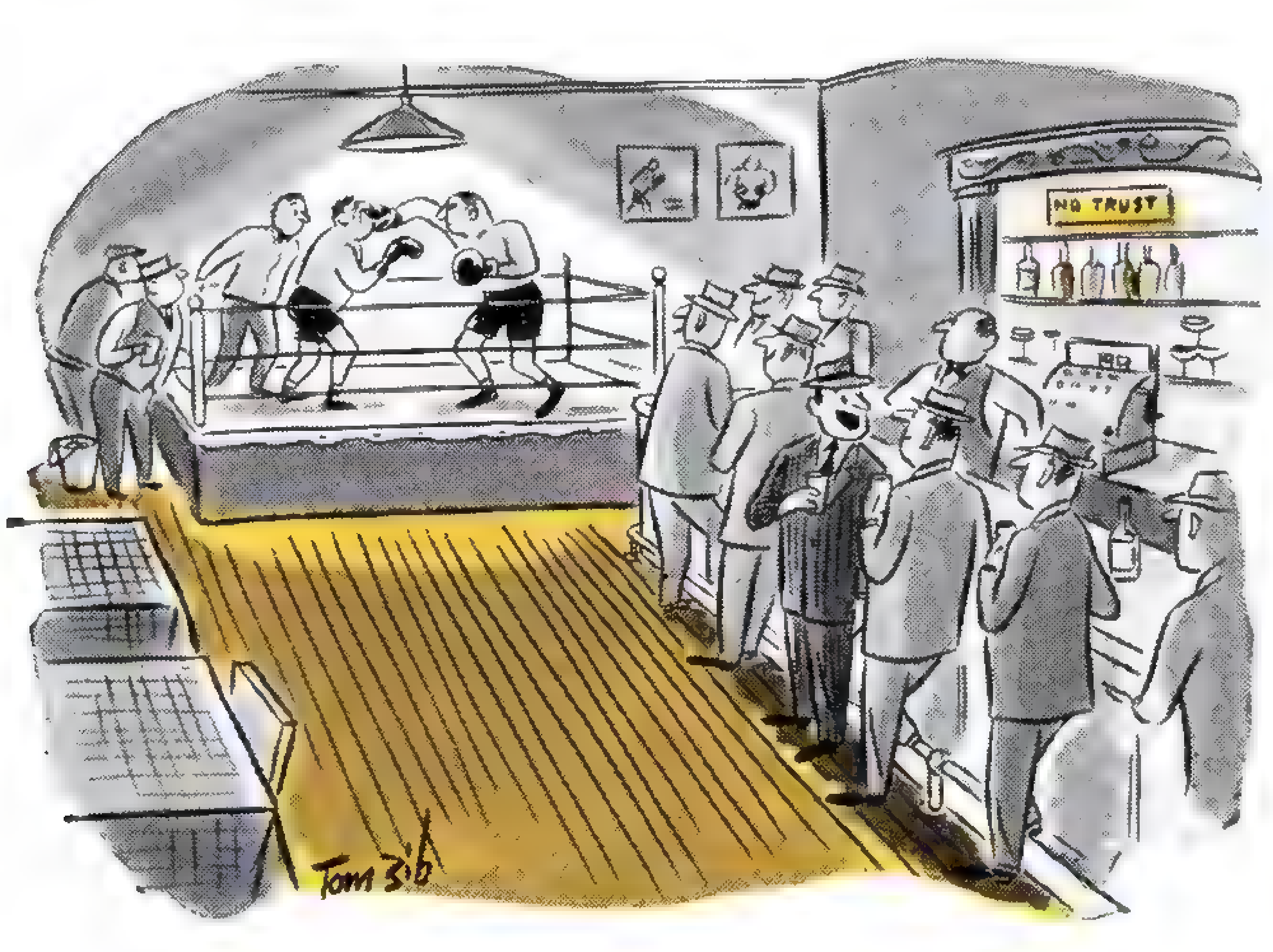

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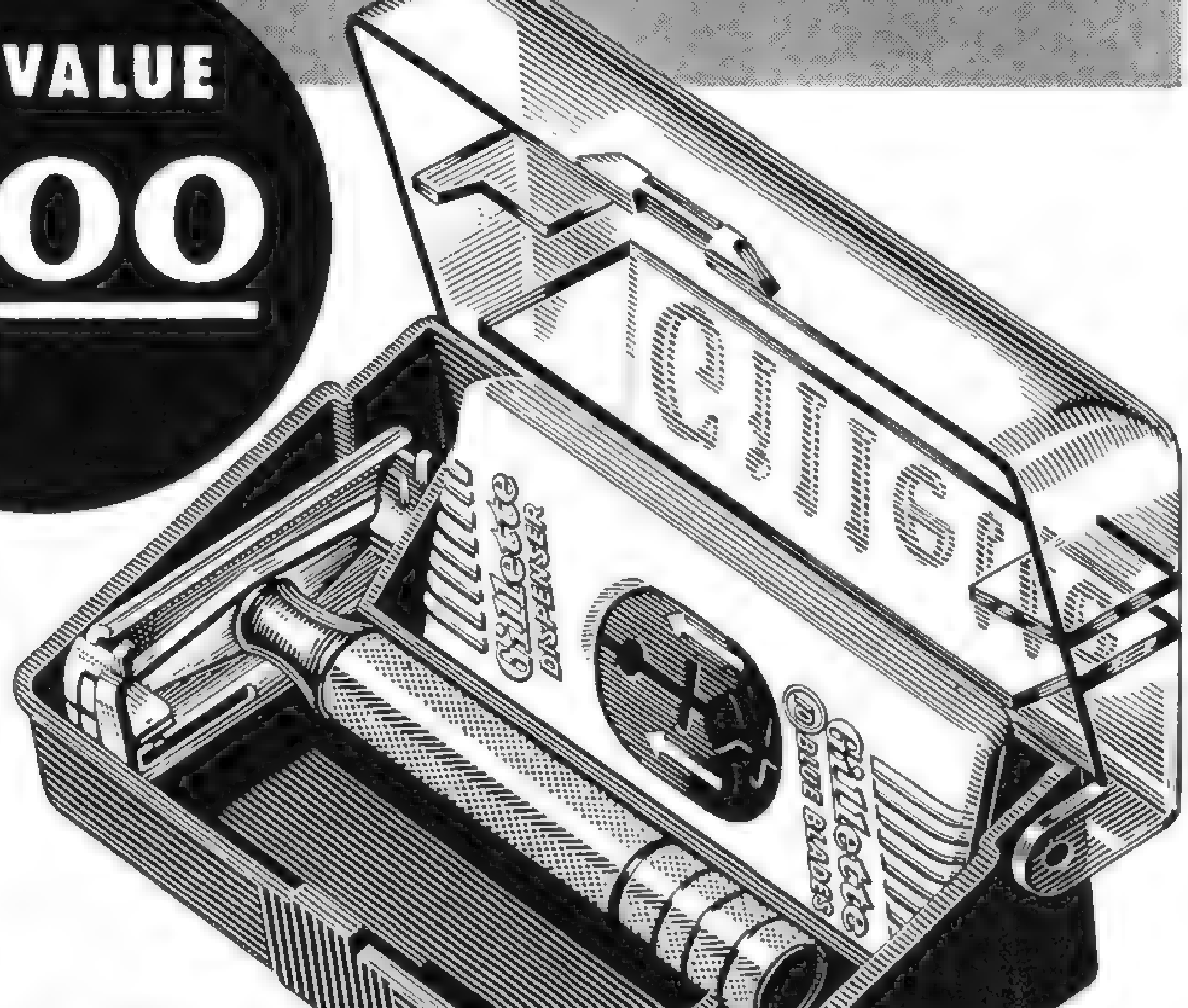

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The Jonah and the Calliope

Continued from page 147

and looked up, his face an unrecognizable yellow blur.

"Secure?" yelled Tregunn.

"Secured," answered Drek.

Tregunn lowered himself down to the shifting plank, tested it, found it safe, and continued his painting. I wiped the sweat of fear from my face.

Drek was standing on the forecastle head, looking up. Tregunn began to sing *Widdicombe Fair* beneath his breath, and the ship moved to the rhythm of his paintbrush. Far astern, I saw the great wingspread of the albatross that followed us.

Eight bells struck from the bridge, and Drek left the forecastle head and went to the galley, passing the row of hitched ropes on his way.

"Right!" roared Tregunn, and his booming voice carried the length of the ship. "Knock off. Breakfa——"

His mouth opened, cavernous red in his black beard. The loose end of the rope whistled like a whiplash through the block. The chair disintegrated, falling apart beneath him, dropping him forty feet to the deck.

The carpenter reached him first. Except for a bad bruise on the back of his head, there was not a mark on Tregunn as he sprawled in the sunlight, but his back was broken. We carried him to his cabin; he never recovered consciousness; he lay there, the breath whistling in his throat all through the shrouded night that followed the day. We prayed that he would not recover consciousness, that he would die in peace, for there was no way we could ease his pain.

All the ship's supply of morphine was missing from its locker in the Mate's room. It was possible that some native stevedore had stolen it—drugs always bring a high price ashore.

The carpenter, his little monkey-face twisted with the tears that would not come, sat helpless by the side of his shipmate until the last shuddering breath was drawn and Tregunn's sightless eyes rolled back in his head. The carpenter sewed him up alone and would allow no one near the body, but we heard his high wailing keen in the night, and once I saw him as he came out on deck, to walk to the rail and stand there alone. They were such shipmates as a man meets but rarely.

No one saw Drek. It was as though he were not aboard. All work was stopped after the accident.

Tregunn was buried in the dawn, and his cornet went with him; the carpenter himself placed it under the shroud. The Captain read the service in a quiet voice that bespoke his dotage; the Mate rocked back on his heels in a drunken stupor. Drek did not show his face on deck. Immediately after the funeral, the carpenter checked up on every strand of gear that had been used for line or bosun's chair, and, in this, he was hampered. The Mate had ordered all gear taken down and dismantled after Tregunn's fall. That was what Drek said, and the Mate had not the wits to remember what he had said.

And Drek had stowed all the gear away.

The carpenter continued checking, though he could never prove which was the actual chair that held Tregunn or the rope that had let him fall. He did report to the Captain that he found no rope frayed or cut.

On this, the only evidence, the Captain held inquiry and reported the event in the log as "Accidental Death."

No one was satisfied.

Drek's face was a mask. Not by word nor deed did he show what he thought. Not a man could be driven to share watchkeeping with him, and he carried fear with his every movement like an evil smell.

A black depression came upon the ship that did not ever lift; it haunts her to this day, for a death is a horrible thing on the sea. A dead shipmate leaves behind him not the vacant memories of the land, but a flesh-and-blood memory that hurts. You miss his weight on the end of a rope, his voice at the mess table. You miss his yarning on the hatch top, the match he would strike and hold out for another to use before he lit his own pipe. Tregunn left behind him a photo of his mother as she stood at a cottage gate. One night, the carpenter, looking at this photo until his red-rimmed eyes could bear the sight no longer, took his knife and rushed at Drek and tried to cut the man's throat; and he screamed of a greased rope and a slippery hitch, he mouthed the shocking words that Drek had stolen and hidden the morphine, that Drek had been the last man to touch Tregunn's lashings and that he had hidden them on orders of a drunken Mate.

The Captain told the carpenter that the whole thing would be tried before the shipping master at Cape Town, and, until then, knives would be sheathed.

There was a savage grin on the carpenter's face as we led him from the bridge.

Drek said nothing, but he locked himself in the mast house at night, and his face was grey and lined.

Two days from Cape Town, the carpenter decided to caulk the main deck, which was warped and leaking. He insisted that he do this. He worked all day in a flurry of sweat, tamping oakum into the open seams. It was a strange and somehow foreboding sight to see that gnome, hunkered down, working long after we had knocked off, and to hear the soft mysterious tap of the hammer long after darkness fell.

He was on deck in the dawn, lighting a brazier on the poop deck. He brought from his stores a tripod, his biggest caldron, and many lumps of pitch. All morning, the reek of that boiling pitch was about the ship, and we thought it strange that he should boil so much, with the short length of deck he was repairing; and we wondered why he had rigged his brazier on the raised poop deck, when he needed the pitch on the main deck. It meant that every ladle of pitch he scooped out would have to be carried down the ladder. Outwardly, and as far as his voice and manner were concerned, the carpenter seemed to have recovered from the death of Tregunn, but there was an evil feverish glint in his eyes as he scurried about his job. He boiled that pitch until it bubbled in the caldron, stirring it with a long wooden pole from afar, his face averted from the heat and the fumes.

There was an untoward event that morning. The cook came bawling into the forecastle, wanting to know who had stolen his can of soft soap. He raved amongst us, upset the bunks and then departed, cursing loudly the unknown thief who was too mean to buy his own gear and must steal the tools of an honest workingman. Our jeers and catcalls followed him back to his greasy kingdom, and, if anyone gave the matter a second thought, it was to remark the cook had hidden the soap himself and forgotten where.

Drek came out on deck and began to chip the rust from the rail on the poop deck. He worked alone, his head bowed, the hammer glinting and flashing in the sunlight. The rest of us were busy rigging derricks and booms. Alone and unheeded, the carpenter stirred the pitch. The moment he saw Drek, he took his ladle, scooped it full, ran down the ladder, and began to pour the pitch into the open seams.

When the bells struck, we went to the messroom. Chips had spilled pitch on the ladder and was wiping it off with a rag as I passed. I asked if he needed help to carry the caldron to the deck.

It might have been a voice from the dead that he heard, not me, his shipmate for ten long years. He raised his haggard face, eyes flickering, and swallowed convulsively.

It was quiet that afternoon, quiet and sunny; the air was soft with the sweet smells of the land, and our sad hearts were happy at the thought that soon we might feel that land beneath our feet. A man in the crow's nest raised his raucous voice in song. The men in the rigging laughed and talked as they worked and flung arguments back and forth across the glittering sun-drenched air.

The carpenter called me from the deck, asking help with the caldron. I dropped my tools and went to him. I am of average height, the carpenter was small; we would carry the caldron pannier-like between us.

It was I who called Drek over from his work to take the place of the carpenter. He came at my summons. I took an iron bar, put it through the handle of the caldron. We lifted it off the brazier between us, staggering at the weight, and crossed the deck to the ladder.

The steps were shiny black, where the carpenter had tried to remove the pitch. I would have said they looked shiny, but I know that pitch does not shine; it is sticky—dull.

The carpenter was standing on the deck below. He looked ill. "Drek." His voice was no more than a croak. "You are the biggest. Take the for'ard end, and you'll both go easier."

That made sense.

We lowered the caldron to the deck and changed ends. Drek stopped to wipe the sweat from his face, picked up his end, and shouldered the burden; he was bowed under the weight. The smoke from the caldron blew back, choking me. Chips remained on the deck, head back, eyes closed. I thought the heat had got him.

Drek reached the ladder, took the first step. I lowered my knees to keep the caldron level. The second step: I heard his gasping breath. The third: the sun was in my eyes.

The fourth:

His feet swept from under him;

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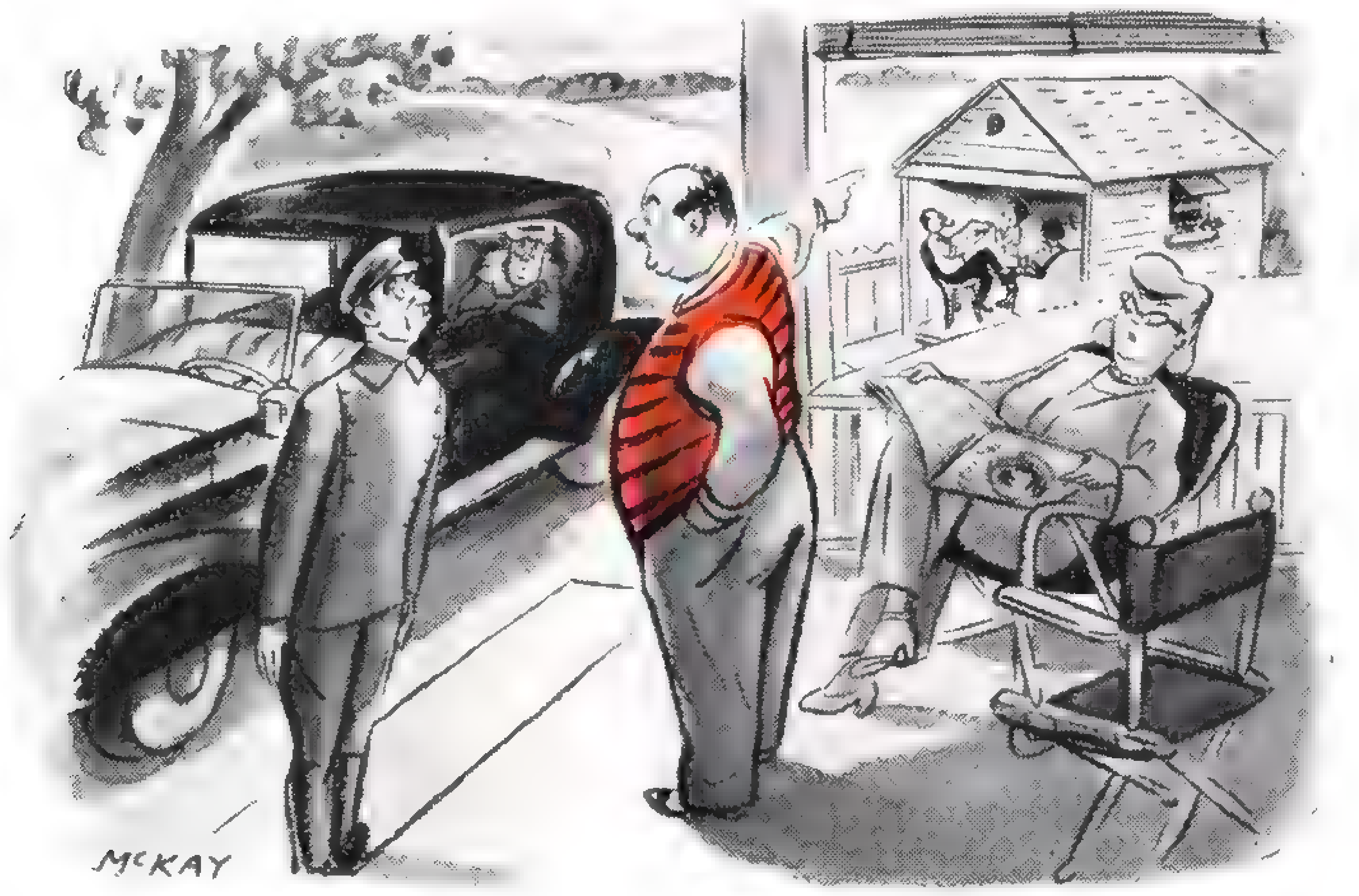

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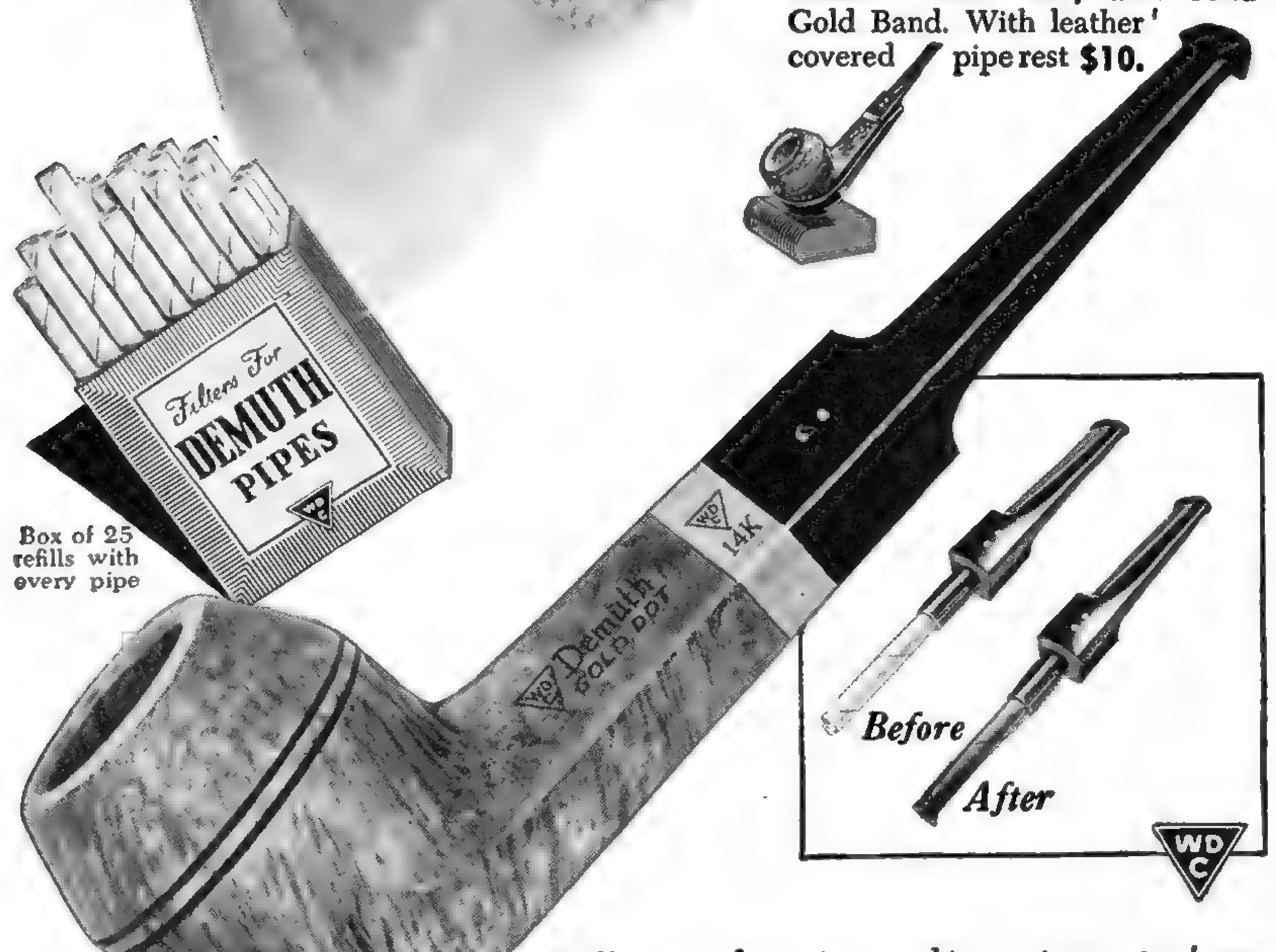

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The Jonah and the Calliope

Continued from page 149

I saw the end of the bar tilt, the caldron began to move as he threw out his arms for balance, and then the caldron was over him, smothering him.

His screaming howl of agony reached out and called to the sky, and he capered along the deck, clawing black hands at his black face, tearing flesh from bone. His demented, pain-tortured cries mounted in octaves as he whirled, dervishlike, between winches and hatch top, tearing, plucking, in a dance of death. An evil odor came through the reek of pitch to appal our senses.

Then he was at the rail, trying to throw himself over the side. In cruel compassion, we saved him from the cool water, dragged him back from the rail, and laid him on the deck.

All day long, the steward labored over Drek, stripping in infinite tenderness the pitch, and often flesh with it, from his body, smoothing each cleared space with soothing ointment.

Speed was notched to the full, in an effort to get him to the land and hospital.

The carpenter spent the day in grey-faced silence, and he cleaned the pitch from the ladders and the deck, using a scraper and a paraffin rag. After he had finished the ladder gleamed like new, and there was no sign upon it of the dreadful thing that had happened. Then he went to his cabin and locked himself in.

We searched and ransacked the ship for morphine and found none, and in our terror at the death and mutilation that had haunted the ship, each man thought that an iron band of fear was about his skull, bursting, crushing all clear thought.

In the sunset and the dark that followed it, Drek awoke and began a low, savage, moaning plaint that echoed eerily along the silent decks. It was never loud; our spines tingled as we listened. Then his brain wandered, and he talked in a high babbling whisper, calling the names of ships long gone and shipmates dead these many years.

Then he began to call his dog.

I heard his cry from the deck, and I thought of a plaited-rope collar he had made for the animal. Let him die with that, I thought, and went to the mast house for it. It was dark in the cubicle; I lit a lamp. The sacks were in the corner and so were his plate, knife and fork. The air was close and stuffy. Looking for that plaited rope, I searched among the sacks. I found a box.

Even as my fingers touched it, I knew what it was. Perhaps I had known it in my heart all along. Perhaps if I had loved something for the first time, felt the warmth of longing and fellowship, known the joy of a shared meal for the first time, then I too, in my grief, would have killed the man who had taken that love from me.

The dog's plaited-rope collar was in the first-aid box, along with the morphine; and coiled in a dark corner was the greased rope that had fastened Tregunn's bosun chair.

I walked out on deck, carrying these things, and the sky was black and shaded in the east with the faint sad light of dawn. A cool breeze rustled along the deck, and the gleaming golden lights of the midship house made a pattern of warmth in the surrounding blackness.

The ship was silent. Drek's voice was stilled. I knew then that not even the morphine he had witheld from Tregunn could help him now. Drek's savage, lonely soul had gone in the creeping grey dawn that lit the far horizon and showed us the heights of Table Mountain, lying like a rampart across our bow.

At the moment that death called for Drek—just as though he had known, as surely as if he had been standing in the cabin by him and had seen—the carpenter took out his banjo and began to play. That loud discordant twanging went through our heads like knives, and we begged him to stop. He took no heed, had barricaded himself in his cabin.

It took time to break down that stout door and lead the carpenter out. He was calling, "Tregunn! Tregunn!" in a loud and joyful voice. Still calling, he submitted to the strait jacket the Cape Town doctors put upon him as they took him away forever.

That night, ashore and nursing a drink, I knew that never more would I want to sail the *Calliope*, so I sneaked back aboard to pack my gear. The ship was silent, and I knew the rest of the crew had thought as I did and had deserted.

I packed my gear in a shabby forecastle that was lit by the sad light of a single bulb; I packed my gear and hurried and did not dare glance over my shoulder. I left the forecastle, left the ship, and did not look back until I reached the dock gates and safety.

Then a compulsion came upon me, and I lowered my sea bag and returned trembling to the *Calliope* as she lay by that silent dock.

I went to the carpenter's cabin, switched the light on, and searched, with the shattered door held back on its catch and the ghosts of murder at my twitching shoulders.

I found the lost soft soap hidden in the back of the carpenter's locker. Indented upon its greasy surface were the deep grooves made by the carpenter's scraping fingers.

I opened the porthole, filling the cabin with clean air, and I hurled the tin far out into the night; then I left the ship forever.

As I walked down the gangway, I heard, in quiet soft insistence, the carpenter's laugh and the voice of the Jonah himself, calling his dog. ##

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A Man's Crusade for Easy Childbirth

Continued from page 51

all it takes," he said, nodding his head approvingly. The relaxation, of course, was his prescription. Ruth understood why far better than I did. She had studied the obstetrician's handbook and Grantly Dick Read's *Childbirth Without Fear*. Consciously, she very much *wanted* to relax. Perhaps the trouble was that the medication that partially blocked the pain and enabled her to sleep during the intervening moments also partly blocked her conscious mind and will. The medication helped physically; but, too, it reduced her defenses against primitive, unreasoning panic.

Ruth didn't—I knew very well—relax because I urged her to do so. She relaxed because days and weeks ago she had recognized the need for relaxation. My voice, I think, simply helped her by reminding her of her own intention to lie limp and unresisting.

The doctor seemed to think so, too. For as Ruth sank back into her brief, between-periods sleep, the obstetrician said something to me that sheer egotism will make me remember for a long time.

"I wish," he said, "you came with all my cases."

Why should I have felt flattered? I had done nothing—nothing compared with what any parent does who sits up with a sick child.

But now a nurse came in with a tray of examining equipment. During each examination I was asked — for hygienic reasons, I suppose—to step into the corridor. This time, I walked out past the frightening delivery room and downstairs to the waiting lounge. Half a dozen expectant fathers were gathered there—just like in the movies, and in fiction, and in the cartoons.

The lounge was a comfortable place. Its tall-stemmed lamps shone down on a divan, padded armchairs, and reclining chairs that were almost beds. Here a man dozed, there one thumbed a magazine, and yonder a third chain-smoked. You never in your life have seen an unhappier set of poor devils. Each started visibly when, just as I entered, the telephone rang. The nearest man—I learned later that his wife had been in labor twenty-eight hours—snatched at the instrument. But the call was for another chap, who, after listening, exclaimed, "I only brought her in half an hour ago! That's what I call a woman getting it over with quick!" And away he rushed, to peer through a glass pane at his newly arrived son. Just like in the movies, there was something sad and a little ridiculous about these waiting men, perspiring, suffering, and useless as they were.

That, after all, was the way I myself had expected to participate in our child's birth. I'd managed to live forty-three years without ever hearing of a husband's doing anything else. I knew, of course, that my own father had helped at my birth and at the births of my younger brothers. But I'd thought of that sort of thing as one of the unfortunate makeshifts of rural life a generation ago. The specialized modern age seemed to have progressed to the point where an expectant father was not needed, or even *allowed*, beyond the waiting lounge of the urban hospital.

In fact, the hospital probably had a rule about it. So I'd thought; and so my half-dozen fellow-sufferers seemed to believe.

Only, in fact, the hospital had no such rule. Every man in that room might have been upstairs with his wife—where, it seems to me, a man should not only be allowed to be, but where, for sound physiological and psychological reasons, he is imperatively needed.

Of course, I'm no doctor. But I *can* read. And an obstetrical specialist's plainly worded booklet tells me how, in the first but often longest stage of childbirth, the infant's head must leave the uterus by coming down through the elastic ring of the cervix. At other times a tiny opening, the cervix has to dilate to three or four inches. No effort of the moth-

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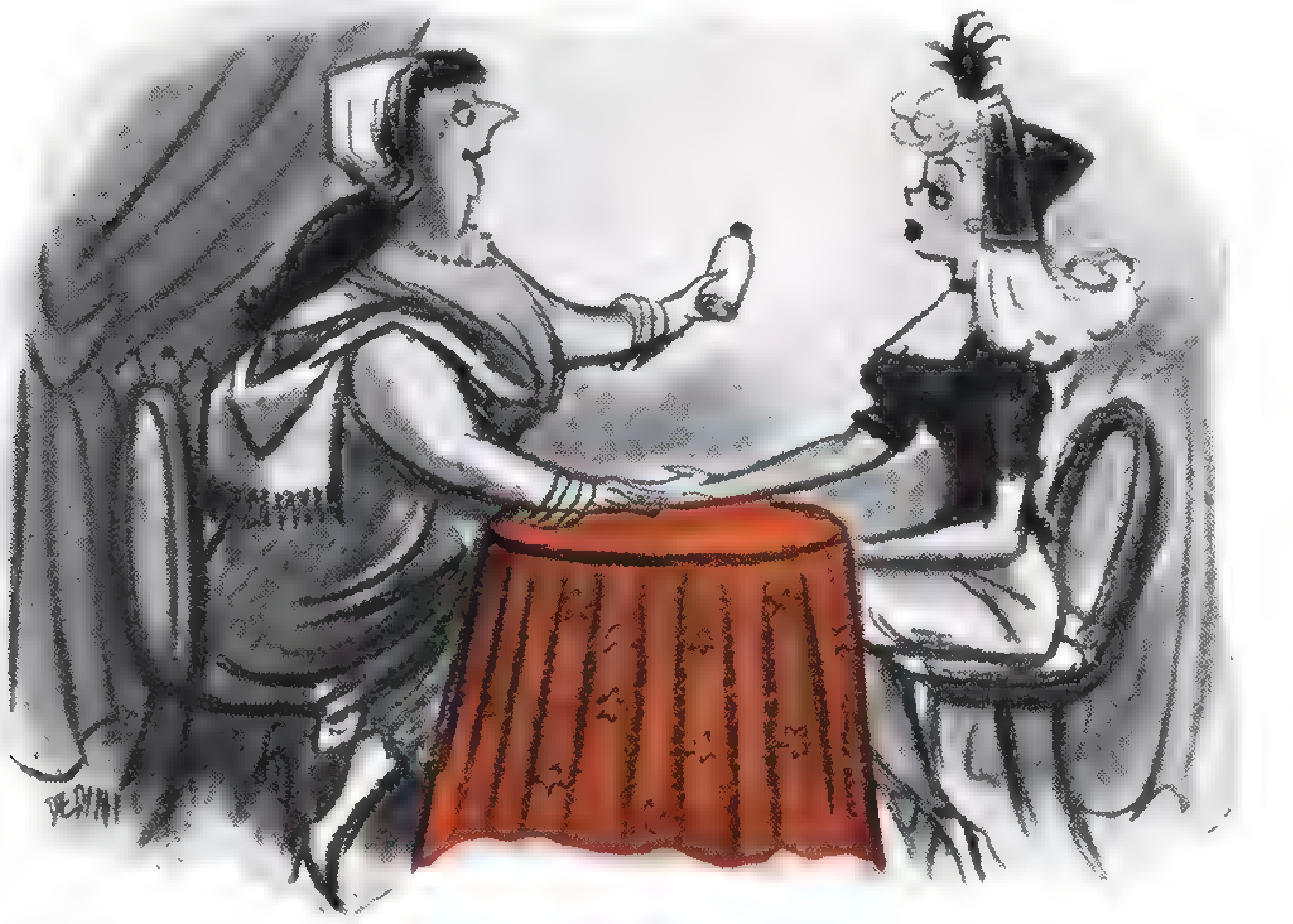

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A Man's Crusade for Easy Childbirth

Continued from page 151

er's can hasten this process. The more frightened and tense she becomes, the more excruciating is the pressure on the tensed cervix. But if she can manage to relax her whole body, the cervix will relax with the rest, and thus the ordeal of birth can be eased.

Unluckily, a lot of things make it pretty hard for a woman to just take it easy and let labor run its course. There are the old wives' tales, the talk about descending into the valley of death, the atmosphere of terror, which surround childbirth. There is the hospital atmosphere, the hospital odor, the glimpses of sheeted figures being wheeled along the corridors. There are the grimly cheerless labor rooms, and the faces of strangers peering over the guardrail—kindly faces, maybe, but nevertheless strange ones. There is the lurking thought that something, after all, may go seriously wrong. There are the pains that are certainly going to get a lot worse before they grow better. There are the labors that go on for ten, twenty, thirty hours.

So far as I can see, and I've seen it, the only relaxing elements in this routine are the shot in the arm and the few capsules they give a patient to swallow.

That's where the expectant father comes in—or should come in. His wife, no matter how "medicated," will see and recognize him as a familiar, reassuring face in an otherwise alarmingly alien place. She'll see him as a guy who's going to be right there all the time, and not just as a genie of the press-button device.

A man doesn't need to be a miracle worker to play his role to perfection. He merely needs to be there. Period. Instead of wearing out the carpet of the lounge on the floor below, he is simply required to pull up a chair to his wife's bedside.

The more I think about this, the more I'm astonished that any man who can reach the hospital on his own two feet should be expected, as a matter of custom, to sweat it out in a waiting room. Once in a while, as an exception—yes. I can see how an hysterical man, or a demanding one who wants the entire staff to drop everything except his wife's labor, might be ushered outside. On a crowded day, when two women are obliged to share a labor room, certainly the presence of the husband of one might be deemed a violation of the other's privacy. But normally—no, I just don't get it. *How* did this comic-cartoon expectant father, biting his nails in the men's lounge, get his start, anyway? How can so many hospitals effectively exclude men from any participation in the birth of their babies?

"I wish you came with all my cases."

No—on second thought, I'm not flattered. I'm puzzled. I've picked up Grantly Dick Read's book and found "husband, influence of," indexed six times. Dr. Read recognizes the fact that husbands may communicate their anxiety to the mother-to-be and arouse her fears. But why should doctors and hospitals look upon the average man whose average wife is having an average baby as a worthless outsider at best, and a nuisance at worst? Why should it be thought exceptional if a man stays with his wife at such a time, and once in a while offers an encouraging word? We men manage to meet life's other emergencies, don't we? We do it every day in the year—every day *except* our children's birth days.

Men, they've got us buffaloed. We've let custom slam the door in our faces so long that we've come to believe that there's something appalling and unfaceable in the obstetrics department. There isn't. There's nothing that our parents didn't face together and work out together, as a matter of course. There's nothing beyond the door except our wives, and we'd be in there fast enough if they'd got hurt in automobile accidents. It's about time for all husbands—the whole crowd in the waiting lounge—to grab hatchets and chop through the partition. ##

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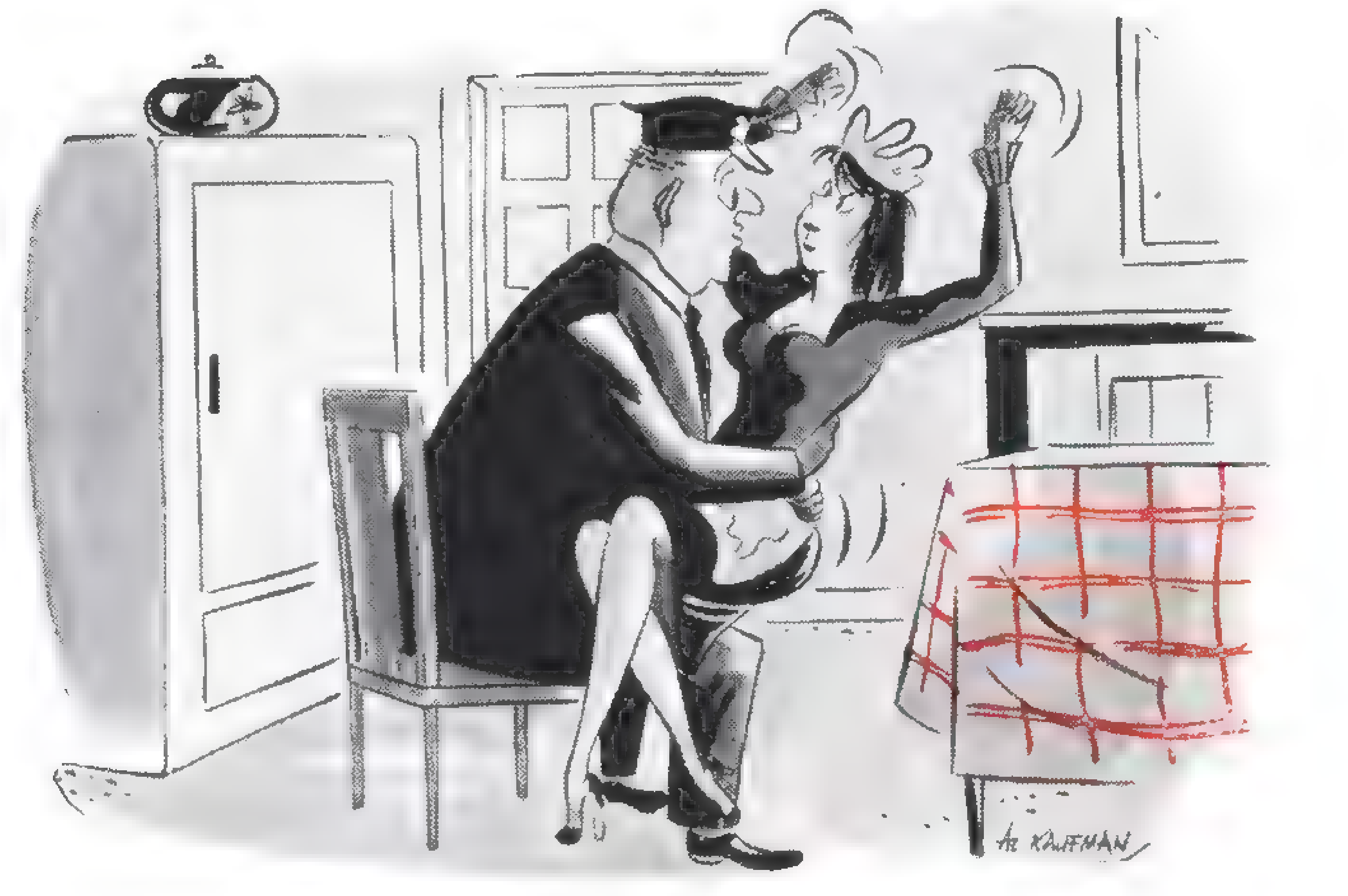

"I've heard of the long arm of the law!"

The Pink Hibiscus

Continued from page 53

tunate. What a matchless island this is!"

Father Hendrik turned his head and gave me a fleeting look. "Matchless?" he said, pausing a moment and staring down the path where the memory of the bronze men and girls hung like scent on the air. "This place is impossible!"

His voice was low. And in his eyes I recognized the unmistakable turbulence of Fear . . .

The following days passed swiftly enough. I stayed at the mission with Father Hendrik, who turned out to be a charming man, exceedingly well-mannered and educated. In the daytime, I saw little of him, for I spent most of my time on inspection trips to the villages. From a professional viewpoint, the island was a revelation to me. Never in my career as a doctor had I encountered a race of people more perfectly proportioned, more radiantly healthy.

Yet, strangely, it was always when I was busy inspecting these long lines of choice human specimens, listening to the strong flow of blood through their hearts, testing the reflexes in those magnificent limbs, touching the silky skin of the women and marveling at the firmness of the flesh underneath, that suddenly before my mind would come the look of fear I had glimpsed in Father Hendrik's eyes, that first morning. Then, on the way back to the mission through the hush of early evening, I sometimes tried to put myself in his place: a young, lonely man preaching the domination of the soul over all things of the flesh in the heart of an island that throbbed with life where the very air was alive with the scent of orchids, the smell of ripe fruit, the vision of half-clad girls swaying along a jungle trail with flowers in their hair.

In the evenings we usually sat talking, often into the small hours of the night. Father Hendrik clung to my company with something close to desperation. From time to time he would fall into long spells of morose silence, then suddenly start talking again, quickly, about anything at all. But never did we talk about his work, or touch upon the island and its inhabitants. Instead, Father Hendrik directed the conversation as if he were trying to build around his mind a wall of cold, solid fact to protect himself from some nameless danger that poisoned the silence.

One evening, while he sat brooding in front of the window, I noticed a curious thing. I had been covertly watching him, as usual fascinated by the contradictions in his handsome face, the clash between the sensitive mouth and the stern eyes above it. Looking casually outside, where the sky still glowed like the inside of a shell, my glance came to rest on the tiny church, squatting timidly before the menace of the jungle beyond. The corrugated-iron roof caught the late light in ripples, and the crude cross was silhouetted against a wisp of mauve cloud.

The jungle, struggling to regain lost territory, all but enveloped the frail little structure. Its advance forces, the lianae, already had grabbed the roof and were feeling their way towards the cross, stealthily, persistently.

At that moment, Father Hendrik ceased to be a mystery to me. I watched him, wondering how far the jungle can encroach on the soul of Man itself . . .

I didn't have to wait long to find out. The next evening, as I was watching the sunset over the distant sea, Father Hendrik said, "The moon will be full tonight." And then, after a slight hesitation: "If you would like to see something . . . er . . . interesting, I will take you to the lake. That is, if you wish."

I was puzzled, for in all the days that I had been on the island I had never heard a word spoken about a lake. Also, of course, it was difficult to grasp what the moon had to do with our going there. But I asked no questions.

We set out almost immediately, along a narrow trail that had escaped my attention. Father Hendrik carried a hand lamp, for the dying day failed to penetrate the blackness of the forest. Around us the jungle caught the beam in weird patterns. Now there were dark cavities from which a single liana curved like a man's arm, then with a frightening jump it all changed and for a split second sickly green faces peered at us from all around, sinking back silently as the wavering light passed on. Then other phantasma followed—bony fingers clawing at our feet, trunks like headless statues, scraggy arms reaching through the leaves.

Abruptly, the trail ended and we were standing on a little clearing. Before us stretched the lake like a black mirror, almost circular in shape, six hundred feet across. The shore curved around it like a smooth wall, some ten feet high, except for a narrow beach to our left, which ran startlingly white to the water's edge.

Save for this short strip, wedged between the towering forest and the lake, the jungle all around pressed forward, and its onslaught was halted only by the motionless water. And suddenly I knew what filled me with apprehension.

It was the silence.

Not a leaf trembled, not a cricket chirped, not a ripple touched the surface of the lake. Elsewhere in the jungle the silence was vibrant, punctuated by the scurrying of a startled animal, the raucous call of a toucan, or even the tremor of a single twig—the silence of Life struggling in secret. But here it was stale. It rose from the lake and seemed to hang upon

Continued on page 154

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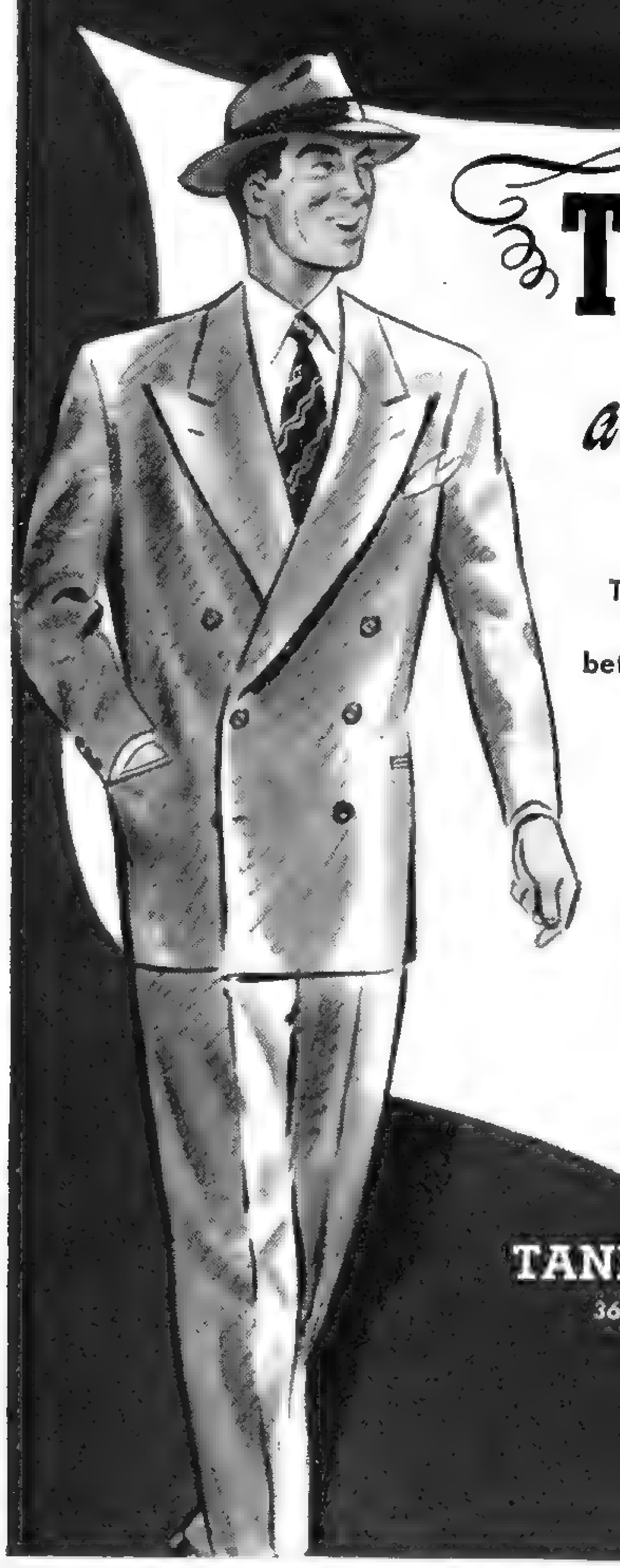

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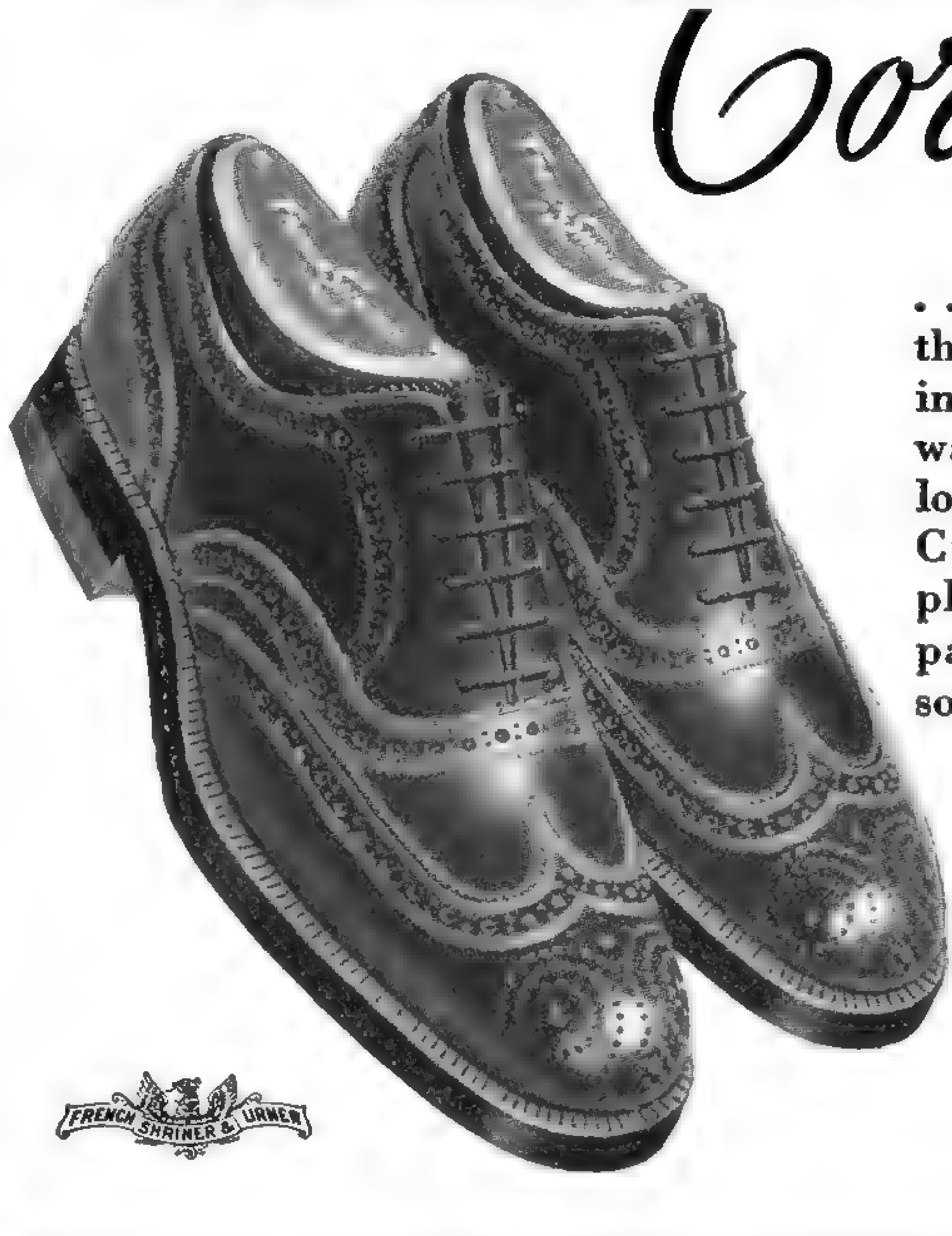

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The Pink Hibiscus

Continued from page 153

the air like a dusty smell. It was, I thought, the silence of Death.

"What's the matter with this place?" I asked Father Hendrik. I found myself whispering.

"Don't you recognize it?" he answered. "It's a crater lake. Poisonous fumes rise from its depths, killing everything within reach. It's a deathtrap." He paused, then added brusquely: "But of course to these God-forsaken heathens it . . ."

He broke off abruptly. There had been such sudden vehemence in his voice that I felt a shiver run down my back.

"It . . . what?"

He merely shrugged his shoulders. "Just wait," he said.

We waited. Night fell. Behind us, Gunong Merapi held its head high against the sky. While I was watching, a glow rose to crown it with a halo of gold. Then, suddenly, the moon came over its summit, startlingly large and yellow.

At that moment, a single tom-tom sent its clear dry beat across the jungle. The sound was taken up, almost immediately, by three or four others—some far, some nearer, yet all strangely deceptive in direction and distance. Then more joined in, near and far, and within a minute of the first call, the night was throbbing with sound, ebbing and rising over the forests and the hills, and up to the silent moon.

Father Hendrik was standing at the edge of the cliff, peering through a pair of binoculars. I followed their direction: on the little beach close to our left, fires were being lit and dark figures moved busily about. Someone tapped out a few tentative notes on the gong of a gamelan, each note like a bubble floating across the water and bursting against the crystal night.

Soon the fires were burning brightly, and the lake caught the glow in a golden shimmer. The beach was crowded now, and as the little gongs struck up a melody, it was immediately taken up by voices—a monotonous chant that came to us wrapped in the smoky smell of the fires. It was a scene of almost gay activity, yet somehow smothered beneath the diffident silence of the jungle through which the tom-toms throbbed unseen, incessantly.

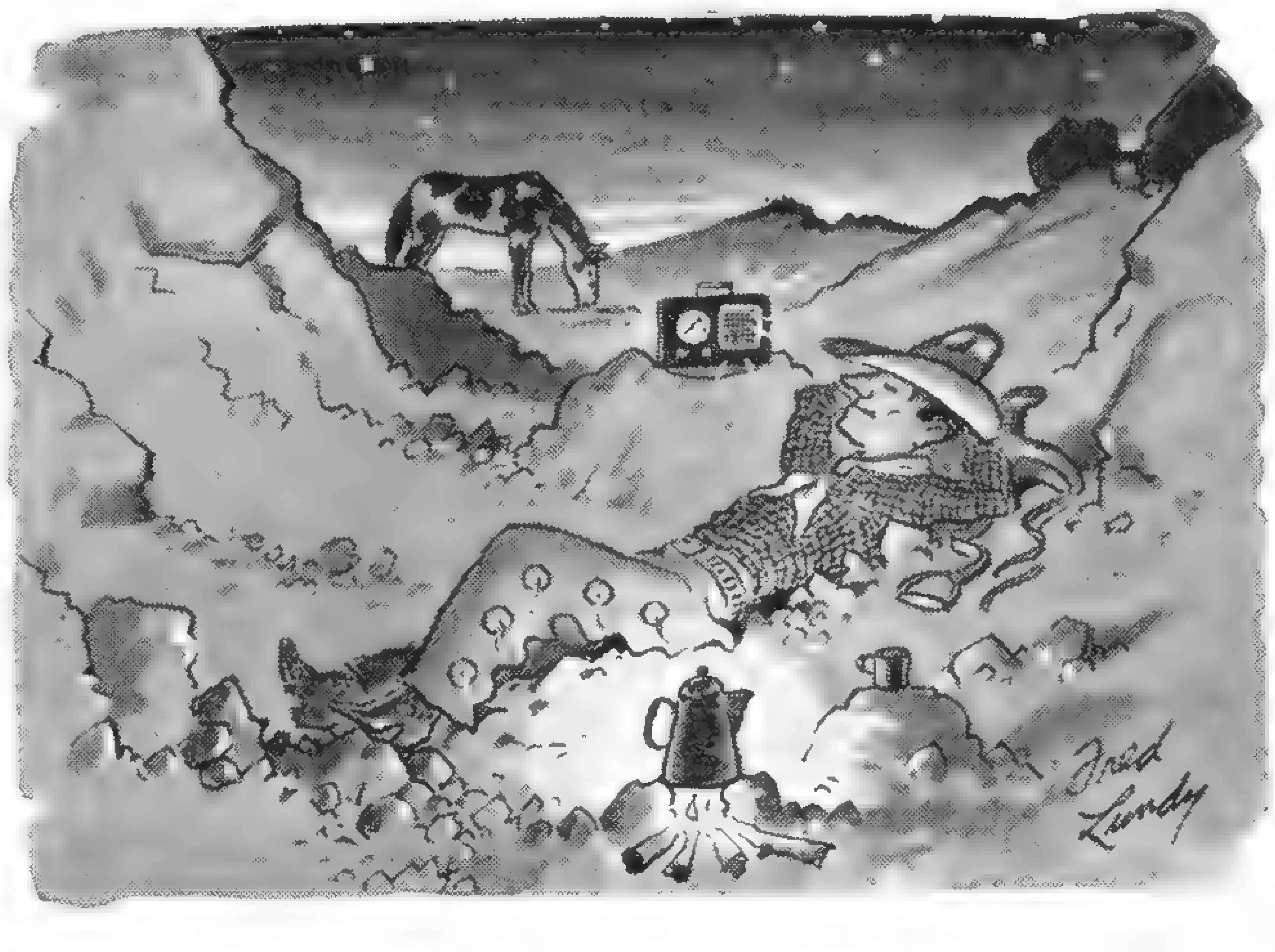
"There she is!" suddenly Father Hendrik exclaimed. A tremor in his voice made me look up at him sharply. After a while, he handed me the binoculars, which brought the beach so close it seemed I could have touched the faces around the fires. Two men had stepped from the forest, carrying something on their shoulders. It appeared to be a small platform lavishly decorated with large pink flowers—a platform like that used in native weddings to bear the bride. When they entered the circle of light, I saw that it held a statue, the lifelike image of a girl.

As far as I could make out through the lenses, the figure was carved from an unusual kind of marble. Yet in this cold stone was caught all the mystery of womanhood, and its very stillness enhanced the impression that here was the pure essence of femininity, distilled from every female instinct that simmered on this throbbing island.

She was quite naked, a deep, glowing mahogany-brown. The lines of her body held all the beauty and sultry fragrance of the jungle at high noon. The light of the fires timidly touched the darknesses beneath her arms, which were folded behind the small head. The tilt of her chin was at once commanding and provocative. She sat amongst the pink hibiscus flowers with the lightness of an elf, and as I watched the shadows play across her limbs, I could almost have believed her alive.

"Who is she?" I whispered.

"They call her Casmira, The Promised One," Father Hendrik answered. There was scorn in his voice, and ridicule. "These heathens believe that she's a goddess whose soul lives in the depths of this lake. They believe that one day she will choose a mate from



"—now don't forget! The name once more is Kumfee—that's K-u-m-f-e-e—Kumfee Mattress"

those who vie for her, and they believe that she will indicate her choice on a night when the moon is full, by guiding her man safely across this deathtrap."

"Do you mean to say . . . ?" I started, aghast.

"Just watch," interrupted Father Hendrik calmly.

The two young men had placed their burden on a structure in the center of the beach, bowing reverently as they backed away. They stepped from the ring of people and quickly slipped out of their loincloths. Then, without haste, they waded out into the poisonous water that rose black around their limbs.

"They'll never make it," Father Hendrik went on, disdainfully. "Why, these natives are poor swimmers, all of them. I've watched them here every full moon. They never get there. You've got to be fast to swim this lake. It takes a different kind of man to do it. I should know—I used to captain our swimming team in college." The casualness with which he spoke appalled me.

"I don't understand!" I gasped. "Do you mean to say that just for the honor of being chosen by this . . . this . . . ?"

"Oh, no," Father Hendrik interrupted again. "Not just for the honor. Nothing like that." His tone was so sarcastic that I felt slow rage welling up inside me. "Flesh and blood, my dear sir. They believe that to the man of her choice, and to him alone, Casmira will reveal herself as a woman, in no way different from other women. Except—" and here his voice lowered— "except for the beauty of that body, the eternal youth and mystery of that face. Just look at her. Just imagine it for a moment." He bent close toward me. I could feel his breath on my cheek. "Imagine it!" he whispered hoarsely.

But I couldn't tear my eyes away from the two men swimming out into the blackness below, courageously facing almost certain death for their belief in some foolish superstition. They stirred the water into ripples of gold that ran toward the near shore. Then one slid silently under the surface and the lake closed over him with black finality. The horror of the moment drove my rage into the open.

"It's your business to stop this!" I almost shouted. "It's your job to kill these superstitions!"

Father Hendrik didn't answer. For a few seconds we stood face to face; then my anger slipped away. In a fleeting instant I had recognized the core of his scorn, the frustration, the fear, the bitterness toward the island and the jungle that were outlasting him in his desperate fight. "I'm sorry," I said.

I turned back to the lake. The moon was standing high above it now, and left no reflection. So black was the water that it seemed a polished sheet of glass. But in the center of it something still moved, and on the beach the music grew louder and faster.

The man swam in slow, unhurried strokes. Around him rings of oily ripples caught the silver of the moon. He had passed the center now, and all the time the music increased its pitch. Across the jungle, far and near, the tom-toms caught its fever until the night pulsated with their fury. Steadily the man swam on.

I was standing on my toes on the very edge of the cliff. I wanted to yell, cheer him on, show him that we were with him, no matter what his motives. The music, the tom-toms, the very jungle were in pandemonium. He had only fifty more yards to go, then forty, then thirty. The water rippled in shiny circles that already touched the far shore.

Suddenly the movement ceased, the ripples died away, and once again the lake lay motionless, black under the full moon.

The music broke off abruptly. One by one the tom-toms faltered and stopped. Silence descended.

The next moment I stood petrified with horror. At first my senses refused to recognize the sound: Father Hendrik was laughing! He was laughing out loud, while on the beach the people quietly scattered the fires and carried the little pink platform away into the forest, to await another moon. Over the black lake his laughter rolled and bounced off the shores and rolled back again, hollow and triumphant, yet lost in the jungle's vast indifference.

"I told you he would never make it!" he called out when I turned towards him, outraged. There was relief in his voice, and other things I failed to define. "No native will ever lay hands on her. It takes a different kind of man to swim this lake. A different kind of man!"

"She is beautiful, isn't she?" a voice said behind me. Old man Welker stood watching me with a slight smile on his lips.

"I'm sorry," I said with a start. "What must you think of me, standing here daydreaming? But, you see, I once saw a statue just like this one, and . . ."

"Forgive me," old man Welker interrupted. I noticed that he spoke with a slight accent. "Forgive me, but Oriental art has been my life's work. There *is* no other statue just like this one, not even faintly like it." He smiled with affection at the graceful figure, and his bright blue eyes shone. "She's quite unique, my Casmira. That's what I call her. Silly, isn't it?"

The sun slanted through the hibiscus tree and its rays caressed a smooth brown shoulder. Under her canopy of pink, the girl sat with the lightness of an elf, as if at any moment she might have moved her proud little head that held all the mystery of the East.

On the pond, incongruous in the well-kept garden, a pink flower floated, as if dropped from a hasty hand. ⧺ *Continued from page 53*

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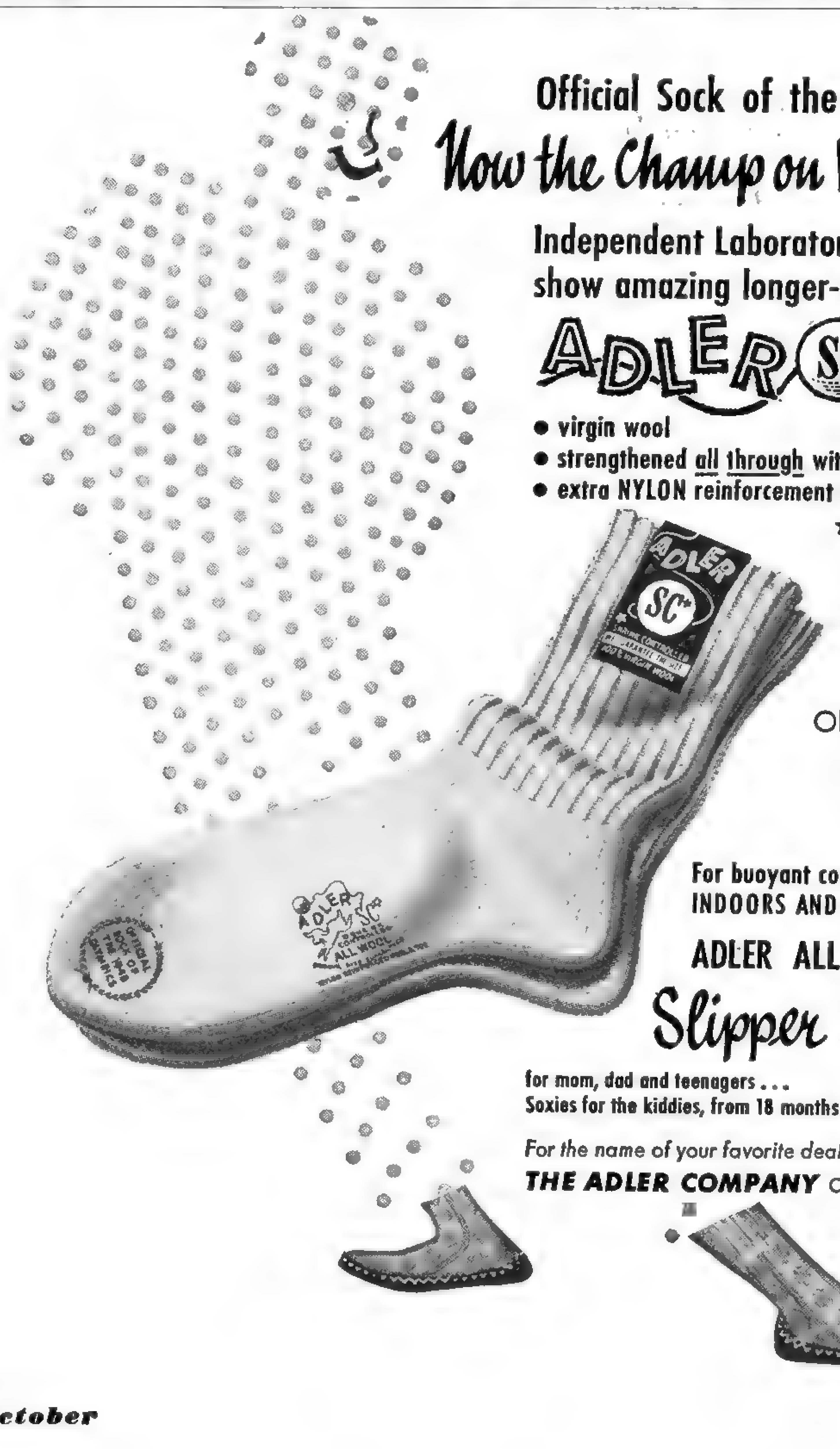

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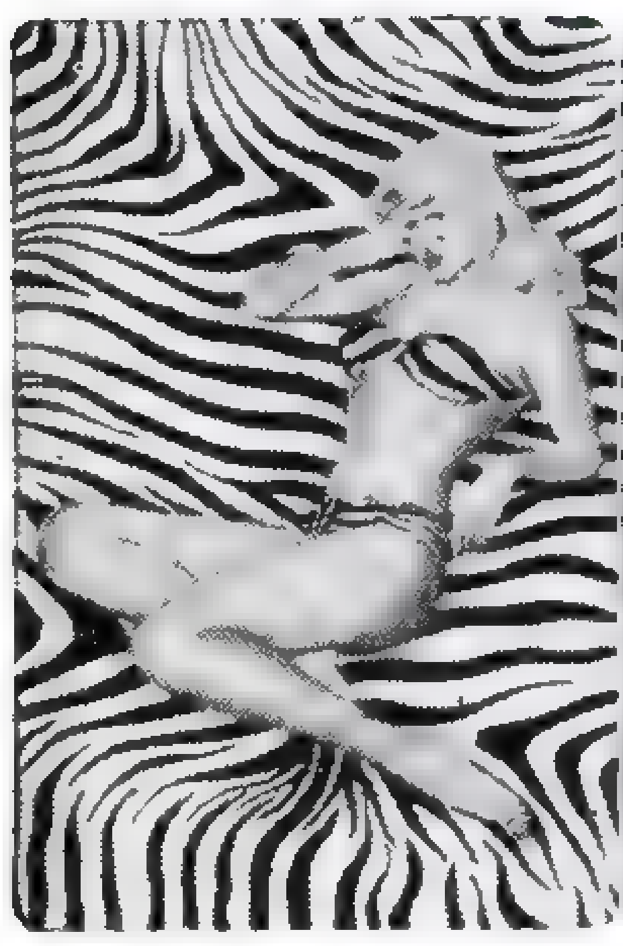

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The Magnificent Marshall

Continued from page 83

bug bit George at an early age, and, after some time as a stock player, he ended up as a theatre manager, operating several theatres in Baltimore and Washington. His father died during World War I, and when George got out of the Army, he found himself saddled with a tiny Washington establishment called "The Palace Laundry."

The word "Palace" gave him ideas. Putting aside his interest in the theatre, he concentrated on making his father's business fit its name. Soon the one-story laundry mushroomed into city-wide branches, under the kingly slogan, "Long Live Linen." Palace laundry colors were royal purple and gold. The clerks wore purple and gold uniforms. The drivers wore purple and gold uniforms. Their delivery wagons were painted purple and gold. The store fronts were purple and gold. Each store window contained nothing but a purple vase and a yellow chrysanthemum, illuminated by a single white spotlight. It was rumored at the time that Marshall wore purple and gold underwear, but this was never proved. By the time he sold out to his long-time manager—in 1946—the Palace Laundry had blossomed into fifty-seven stores and branches and had made Marshall a reasonably wealthy man.

As owner of the laundry, he sponsored several amateur basketball and football teams. In 1932, he learned that a franchise was available in the National Football League and that Boston was ripe for a team. Marshall, always a sports fan, rounded up other backers, bought a franchise, and started the team that was then known as the Boston Braves. He changed the name to Redskins the following year and kept the title when he moved the franchise to Washington in 1937.

Marshall has been criticized for many things, but pro football owes him much. It was Marshall, along with his old friendly enemy, George Halas, who talked the league into liberalizing forward-pass rules back in 1933. Marshall and Halas argued that the way to attract customers was to open up the game. They were right.

Marshall also was the first club owner to insist on uniform playing-dress. His Redskins had new uniforms and equipment every year. He ordered shoes and helmets kept shined. It was showmanship; but such showmanship is taken for granted in football today.

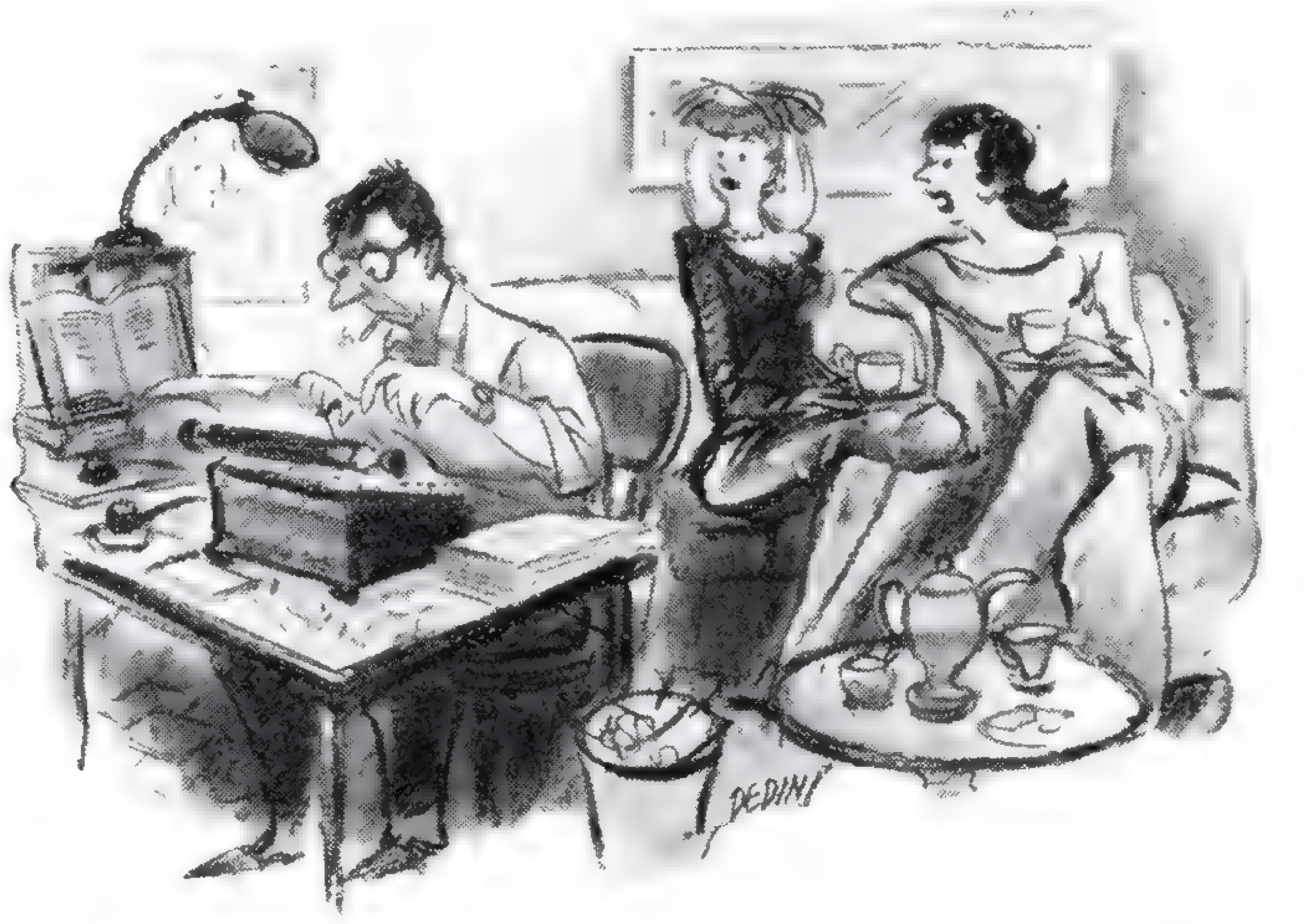
The criticism that he is often subject to stems partly from his own volatile personality. He often seems to speak without thinking.

Marshall also has been accused of trying to interfere with his coaches. For years, sportswriters have been poking fun at him for allegedly having a telephone connected from his box to the bench. It is said that he insists on dictating not only the plays but even substitutions.

Actually, Marshall does have a phone in his box, but it's connected with the press box, ticket office, and bandstand. Only one year was it ever connected with the bench. That was in 1945. Advisory Coach Clark Shaughnessy and Head Coach Dud De Groot didn't get along. Shaughnessy would recommend one play from his observation post atop the stadium roof; De Groot would disagree. Marshall still insists that he connected his own phone to the bench in order to settle the weekly arguments.

Albert "Turk" Edwards, who has been with the Redskins as player, coach, and club official since 1932, is one of those who vehemently deny that Marshall rushes in where owners aren't supposed to tread. "Hell," says the outspoken Turk, "he owns the club, doesn't he? He hates to lose, and when we do, he'll ask why, how, and what can be done to keep it from happening again. It's natural for him to take a tremendous interest in the team and I wouldn't call *that* interference."

Turk is living proof that another criticism of Marshall may



"The great American novel was too much for him. Now he's working on the great Rhode Island novel"

be offside—namely, that his own players dislike him. Some of them undoubtedly *do* dislike him. On the other hand, some of his stars have stayed with him for years—Edwards and Wilbur Moore, who are now Redskin coaches, Dick Todd and Ki Aldrich, who recently retired, and Sammy Baugh, to name only a few.

Between the taciturn Texan, Sammy Baugh, and his explosive boss exists one of football's finest friendships. Marshall's prized possession is a piece of sculpture that rests on his desk—a clay reproduction of Baugh's right hand. Marshall is openly proud of Baugh's loyalty to the 'skins and his long stretch in the NFL (the 1949 season is Baugh's thirteenth with the Redskins). He once introduced Baugh at a dinner as "the only man in the room who's older than I am."

Another anti-Marshall comment is that he's too careful with a buck—the most polite observation being that he makes Jack Benny look like a spendthrift. It's true, for example, that the Redskins have the smallest pass list in the National League. But Marshall supporters, and there are many, point out that no club plays more charity games than the Redskins.

Marshall, in person, looks like an elderly football player himself. He's six-foot-two, slim-waisted, and broad-shouldered, and only his slate-grey hair shows his age. He appears in better shape than some of his heftier linemen. Perhaps it's his hard work that keeps him young. Since selling his lucrative laundry, he's made the Redskins a full-time job, and he really puts in the hours. No one has ever written him a letter without getting a personal answer. That includes fans who lambaste him for the most recent Redskin loss and ten-year-old kids who ask for information about their favorite players, as well as for autographed pictures of them. One youngster who expressed his disappointment over the 'skins failure to sign his favorite college star got a long, friendly letter of explanation.

The "chief" has two pet hatreds—he'll crucify a player or anyone else he catches lying to him, and he won't be bullied. When you threaten Marshall, you're in for trouble. Much of his famed anger, however, is about as lasting as uneaten ice cream in a hot room. He once called a press association to deny a statement that one of his players allegedly had made in an interview. The wire service editor who took Marshall's call was interrupted by another call from a client newspaper that wanted more information on the interview. The harassed editor asked Marshall to wait a minute and began talking to the client. The phone holding the Marshall call was open on the desk, and Marshall could hear everything that was being said on the other line.

"I wish you'd call me back in ten minutes," the editor finally remarked, when the client newspaper continued to ask questions about the interview. Then he explained, "I've got Marshall on the other phone and he's screaming his damned head off!"

The client expressed both sympathy and understanding and hung up. The editor picked up the first phone in time to hear Marshall screaming, "I'm *not* screaming my damned head off!"

But the next day, G. P. told the story in detail to everyone who came into his office. He thought it was funny—after he had had time to gather in his temper.

Strangely enough, players who have known him for years say he's calmest after the Redskins have taken a walloping. When the timer's gun ended that 73-0 debacle, some press-box wag commented, "Marshall just shot himself." Actually Marshall did little ranting and raving and surprised everyone by refusing to fire his head coach.

Last season, two days after the Philadelphia Eagles had mauled the 'skins 45-0, Marshall showed up at practice and spoke to a subdued squad that expected fireworks. But Marshall talked quietly. He talked about the team's obligation to the fans. He explained that the Redskins were more than just a football team supposed to show a profit each year. He spoke of the fans who wanted a fighting team, if not an ever-victorious one. The Redskins won their next four games in a row.

This business of fighting spirit isn't a dish of corn to George Preston Marshall. He believes that in modern football, both professional and college, teams usually are evenly matched in material and coaching. "The deciding factor," he will tell you, "is mental attitude—spirit, will-to-win, or guts, I don't care what you call it."

That's why Marshall hired his new head coach, former Navy mentor John Whelchel. He signed the admiral without even bothering to look up his coaching record. For, as he puts it, "Navy teams have always been fighters, and I figured that a Navy coach can do the same thing with the Redskins."

Only a sentimental guy like George Preston Marshall would gamble on this long-shot possibility—installing that intangible something called "Navy spirit" into a bunch of hardened pros. But that's the kind of unpredictable person G.P. is. His wife expressed it best in the dedication of her book, *My Life with the Redskins* (which, incidentally, turned up in one of the libraries in Los Angeles under the section labeled "Racial").

"Any resemblance," wrote Mrs. Marshall, "of the characters in this book to those same characters in real life is not a coincidence. I love characters—it seems I married one." ///

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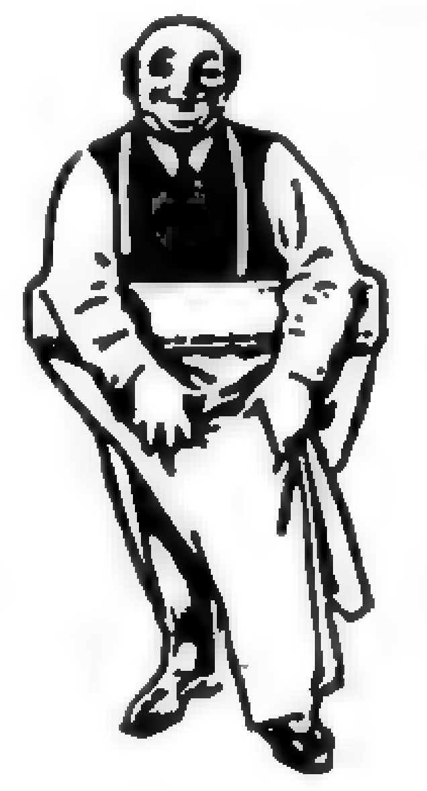

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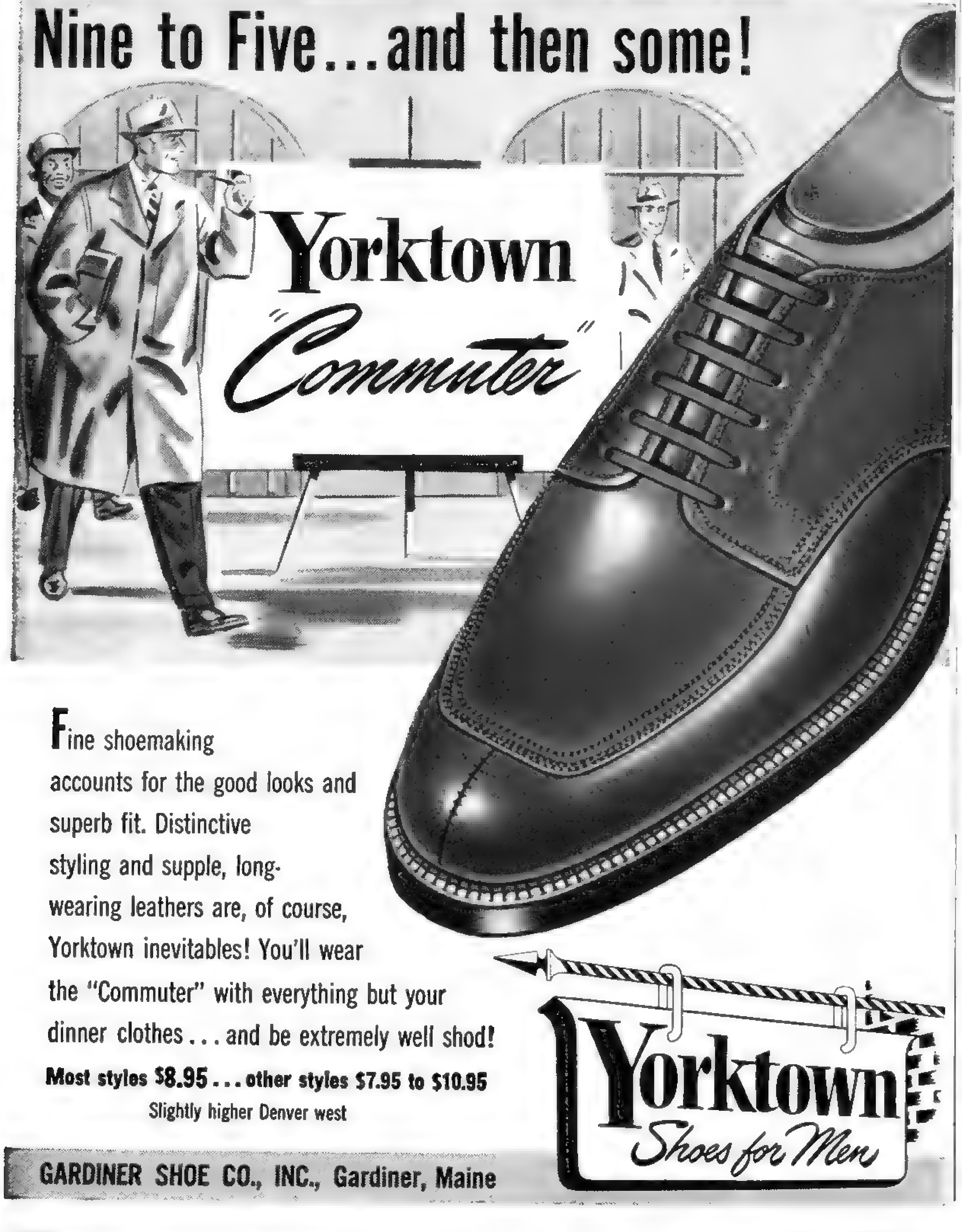

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Merry-Go-Round

Continued from page 60

little business with you."

"Go right ahead," said Joe.

"Well, I recently picked up two hundred and fifty thousand surplus hospital-bed frames," said Markos. "There's a shortage of bathroom fixtures, and I figured I could convert these frames here in about six months. Your option would give us plenty of time."

"Us?" said Joe.

"It'd have to be on a partnership basis, of course," said Markos. "The little cash I've got we'd need for operating expenses."

"I don't know a thing about business," said Joe. "Cash is all I'm interested in."

"Like I told you, ready money is strictly limited with me." Jake scratched his head thoughtfully. "But maybe we can work something out. I might try to talk my brother into putting up the dough. He's in the produce business, but he takes a flyer in other things now and then. Let's go up to Frank's place and see what he says."

Frank Markos owned a large grocery-and-vegetable market. He listened with interest to the details of Jake's problem.

"The thing is this," said Frank. "After the bills for the expansion of the market are paid off, I wouldn't have any fourteen thousand bucks to buy up an option with. Tell you what though, here's something that's just as good as cash." Going to his safe, Frank brought out a legal document.

"Stocks?" said Joe warily.

"No siree," said Frank. "It's the franchise for the Redsox Murderers. That's the eighth team in the local professional football circuit. It represents some paper I was holding on a New York firm—it stood me twenty-five thousand, to be exact."

"What makes you so anxious to get rid of it?" said Joe.

"I'm not anxious. I'd like to help my brother out, that's all."

"Twenty-five thousand you say this thing cost?" said Joe.

"That's right."

It took a considerable number of words to explain it to Helene. "I think you're crazy," she said.

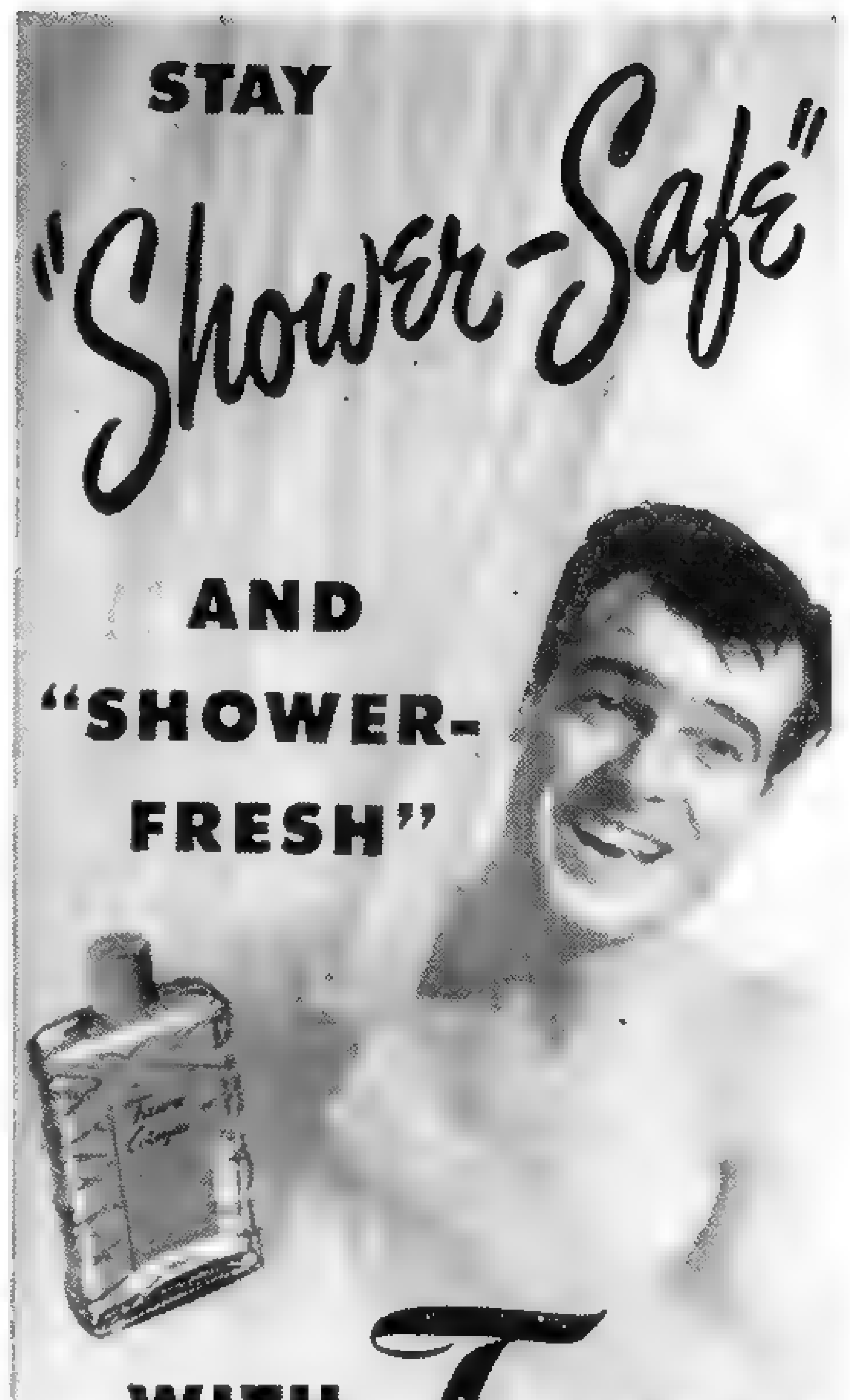
"Could be," Joe admitted. "But, on the other hand, since when did we ever own a twenty-five-thousand-dollar football franchise before? Here I am, minding my own business, when a guy comes in and decides I got a typewriter he wants. A week later, and I own the Redsox Murderers. Now I know how fortunes are made. Once I turn this franchise into cash, that sixty-five a week at the A-1 Garage will look like peanuts."

"I'd rather you didn't talk about peanuts," said Helene. "It brings back memories."

Joe threw up his hands. "So that's the encouragement I get!"

"Ever since you started this thing, I haven't seen you for fifteen straight minutes."

"Look, Honey," said Joe. "The day I get my mitts on some real creasin' money, we'll go out and



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"Mink isn't always what a girl wants," said Helene. "Especially in the spring."

The phone rang. "I'll get it," said Joe.

"This is the Gishington Realty Corporation," said the voice. "Sam Makelson. I understand you've taken possession of the Redsox Murderers franchise, Mr. Kenelly. Correct?"

Joe signaled to Helene with an emphatic nod of his head. "That's right."

"We're very much interested," said the voice. "I wonder if you could stop off around six tomorrow evening for a little talk, Mr. Kenelly."

"Okay," said Joe. Hanging up the phone, he turned to Helene. "Well, I guess this is it, Honey. I've already got a bite."

"The best thing for a bite is a little rubbing alcohol."

"Aw, Honey! Now don't be like that."

"It looks like your job is beginning to interfere with your career," said Helene.

"You'll talk different when I buy you this mink overcoat."

Mr. Makelson was a brisk-looking man who seemed born to wear suits that cost a great deal of money. "Let's get right down to cases," he said. "The Gishington Realty Corporation is in a rather delicate position. We've got close to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars tied up in a new football stadium, and it looks like it's going to be some time before we get it completed. Steel is what's holding us up. Meanwhile, we've had an offer from a syndicate for the half-completed property, and we're strongly inclined to sell."

"I'm a busy guy," said Joe.

"Naturally," said Mr. Makelson. "And I'll waste as little of your time as possible. The syndicate has made transfer of the Redsox Murderers franchise a condition of sale. Without it, they have no use for the stadium."

"The franchise is worth twenty-five thousand smackers," said Joe.

"I know. And to clinch our deal with the syndicate, we have to buy it. We'd be delighted to write you a check in the full amount. But, with close to a hundred and fifty thousand in cash tied up, we are forced to think in somewhat different terms."

"For instance?" said Joe.

"Well, in the position Gishington finds itself, we are unable to offer you cash for your franchise. We are, however, prepared to turn over property in considerable excess of the face value of the franchise."

"What property?"

"The Bandbox Theatre."

"The *Bandbox*!" Joe exclaimed. "Why that dump has been closed for two years. It's falling apart."

"We're quite conversant with the condition of the Bandbox," said Makelson, stiffly. "It's present assessed valuation, however, is sixty thousand dollars. Sixty thousand dollars in real property is nothing to sneer at. Think it over, Mr. Kenelly."

"It's a funny thing," Joe told Helene later. "Here I come home with a sixty-thousand-dollar theatre, and you complain."

"Let me tell you something, Joe," said Helene. "Maybe you don't know it, but we're broke. The little money we had in the bank is completely gone."

"Can I help it if these lawyers' fees add up?" said Joe. "A guy is smart and acts careful by having an attorney look after his interests, and all you can think of to say is we're broke. So what's a few measly bucks to somebody that owns a theatre?"

"Personally," said Helene, "I wouldn't tell anyone I cared about that we owned the Bandbox."

"Honest," said Joe, "a guy has to use more salesmanship on his wife than he does on all the rest of the world put together."

Sometime later, Joe was under a truck at the A-1 Garage, trying to drop the pan without drowning himself in oil, when Al Simmonds said, "Telegram for you, Joe!"

Joe pushed himself out on the wooden dolly, wiped his grease-soaked hands on a piece of waste, and took the telegram. It read:

> AM ADVISED YOU HAVE ACQUIRED CONTROL BANDBOX THEATRE STOP WOULD LIKE TO DISCUSS IDEA FOR REACTIVATING STOP AM DROPPING OUT ON AFTERNOON TRAIN TOMORROW HOPE WE CAN ARRANGE MEETING
>
> GERALD SWEETING

They met the following evening in the Mauve Room of the Merchants Hotel. Sweeting, who was a soothing sort of man with a babylike face, ordered an expensive dinner. "Just call me Sweetie," he told Joe. "It's a byword in show business." Joe for the moment was preoccupied with a pickled artichoke. "I've probably got more artists under contract than any other agent in show business. That's why I think you'll be interested in this plan of mine."

"What plan?" said Joe.

"To revive vaudeville," said Sweetie. "The way I see it, the Bandbox is located in a typical suburban community. We set up a first-class nine-act revue-type production, using the Bandbox as a sort of showcase. We find out what the yokels like, then open a twenty-six-week circuit. The public's ready for it, believe me. Give us a couple of years to expand, and I'll be another Albee and you'll be another Keith."

"Have you seen the Bandbox?" said Joe. "It needs a little fixing."

"Leave it to me," said Sweetie. "Half a dozen theatre contractors I know will jump at the chance of doing the job."

"Who'll put up the money to pay these contractors?" asked Joe.

"Money," said Sweetie, as though Joe had committed a vulgarism. "Suppose we let the brokers worry about that."

Sweetie made the arrangements

Continued on page 160

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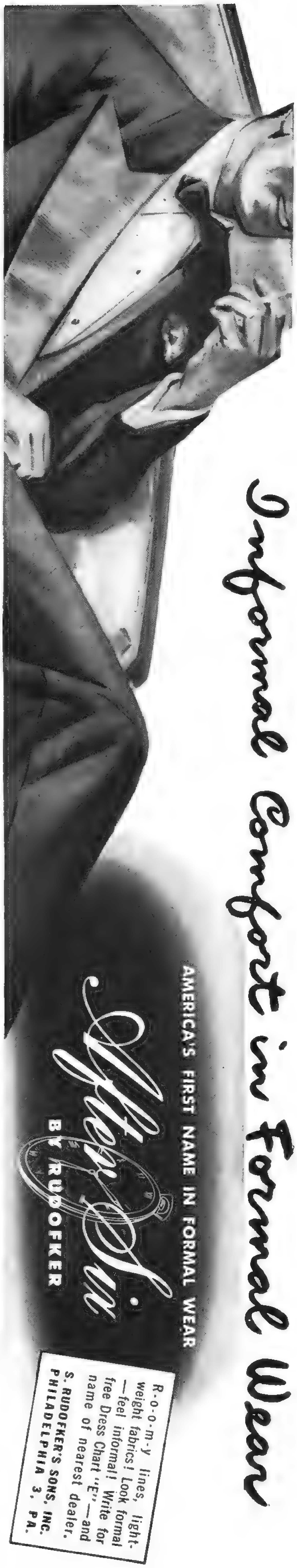
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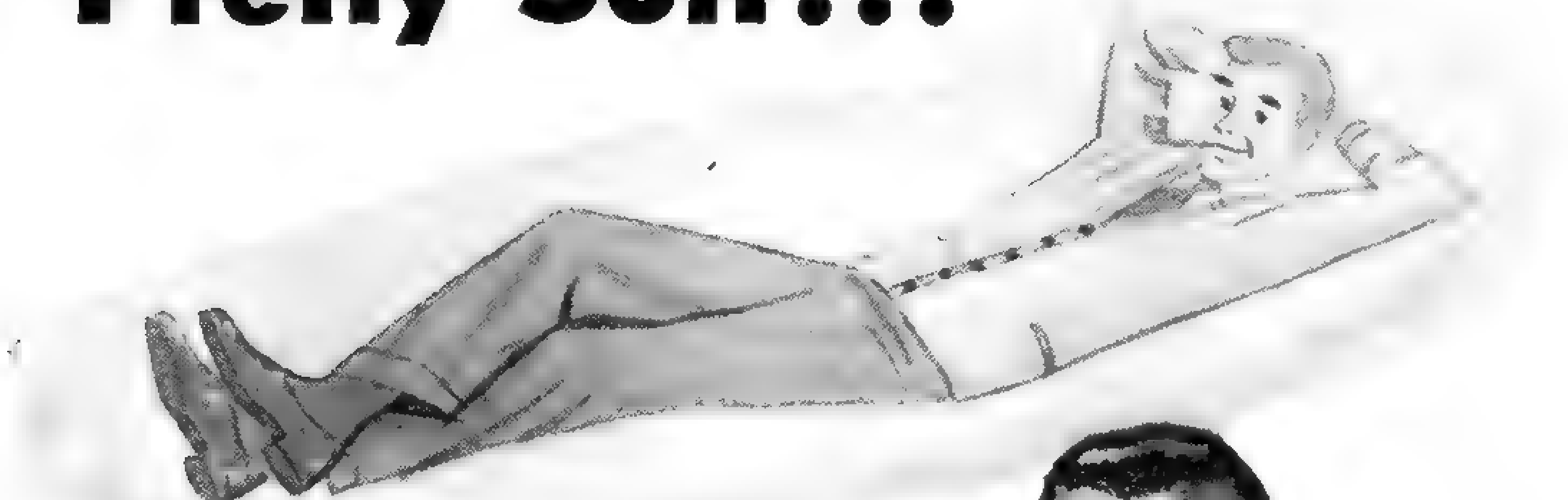

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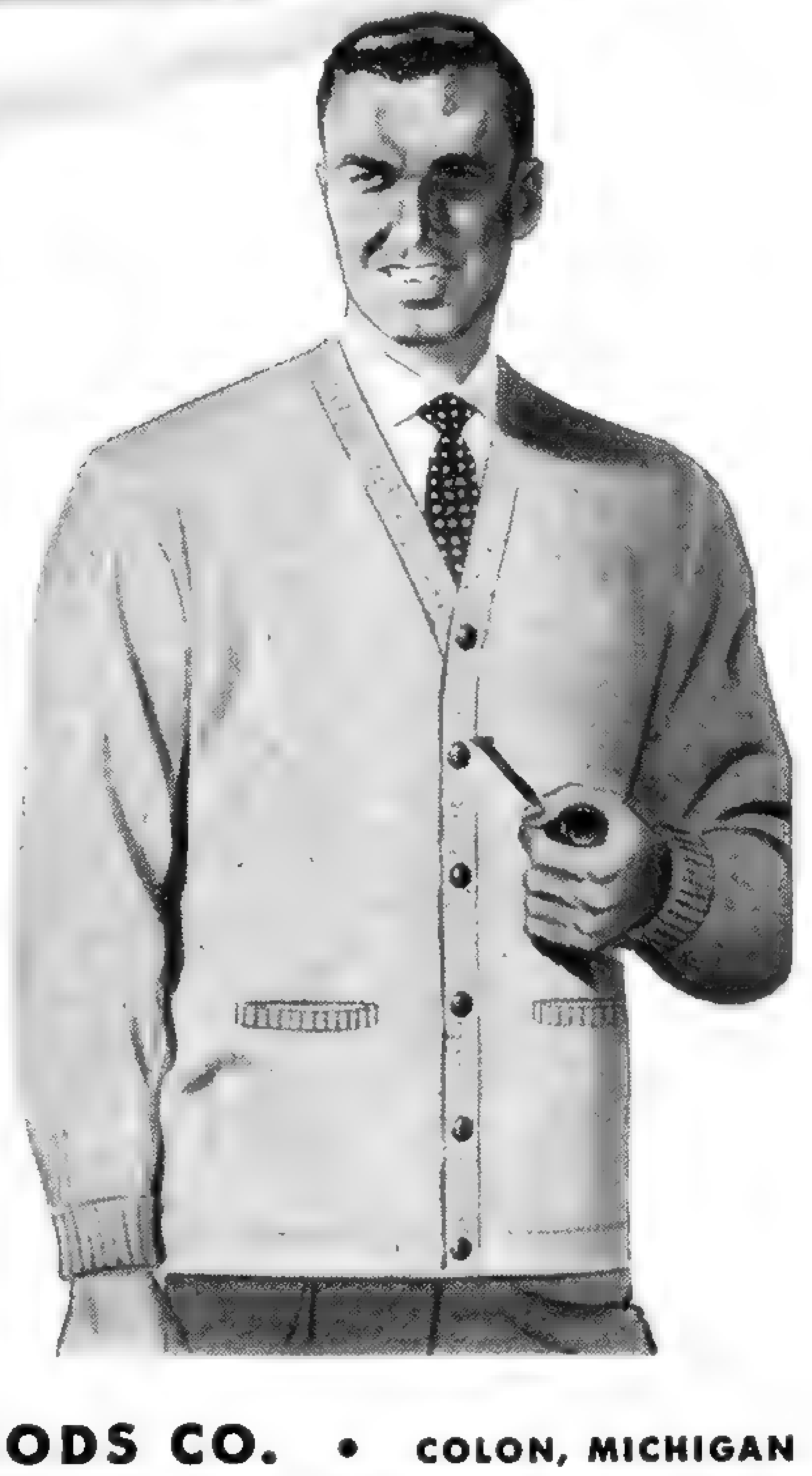

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Merry-Go-Round

Continued from page 159

with a local firm named Peterson & Peterson, and all Joe had to do was sign a lot of papers. A sum of fourteen thousand dollars to finance the reconditioning was forthcoming merely by putting up the Bandbox as collateral. Work started almost immediately. Joe spent most of his evenings interviewing members of Local 211 of the Musicians Union. If it hadn't been for his need of ready money, he would have quit his job at the A-1 Garage.

Then, one morning when the reconditioning was about completed, he received two communications. One was a night letter from Sweetie:

> DEAR JOE DUE TO A SET OF UNFORESEEN CIRCUMSTANCES WILL HAVE TO DELAY MY PARTICIPATION IN PLAN TO REVIVE VAUDEVILLE AT BANDBOX STOP FOREMOST BROADWAY PRODUCER WANTS ME TO SUPPLY TALENT FOR MILLION - DOLLAR PRODUCTION THIS FALL STOP WILL TALK TO YOU AGAIN IN SIX MONTHS OR YEAR STOP THESE THINGS TYPICAL OF THE SHOW BUSINESS STOP BEEN AWFUL NICE KNOWING YOU
>
> SWEETIE

The other communication was from Peterson & Peterson. They urged Joe to stop into their offices, immediately if possible.

"Yes," said Harold Peterson, the junior partner. "Mr. Sweeting informed us that he was compelled to withdraw from the Bandbox project. We were sorry to hear it. We'd hoped to have your check on this short-term loan soon. Is there any possibility that you can rustle up the cash?"

"Frankly," said Joe, "no."

"Well, well," said Peterson, who had a nervous way of manipulating his fingers as though he were weaving a mat, "that's unfortunate. We're extremely loath to engage in foreclosure proceedings. It's a tedious business involving lawyers and surrogates and—Wait. A thought has come to me, Mr. Kenelly. Perhaps this may solve our little difficulty. Peterson & Peterson will put the Bandbox up for auction on the theory that a sum sufficient to satisfy our loan will be forthcoming. Meanwhile, I'd be willing to endorse over to you this demand note in the sum of ten thousand dollars."

Joe's head was going round and round. "Let me see if I get this thing straight. You take over the Bandbox and this debt of fourteen thousand bucks I borrowed on it, and in exchange you give me some kind of a note for ten thousand?"

"The note is payable on demand, Mr. Kenelly. It has the precise value of cash."

"And all I have to do to get the cash is demand it?" said Joe.

"That's the nature of it, sir."

"Okay. Give it to me."

Helene, not quite believing that

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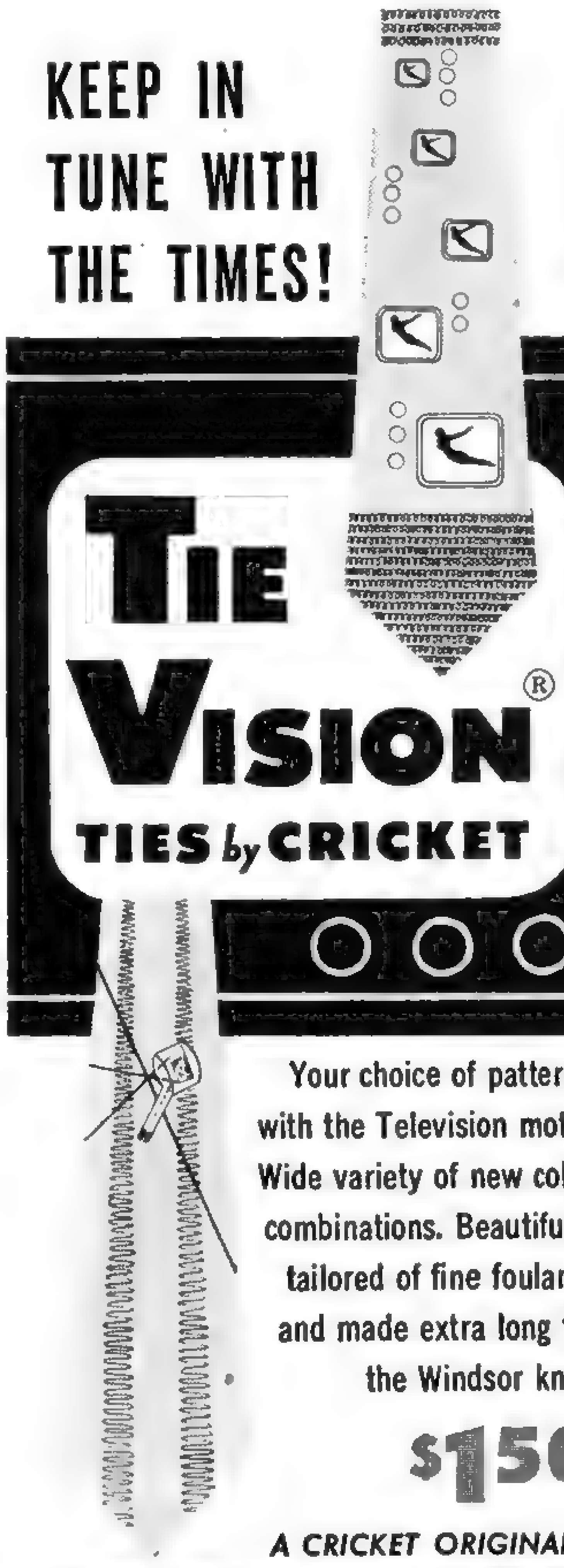

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anything Joe brought home was tantamount to cash, wanted to know upon whom the note was drawn.

"I never thought to look," said Joe. Getting out the paper, he inspected the signature. "Sit down in a chair," he told Helene. "A solid one. It's signed by Al Simmonds for the A-1 Garage."

"It isn't!"

"Don't say it isn't," said Joe. "I got it right here in front of me. I remember now. He needed dough to put in that new hydraulic lift." Joe got up and began pacing the parlor rug. "Do you know what this means, honey?" he said finally.

"Maybe it means I can pay back Mama the forty dollars I borrowed the other day to buy groceries with," said Helene.

"It means I practically own my own garage—at least in a technical sense. Suppose Al hasn't got the money, just like I didn't have it to pay Peterson. I could take the place over, just like Peterson took the Bandbox."

"As soon as you take it over," said Helene caustically, "would you mind raising your salary?"

The following morning, Joe approached Al Simmonds. He wasted no time in presenting the note of indebtedness and describing in brief how he had acquired it.

"Let's go into the office and discuss this thing, sonny," said Al. "Here, have a comfortable chair. Go right ahead and smoke."

"Thanks, Al," said Joe. "Now when do I get my ten thousand smackers?"

"Well, see here, son," said Al, "this is the kind of thing you got to look at from several angles. The first angle is that I don't happen to have no loose ten thousand smackers in my petty-cash box."

"No?" said Joe. "It's a demand note, ain't it? It says I can holler for it any time I want."

"Sure you can holler, son. That's human enough. But there's angles, like I said. I ain't got the ten thousand smackers in ready money; so say, for instance, you go down and start yourself a procedure. You get a judgment, and what does the sheriff do? He closes up the business. So you're flung out of a job."

"Well, maybe I'll do it," said Joe, who was beginning to get a little sore. "It's a hell of a job, anyway. I work from morning till night, and what do I get? Dirty fingernails and a bunch of busted knuckles."

"That's no attitude to take, Joe," said Al. "I only went ahead and got this hydraulic lift to make the work around here easier for you fellows. On account of that, I'm supposed to lose the business."

"Well, no," said Joe. "I'm not out to louse up anybody's business. All I want is my ten thousand smackers."

"Remember this," said Al. "I never saw that dough. It went right from the bank into the hands of the machinery people who set up the lift. Business is a merry-go-round. Maybe you get the brass ring and maybe you don't."

"The thing is," Joe said, "this puts me in a pretty tough spot with Helene."

"A tough spot in what way?"

"Aw, you know how dames are. Ever since I started fooling around with these deals, she's been giving me the bird. I finally come out with a note that's supposed to be worth ten thousand in cash. If I go home empty-handed, you don't need a great deal of imagination to figure out how much my life'll be worth."

"Look here," said Al. "If I told you some of the problems we got in the front office, you wouldn't believe it. But one of them very problems might fix this whole matter up for both of us. Doggone it if I don't think I've got it!"

"Got what?"

"Well, here's the setup. Remember the Jack Spatz Company that we remodeled the delivery bodies for? Well, they went into bankruptcy, and all we ever got out of our labor was some insured merchandise. If it's the missus you're worrying about, your troubles are over, Joe. Yes sir, your troubles are over."

This time, Joe didn't have to consult his attorneys. The "merchandise" involved was physical, tangible, and carried with it an incontestable bill of sale.

"Well, there it is, honey," he said, with more confidence than he felt, depositing the large flat parcel on the dining-room table.

"There what is?" said Helene suspiciously.

"Open it."

Working down through a voluminous wrapping of tissue, Helene finally lifted it out by the collar. At first she couldn't speak.

"Mink," said Joe proudly. "Genuine trans-Siberian mink. I think that's what they called it. It carries an insurance policy of thirty-five hundred bucks."

"But—"

"Well, you've been pestering me and pestering me to get you a mink overcoat. So there it is," said Joe.

"You mean you paid all that money out of our ten thousand dollars?"

Joe explained as best he could how things stood. "So I figured okay. I'll take the coat and call it even. All we started with was a no-good typewriter anyway. It's pretty beautiful, huh?"

"It's gorgeous," said Helene.

"So, in any case, we're a three-thousand-dollar mink overcoat to the good."

"How do you arrive at that conclusion?" said Helene. "We've spent at least three thousand dollars in lawyers' fees."

Joe shook his head sadly. "Okay. Okay. Go ahead. Take the joy out of it. If that ain't a dame for you! You bring her home a mink overcoat and she—" Words failed him. Shrugging his shoulders philosophically, he said, "Well, where'd you put that wire brush? I think I'll go in and work on these nails a little." ⧻

Continued from page 60

Declares **LAURITZ MELCHIOR,**
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Who? SEE NOVEMBER Esquire

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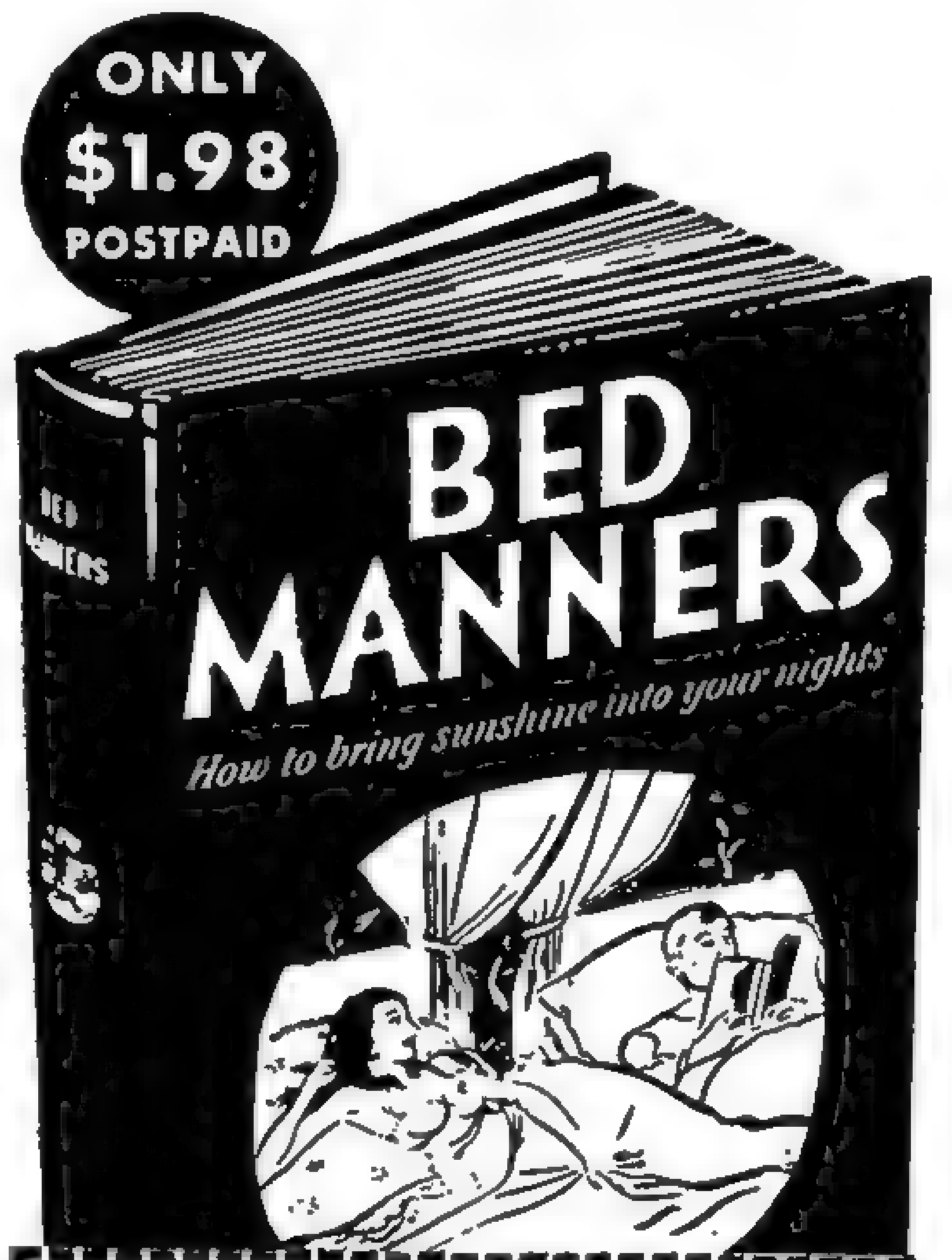

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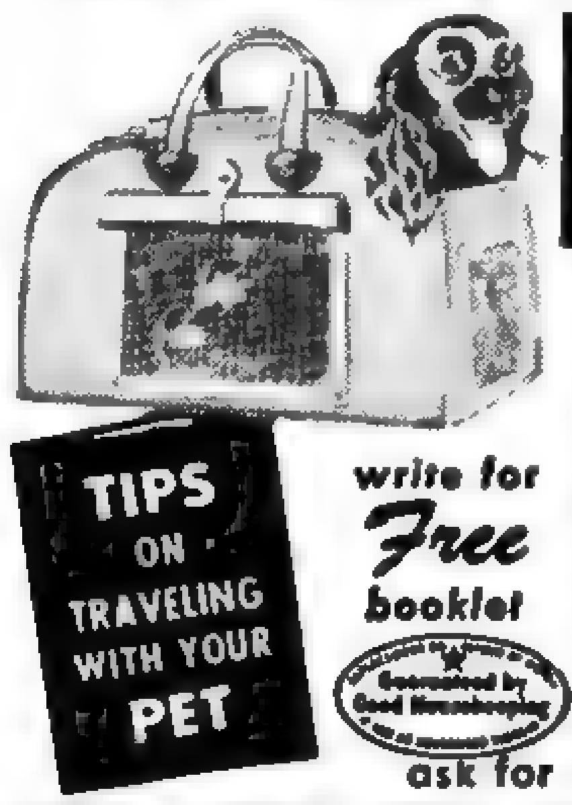

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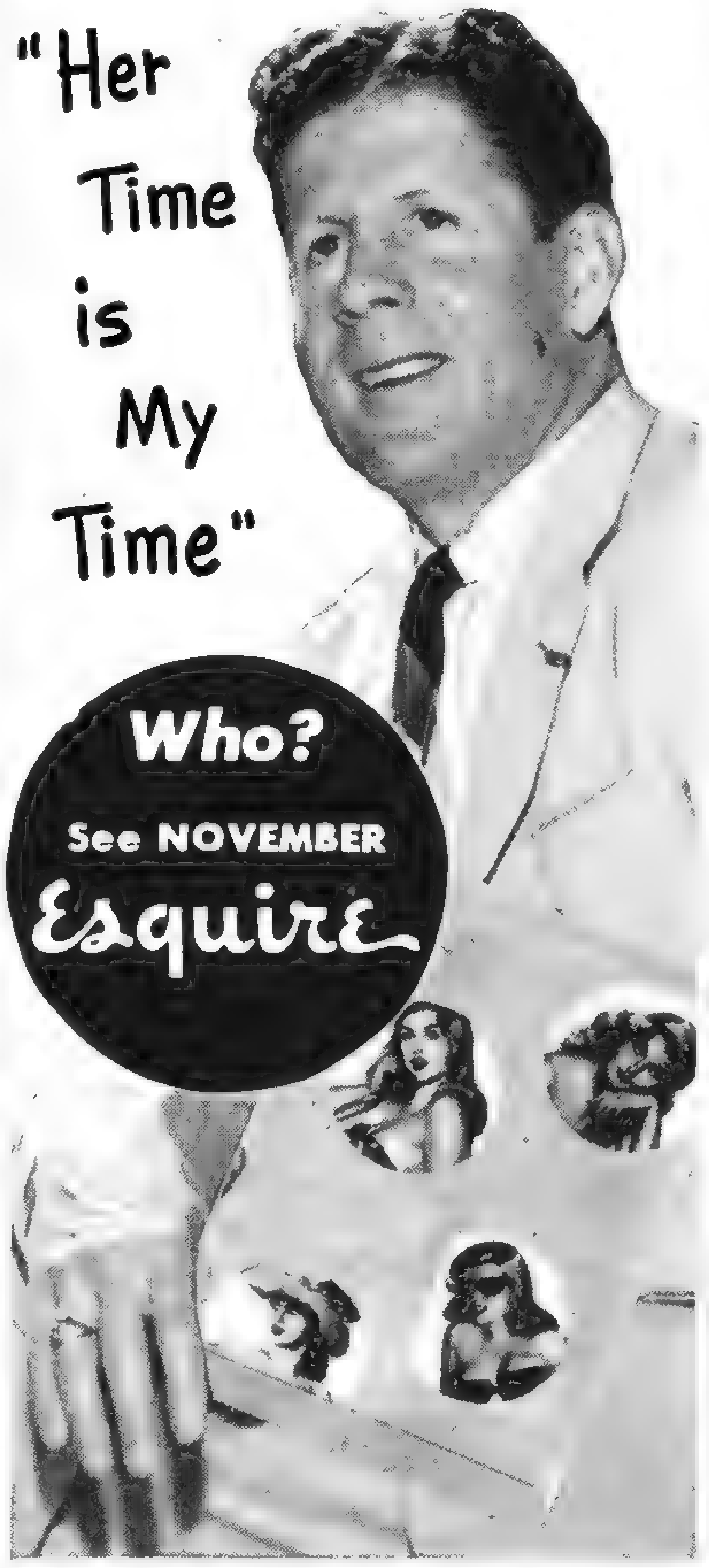

"Her Time is My Time"

Who? See NOVEMBER Esquire

GOING PLACES

Painting the Town

JUST WHERE Eddie Davis—his violin and his orchestra, as the expression goes—will be playing when these lines reach print is anybody's guess. At the moment, however, the Davis ensemble is doing its lovely, haunting stuff at Coq Rouge in New York. This, to anybody who's been around Manhattan-after-dark for the past decade, is important intelligence. Eddie Davis, after all—Eddie Davis, bald head and bland smile, fiddle and orchestra too—is one of the reasons why the big town can point to itself with pride. For here is a nice man—a sweet guy, a real gem, a lovely character, a strictly what's-your-pleasure personality. And what's more, Eddie Davis, who is not to be confused with the Leon & Eddie Davis or Eddie Davis, the cab driver who writes gags, is somewhat of an institution.

FOR WHAT SEEMS to have been years and years and years, this kindly man went, as they say, with the lease at Larue, the fashionable playground where the boys from St. Mark's and the girls from Farminton used to romp to their callow hearts' content. Eddie Davis *was* Larue. Now, though, that spot has closed and he has ascended the podium at Coq Rouge. He is worth your attention and positively right up your dancing pumps.

WHICH IS NOT to say that his is a great band—a Fletcher or Duke or Benny band—but it is a danceable band, and a proficient one, and a knowledgeable one too. It knows the tunes you want to hear, the tunes you danced to on the night of the day that Ducky Pond plowed through the mud of the Yale Bowl, the songs you hummed at Dartmouth Winter Carnivals in the brave heyday of Tully and Oberlander, the sweet, enduring love songs. We consider it a privilege to be able to recommend Eddie Davis.

ALL OF WHICH suggests that Chicagoans have a man to be proud of too. His name is David LeWinter and his stamping ground is the blazing Pump Room at the Ambassador East. LeWinter's seven-piece crew is certainly one of the most versatile bands anywhere in the United States. It can switch from staid classics and heavy torch songs to le jazz hot and rhumbas at the drop of a beat. This is, believe us, quite a feat. LeWinter, however, is the man to accomplish it.

NOT CONTENT to rest on his dance band laurels and intent upon amplifying a recognized versatility, LeWinter begins his nightly tenure at the Pump Room with an hour's concert of what is known, with regrettable stuffiness, as classical music. Many music-lovers, it appears, go there solely for that. More often than not, however, they stay to enjoy such essays in envy as *I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate.*

WITH the "food must get through" a kind of battle cry at this elegant retreat, waiters are as likely as not to push their serving carts right across the dance floor. It is a LeWinter's credit that no one dancing to his music becomes discouraged by the fact that the cart has been put before the sauce. The dancers seem so enthralled that they would probably rhumba through a wall of flaming swords rather than miss one little throb of the bongo. All in all, it is quite a band that LeWinter leads at the Pump Room. All this and Ernie Byfield too.

BANDS THAT KNOW the good old show tunes, as well, of course, as the standards, pops, rhumbas, and so forth, are none too common. In New York, there is the aforesaid Eddie Davis, and, in Chicago, LeWinter, but there aren't too many others. Boston is lucky enough to have one. Harry Marshard is the maestro's name and he can be heard at such of the city's plushier cubicles as the Oval Room of the Copley-Plaza Hotel. Mr. Marshard is a specialist at dishing out "society music," which is also known as businessman's bounce of boom-chick. The appeal of the bands under the Marshard aegis is pretty extensive and during the past summer, people were dancing to their strains all up and down the Eastern shore—from Bar Harbor to Newport. The lovely thing about society music like Davis', LeWinter's, and Marshard's is that it helps us renew our youth.

NOW FOR a word about food. We have found, in our pilgrimages to eating places, that most restaurants have their specialties—dishes which they prepare superbly. Maybe it's the Senagales soup at 21, maybe the scrambled eggs at the Automat, but in each instance, from Horn & Hardart's to Jack & Charlie's, it provides a valid reason for visiting the place which serves it. So this month we want to list a few such specialties, together with the establishments where they are to be enjoyed. In New York, for example, there are the bouillabaisse and the salad with roquefort dressing at Madeleine's Le Poissonnier; the corned beef hash at Dinty Moore's; the broiled live lobster at the Stork Club; the chicken hash at the Colony; the filet mignon (and leave us not forget the ineffable green salad) at Ricky's in Greenwich Village; the beef kidney stew at Toots Shor's; and the steak at the Drake Room.

For information about any hotels, restaurants or night clubs, write "Esquire About Town," 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

WITH ESQUIRE

Getting Away From It All

THIS IS THE exhilarating time of the year when you want to be everywhere at once. All through most of the northern United States, the woods erupts into such a blaze of color that men who wouldn't be caught dead looking at flowers the rest of the year find themselves growing ecstatic about the magic breaking out all through the trees.

PENNSYLVANIA'S color show is one of the best, especially since you've got the wonderful Pennsylvania Turnpike to take you to the heart of the mountain country without as much as a shift into second gear. Stretching 160 miles through the Appalachians, the magnificent four-lane highway zips you through mountains that barred the way to westward expansion for scores of years in colonial times. Almost seven miles of tunnels, burrowing through seven ranges, save you vertical seven mountain ridges, save you vertical climbs of more than 9,000 feet.

THE ALLEGHENIES in the western part of the state, the Blue Mountains in the central section and the Poconos in northeastern Pennsylvania are all impresarios of their own individual extravaganza, but their motifs are similar—an explosion of color in the foreground, then the soft shapes of rounded hills blending into a background hazy by late afternoon mist and curling wood-smoke about October 10 is the date of Pennsylvania's Flaming Foliage Festival at Bucktail State Park.

NEW HAMPSHIRE is so foliage-conscious that it's the only place we know of that sends out frequent bulletins on tree conditions during the season. As the trees start to turn, up north in the highlands, observers throughout the state take up their posts and report in on conditions in their areas to the State Planning & Development Commission at Concord, which relays the news to railroads, travel agents and newspapers.

THE HEIGHT of the foliage coloration in New Hampshire usually falls between October 1 and 15, depending on altitude and weather conditions. This is just about the time that the first snows of Autumn have dusted Mt. Washington, and the trip 6,290 feet up the cog railway is never more spectacular than during the last few days before the railway shuts down for the season around Columbus Day.

THE CHAIR-BORNE mountaineer can also scale the heights without working up a dewy lather via the famous aerial tramway at Franconia Notch, the skimobile at North Conway and the chair tramway at the Belknap Mountains Recreation Area. Thanks are due from the lazy climber to the skier for these innovations which make going up as easy as coming down.

THIS IS THE season, too, for the full savoring of the atmosphere of the Green Mountain country of Vermont. Take a trip to Vermont, and on your return you'll find that practically everyone you know has been cherishing a favorite hideaway in the state, but is playing cagey about it, keeping quiet in the hope that their discovery won't become known.

LIKE ALL GOOD Vermonters, Commission members know how to keep their mouths shut and how to honor a confidence. Yet their job is to see that the word gets around. So if you write to the Commission you'll get all the data you request on hotels, resorts, etc.

ONE GOOD RULE of thumb in Vermont, as with much of the rest of New England, is to stop at a Treadway Inn. Here you'll find the sort of quiet, unostentatious yet nonetheless sincere hospitality for which New England is noted. We stayed at the Wallingford Inn at Wallingford recently after stopping for a reinforcement for the road at the Hartness House in Springfield, where the bar is connected to the main building by means of a long tunnel which has shielded generations of Yankees from the blasts of winter winds.

ANOTHER DELIGHTFUL spot is in the Woodstock Inn, at Woodstock, where you can take your foliage on horseback, or along a river or from the tennis courts. Here, a short time ago we were made an honorary member of the Vermont Maple Sugar Makers by proclamation of A. P. Beach, whose title is Chief Sap Spout.

ONE OF THESE October days somebody is going to discover Indian Summer on Cape Cod, and it will be a bright day, as most of them are on the Cape all through the Fall. If we had our choice of when to visit Cape Cod it would be in October, when the cranberries are being picked and all the quaint local characters have gone back home to New York City.

THAT'S WHEN the roads are quiet again, and you can drive drowsily along with much of the same feeling of peace that the old sea captains enjoyed when they retired to rose-covered gray cottages where they could still see and hear the sea without feeling its winter anger.

If you wish further details or other information relating to travel, your inquiries will be welcome. Just send queries and stamped, self-addressed envelope to Travel Editor, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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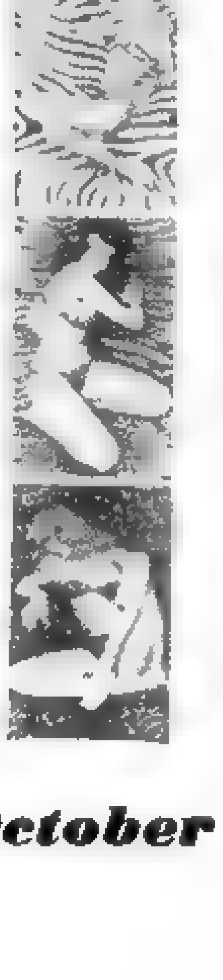
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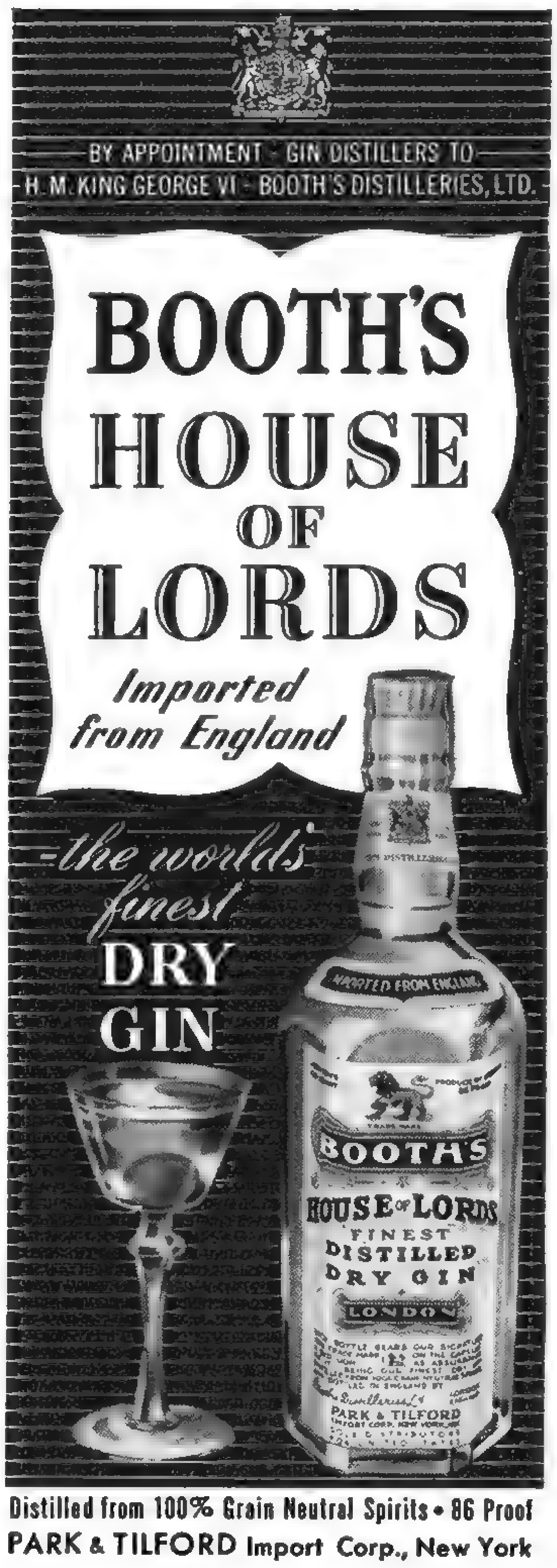
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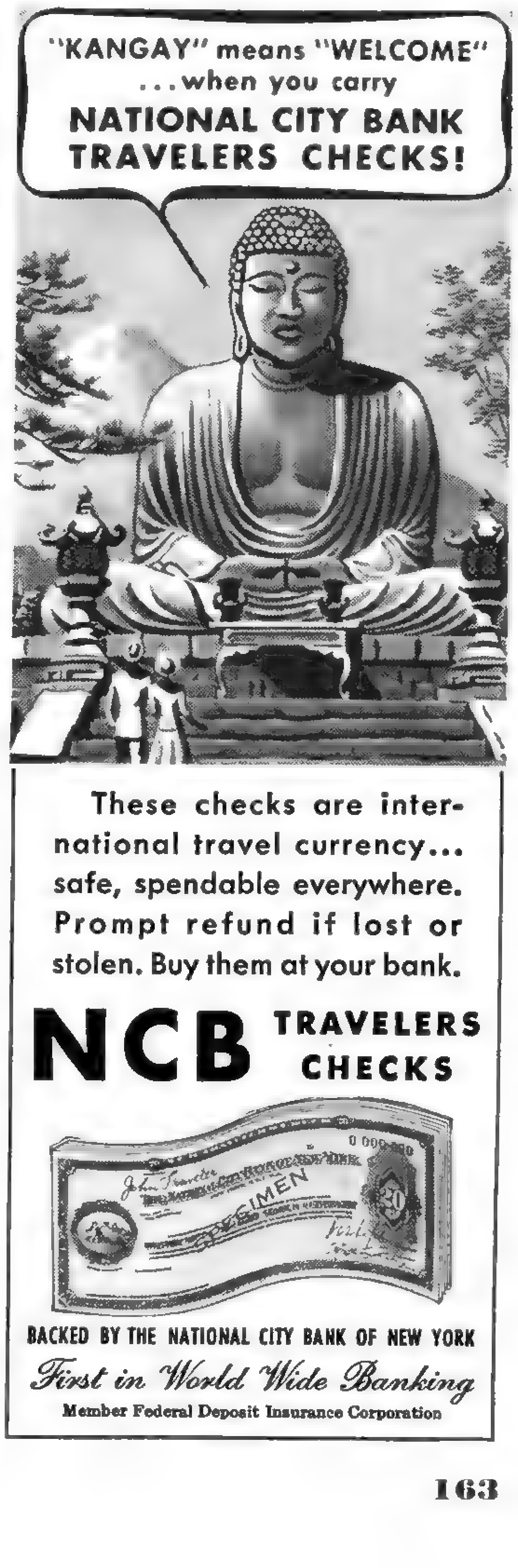
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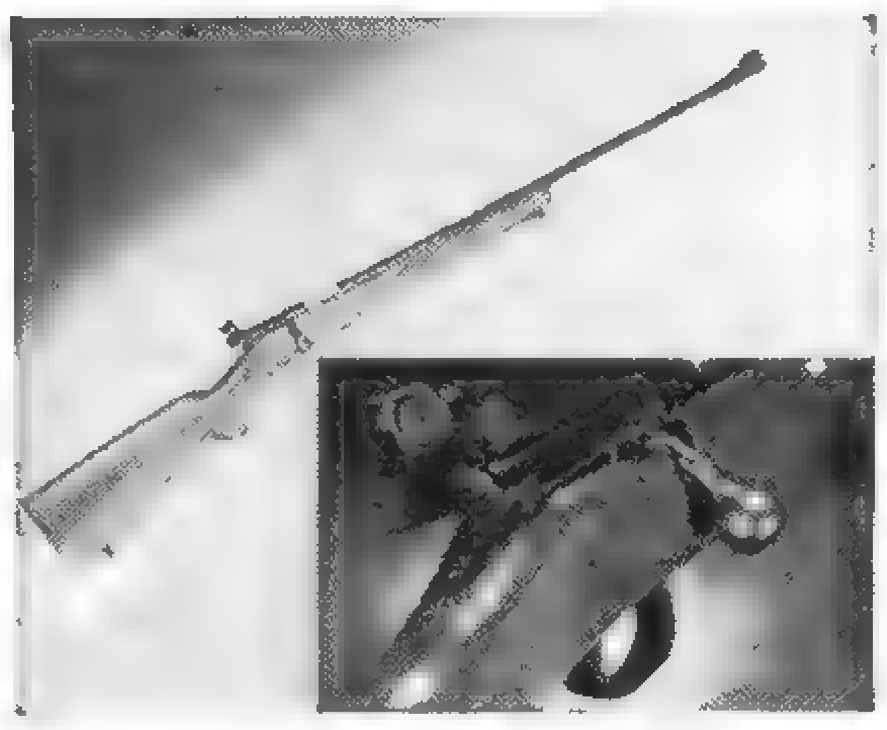
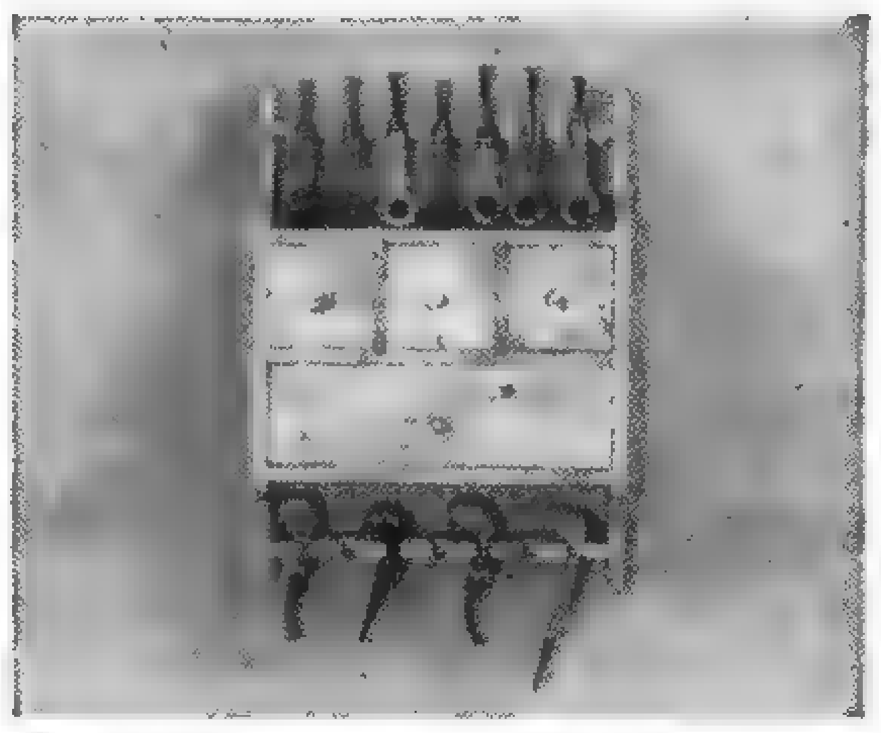
FOR SMALL GAME. A new medium-priced rifle in .22 Hornet, .218 Bee and other calibers has been developed for the increasingly popular sport of "varmint" shooting. A bolt action rifle, it has a convenient side-lever safety and is designed to permit the use of the lowest type of telescope sight mount. Weighs 6 lbs. and has a 24" tapered barrel.



A PIPE MAN'S idea of a good rack hangs 14 pipes, has 3 air-tight humidor jar-drawers for keeping 3 separate kinds of tobacco moist, and another larger drawer for cleaners, reamers, filters, pouches and the like. Made of New Hampshire knotty pine, hand rubbed to satin smoothness, and most popular in a rich mahogany finish.



A HOME WORKSHOP power unit, complete and compact, functions as a lathe, saw, sander, vertical drill press and horizontal drill press. One motor drives all five tools. 59" long, 21" wide and precision-built, it has everything an industrious, construction-minded man might want, including a variety of accessories and an instruction book.

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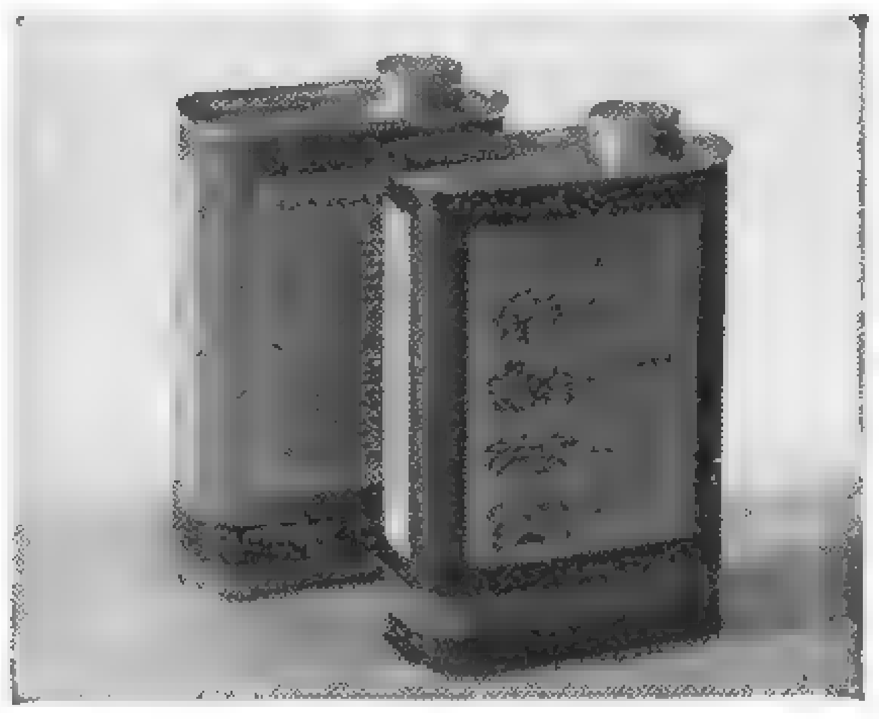

A VERSATILE SPRAY GUN operating without hose, motor, wires or compressor is unattached and portable. Power is supplied by a CO_2 cartridge in the handle. Of cast aluminum and steel, the gun holds 21 ozs. Useful for painting, mothproofing, disinfecting, waterproofing and other chores in the home, workshop, garden or garage.

For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address

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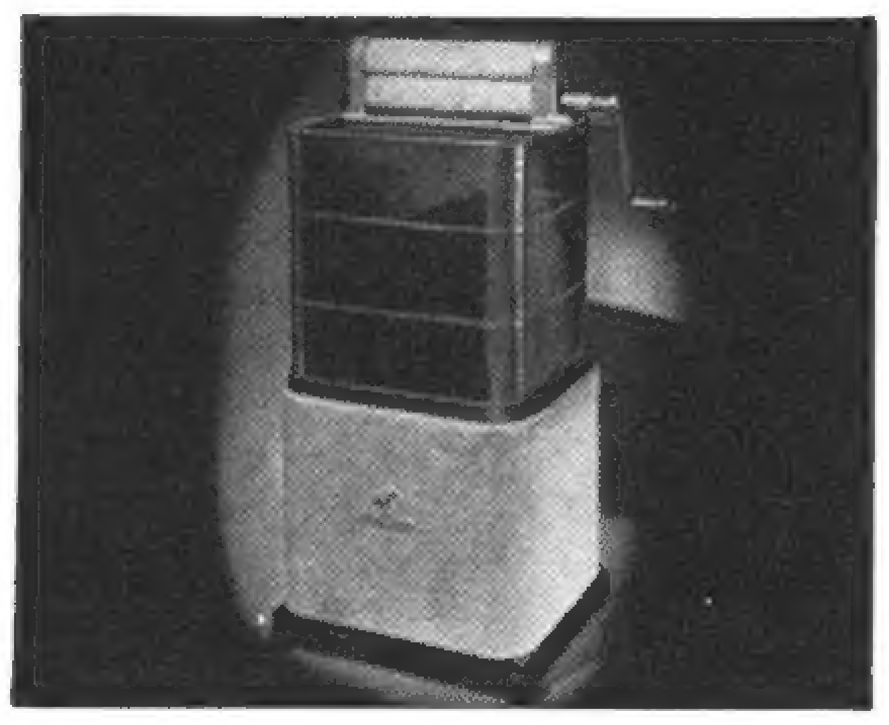
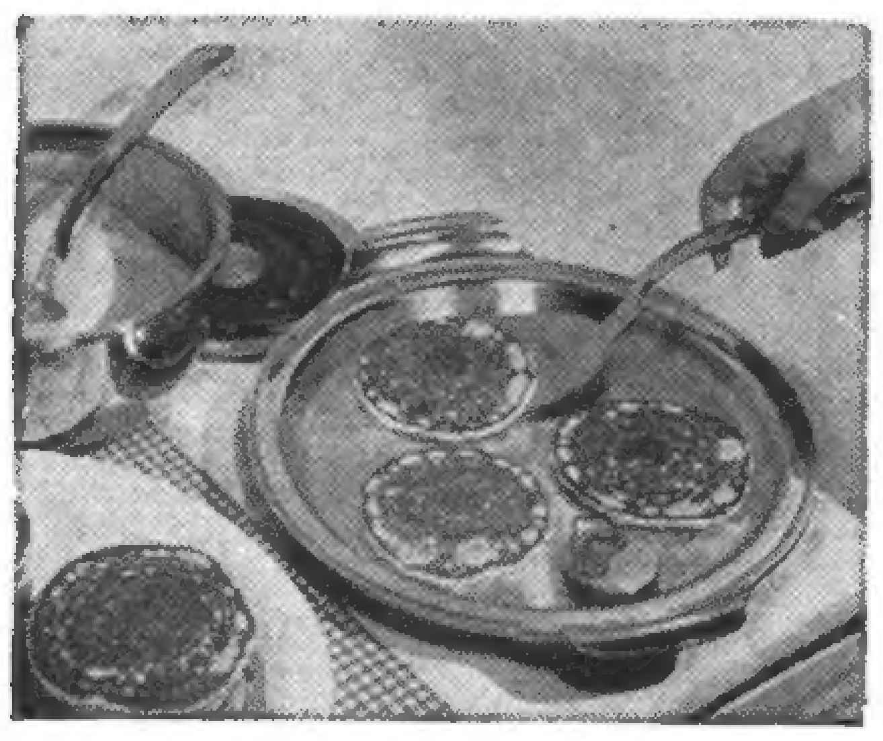
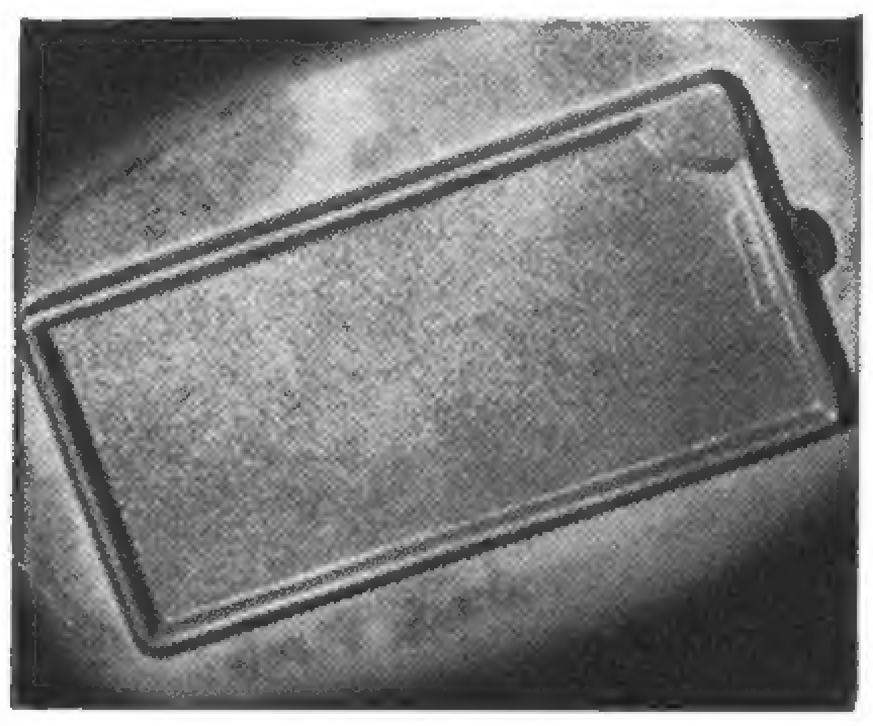


A SMALL WASHING MACHINE, authoritatively said to be the best of any—small or large—does 5 to 6 lbs. of wash in 5 minutes, has an efficient wringer and an automatic pump to empty the tub. When closed, it's a little table about 15"x16"x 30". Weighs 50 lbs., is mounted on wheels and is easily moved about or stored in a closet.

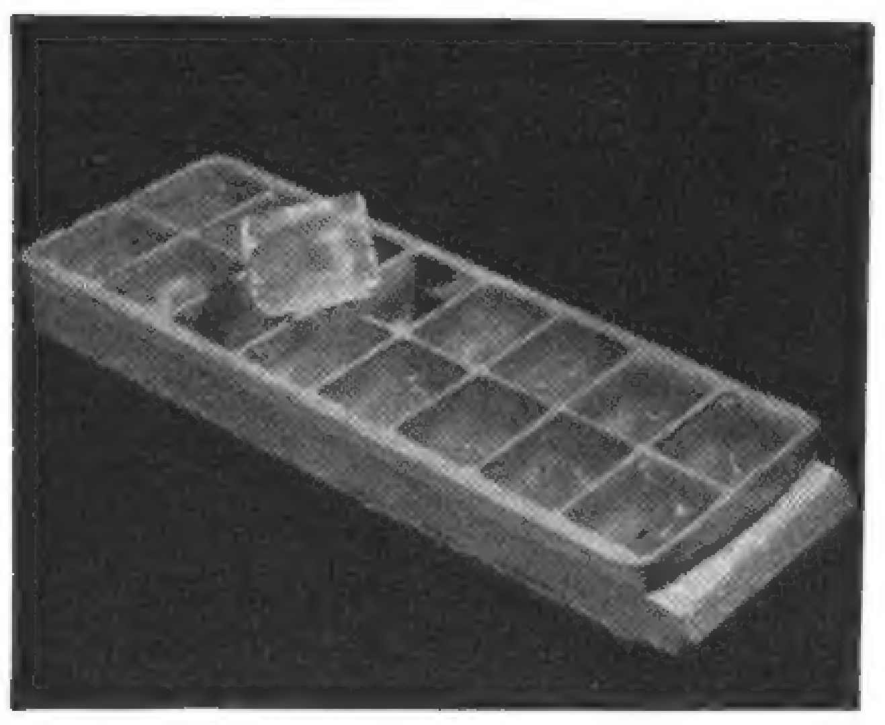


THE CHIEF of the house can easily make griddle cakes one of his best culinary successes. Excellent low-priced equipment includes a meter to show him when the heat is exactly right, a combination griddle-broiler-serving tray all in one, a stainless steel mixing bowl, ladle and pancake turner. The set is unbeatable for general utility.

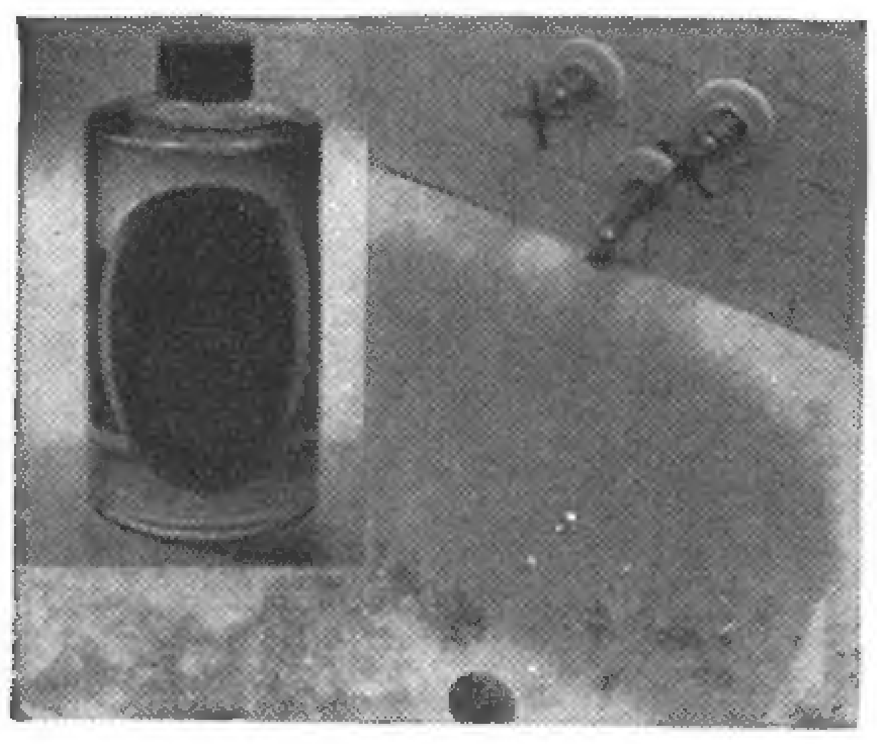


A DOCTOR'S ORDERS to avoid fat foods led to the invention of a dry fryer—a pebbly-surfaced aluminum alloy tray that fries eggs without grease, drains the fat of steaks, etc. and catches the juice of fish or chicken in a corner recess. It is large enough to cook a whole breakfast at once (covers 2 burners) and the food is excellent.

SELF-SEALING wax paper is an immense help around the house. Unlike the ordinary kind, it makes a self-sealing package for sandwiches, for putting food away in the refrigerator, covering bowls or bottles. It takes only a finger-tip touch to seal it airtight. It comes in rolls of the same size as plain wax paper and fits into a dispenser.



ICE CUBES in a latex-lined tray slide out by slight pressure on the underside. It's a one-hand operation; you can be holding a glass and with the other hand you can pull the tray partially out of the refrigerator and simply press up the cubes you need. The latex, the same used for surgeons' gloves, is odorless, tasteless and durable.



SLIPPING in the bathtub is a perpetual cause of serious accidents. A special slip-proofing liquid costs very little, does not injure the enamel or interfere with cleaning it. The label explains that its effect is removed, not by soap and water, but by scouring powder. It takes only a few drops for each application and may be worth the trouble.

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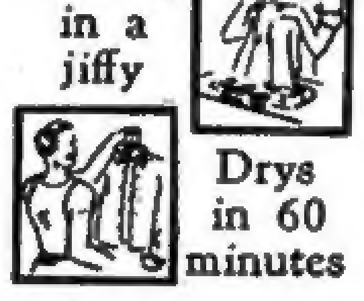

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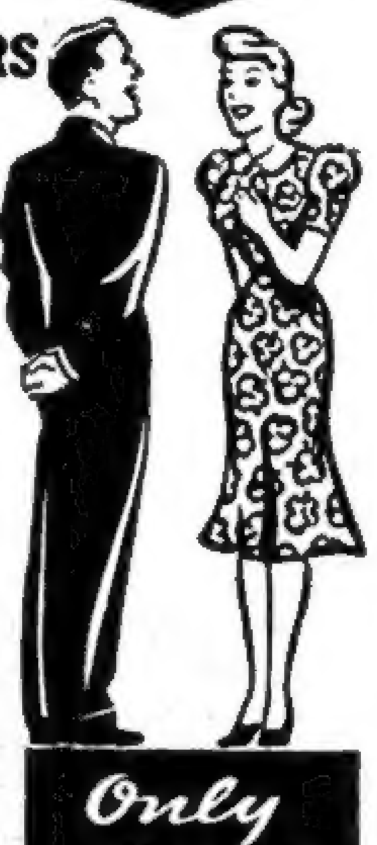

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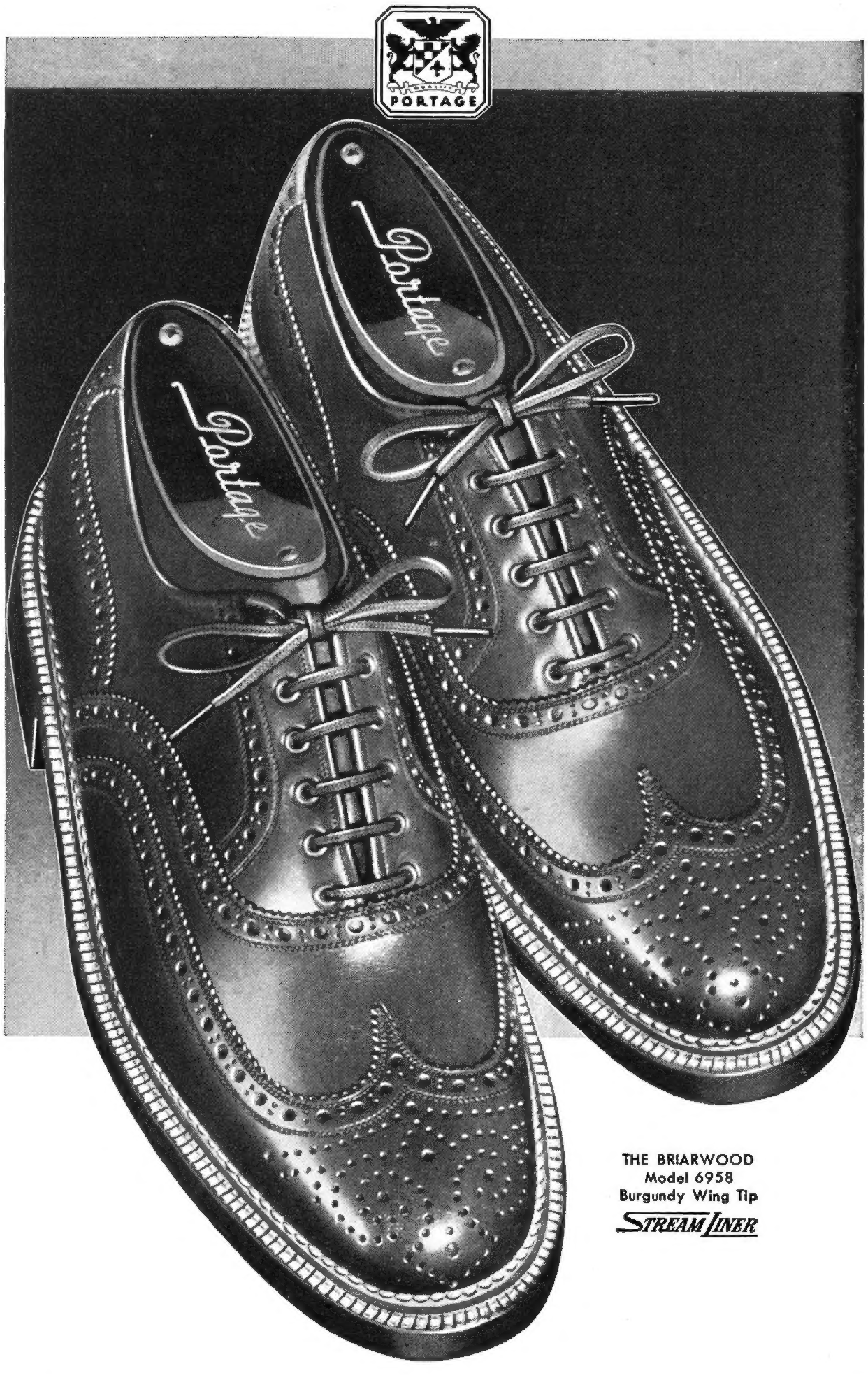

THE BRIARWOOD
Model 6958
Burgundy Wing Tip
STREAMLINER

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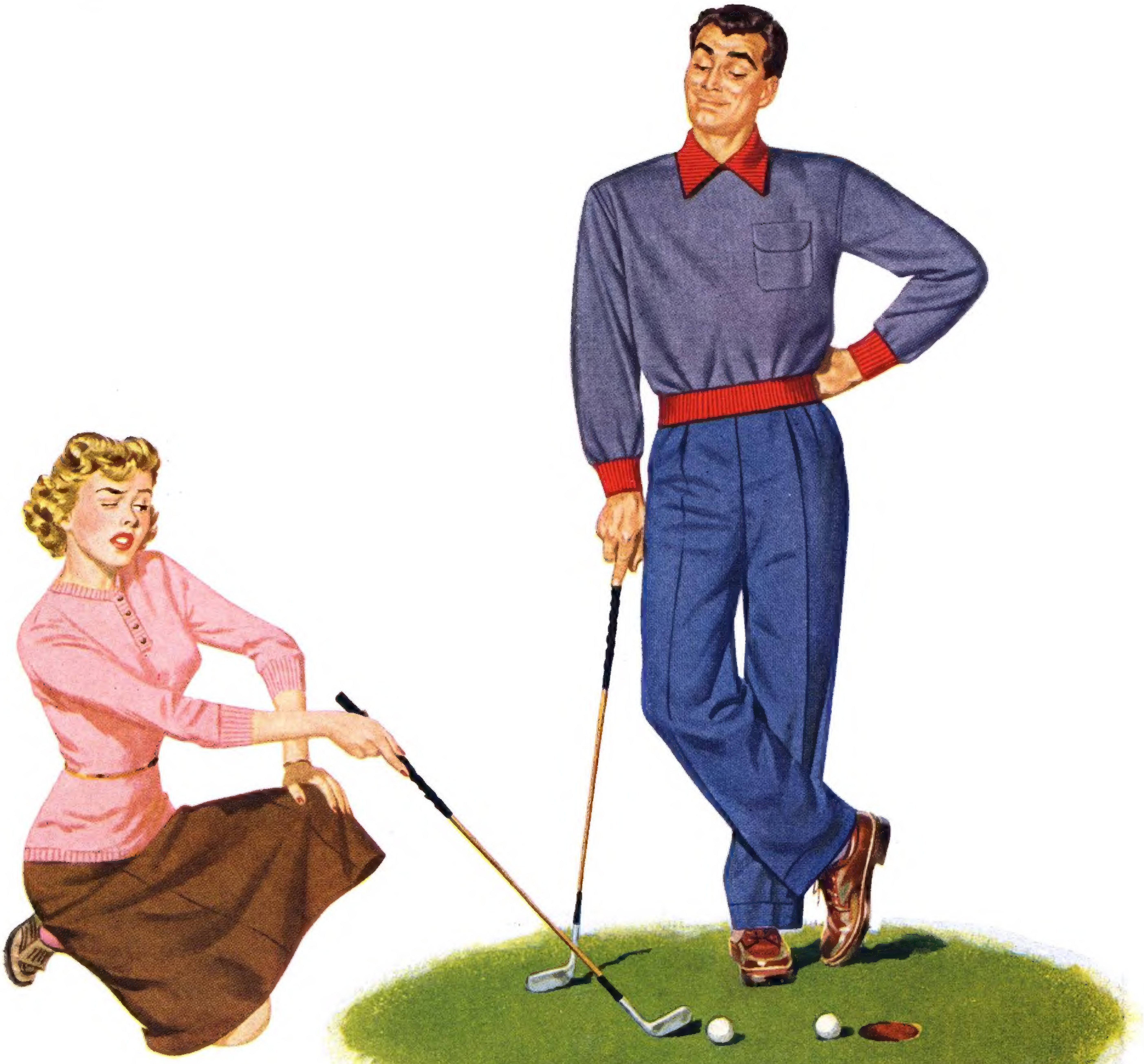
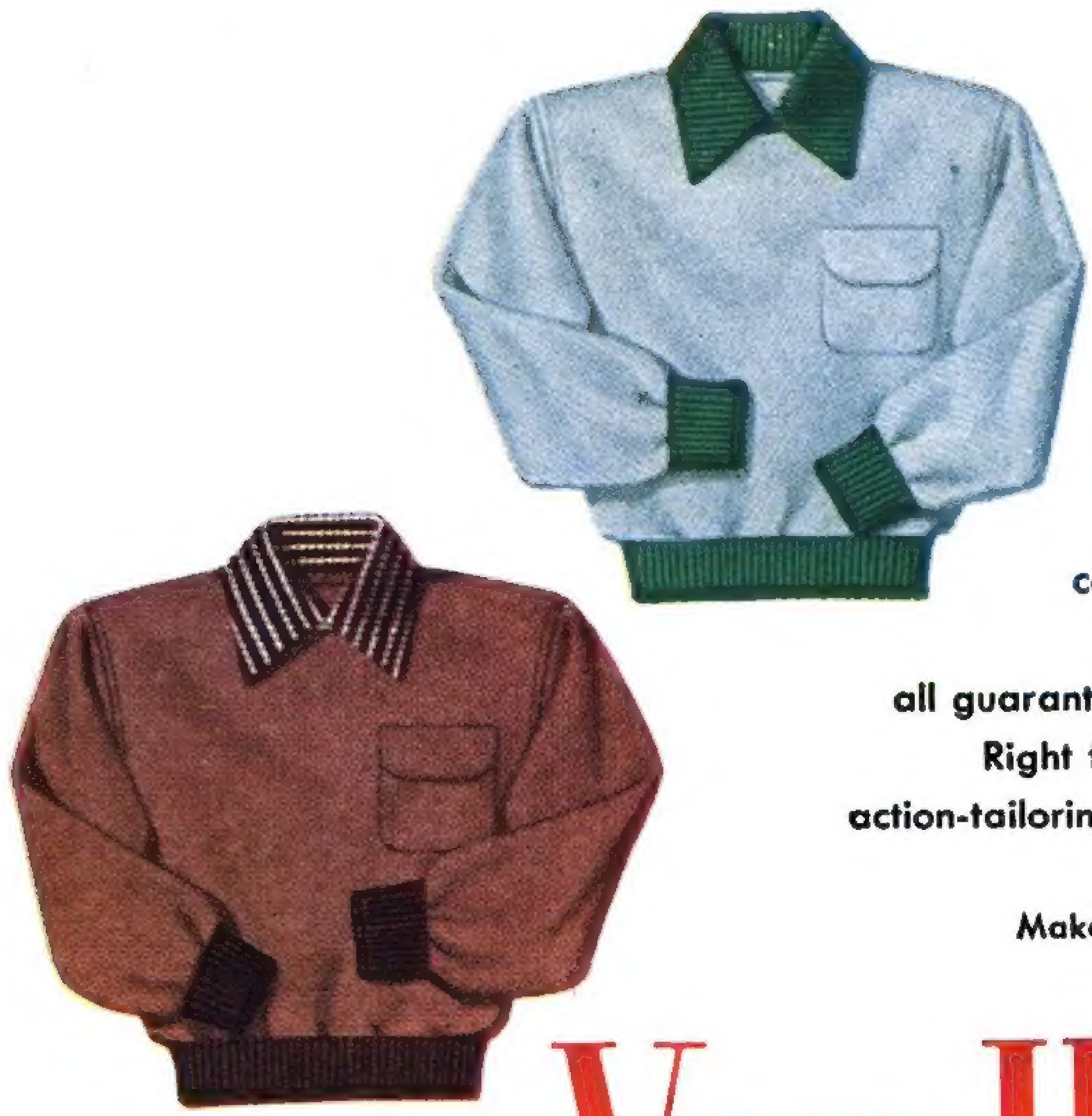


hard to beat!



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